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NEDL TRANSFER
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AKESPEARE'S
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

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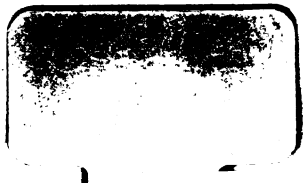

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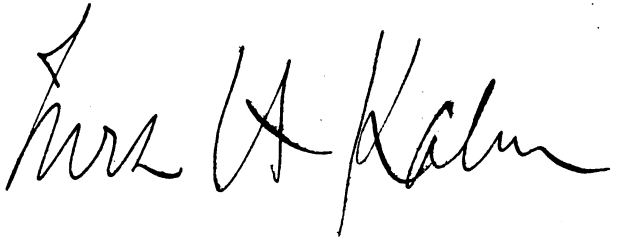

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SHAKESPEARE'S

TRAGEDY OF

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M.,

FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WITH ENGRAVINGS.

NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

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1882.

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PREFACE.

THE difficulties in preparing a satisfactory text of *Richard III.* are briefly set forth in the Introduction below. In the present edition (see p. 11) I have followed the folio, except where the quarto has clearly the better reading. According to Mr. Spedding (see p. 11, foot-note) there are about 1300 variations in the two texts. In act i., out of 1062 lines in the quarto, "a little more than 300" have been altered in the folio; in act ii. 161 lines out of 414; in act iii. 411 out of 1028; in act iv. 321 out of 848; and in act v., which appears to have been revised less minutely, 89 out of 458. The folio also contains 193 lines (inserted in 45 different places) which are not in the quarto; while, on the other hand, the quarto has a number of lines, and in one instance a passage of 17 lines, omitted in the folio. The more important of these variations are mentioned in the Notes, with a sufficient number of the others to show how trivial they are. The difference is often too slight to hang an argument upon; wherefore the critics, as their wont is, have disputed over it all the more vehemently.

Aside from these textual questions, *Richard III.* presents few serious difficulties, perhaps not one worthy to be called a *crux*. For school reading it will be found one of the easiest of the plays, and may well be taken up earlier than most of the other "Histories."

The views of localities, buildings, etc., are nearly all taken from Knight's *Pictorial Shakspere*, which, as I have said in the preface to 1 *Henry IV.*, is specially to be commended for this class of illustrations.

Cambridge, April 20, 1880.

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RICHARD III. (FROM THE WARWICK ROLL).

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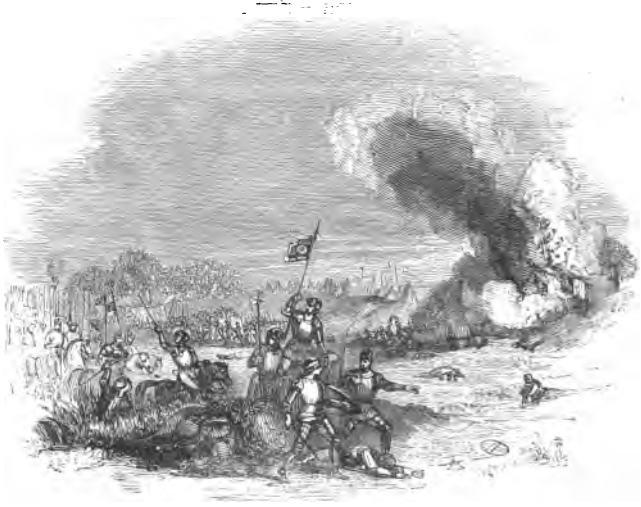

BOSWORTH FIELD.

INTRODUCTION

TO

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

THE earliest known edition of the play is a quarto printed in 1597, with the following title-page:

The Tragedy of | King Richard the third. | Containing, | His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: | the pittiefull murther of his iunocent nephewes: | his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course | of his detested life, and most deserued death. | As it hath beene lately Acted by the | Right honourable the Lord Chamber- | laine his seruants. | AT LONDON | Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew

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Wise, | dwelling in Paules Chuch-yard, at the | Signe of the Angell. | 1597.

The play had been entered on the Stationers' Registers on the 20th of October, 1597, by Wise, under the title of "The Tragedie of Kinge Richard the Third, with the death of the Duke of Clarence."

A second quarto edition was published the following year, with the addition of "*By* William Shake-speare" on the title-page; in other respects it is a reprint of the first. Other quarto editions appeared in 1602, 1605, 1612, and 1622. All four are said to be "newly augmented," but they contain nothing that is not found in the 2d quarto, unless it be additional errors of the press.*

The text of the play in the 1st folio differs materially from that of the quartos. Besides many little changes in expression, it contains several passages—one of more than fifty lines—not found in the earlier texts; while, on the other hand, it omits sundry lines—in some cases, essential to the context—given in the quartos. The play is, moreover, one of the worst printed in the folio, and the quartos often help us in correcting the typographical errors. Which is on the whole the better text, and what is the relation of the one to the other, are questions which have been much disputed, but probably will never be satisfactorily settled. The Cambridge editors remark: "The respective origin and authority of the 1st quarto and 1st folio texts of *Richard III.* is perhaps the most difficult question which presents itself to an editor of Shakespeare. In the case of most of the plays a brief survey leads him to form a definite judgment; in this, the most attentive examination scarcely enables him to propose with confidence a hypothetical conclusion." Staunton says: "the diversity has proved, and will continue to prove, a source of

* A seventh quarto edition was printed in 1629, not from the folio of 1623, but from the quarto of 1622. An eighth quarto, a reprint of the seventh, appeared in 1634.

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incalculable trouble and perpetual dispute to the editors, since, although it is admitted by every one properly qualified to judge, that a reasonably perfect text can only be formed from the two versions, there will always be a conflict of opinions regarding some of the readings." Furnivall considers "the making of the best text" of the play "the hardest puzzle in Shakspere-editing."

Non nostrum tantas componere lites. All that we can do is to take one of the texts as a basis—we are inclined, with Collier, Knight, Verplanck, Hudson, and White, to choose the folio*—and to use the other, according to our best judgment, in correcting and amending it. All variations of any importance will be recorded in the Notes.

The date of the play was fixed by Malone in 1593, and Dowden considers that it "can hardly be later." White is inclined to put it in the same year, "or early in 1594." Furnivall and Stokes favour 1594; Fleay (*Manual*) says "probably 1595;" while Dyce (2d ed.) thinks it was "perhaps not long before 1597, the date of the earliest quarto."† If the allusion to "Richard" in the 22d of John Weever's *Epigrammes*, addressed "Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare," is to *Richard III.*, as the critics generally agree, the date of the play cannot well be later than 1595, as the *Epigrammes*, according to Drake and Ingleby, were written in 1595, though not printed until 1599.

The internal evidence is in favour of as early a date as 1594. Stokes remarks: "There are many signs of comparatively early work: for instance, the prologue-like speech

* Malone preferred the quarto, as do the Cambridge editors, Staunton, and (in his 2d ed.) Dyce. For a very full discussion of the relations of the two texts, see the papers by Spedding and Peckersgill in the *Transactions of the New Shakspere Society*, 1875–76, pp. 1–124.

† Collier also (2d ed.), referring to Malone's date of 1593, is "disposed to place it nearer the time of its original publication in 1597;" though Stokes quotes him as agreeing with Malone.

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with which the play opens; 'the scenes (στιχομυθίαι) where the trilogy of the common lamentation of the women (ii. 2 and iv. 1) alternates like a chorus, dramatic truth being sacrificed to the lyric or epic form, and to conceits in the style of the pastoral Italian poetry' (Gervinus); the overstraining of many of the characters; and the analysis of motive sometimes exhibited." Oechelhäuser (*Essay über Richard III.*) observes that this play marks "the significant boundary-stone which separates the works of Shakespeare's youth from the immortal works of the period of his fuller splendour."*

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

Shakespeare found his materials in Holinshed and Hall, who for this portion of English history were chiefly indebted to Sir Thomas More. Dowden (*Primer*, p. 79) remarks: "Holinshed's account gives two views of Richard's character: one in the portion of history previous to the death of Edward IV., in which Richard is painted in colours not so deeply, so diabolically black; and the second, in which he appears as he does in Shakspere's play. This second and darker representation of Richard was derived by Holinshed from Sir Thomas More's *History of Edward IV. and Richard III.*, and More himself probably derived it from Cardinal Morton, chancellor of Henry VIII. and the enemy of Richard."

A Latin tragedy on some of the events of Richard's reign, written by Dr. Legge, was acted at Cambridge before 1583; and an English play, probably written before Shakespeare's, was published in 1594, with the following title-page: "The True Tragedie of Richard the third: Wherein is showne the

* See also extract from Furnivall, p. 33 below. In *Guesses at Truth*, Augustus Hare argues that the fact that Richard boldly acknowledges his deliberate wickedness, instead of endeavouring to palliate or excuse it like Edmund or Iago, shows that Shakespeare wrote this drama in his youth.

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death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two yoong Princes in the Tower: With a lamentable ende of Shores wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly, the coniunction and ioyning of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties Players. London Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Newgate Market, neare Christ Church doore. 1594."* Shakespeare certainly made no use of the former of these plays, and little, if any, of the latter.

With regard to "the degree of dramatic invention to be ascribed to the poet in this brilliant delineation of the most splendid theatrical villain of any stage," Verplanck remarks: "More had given the dramatist nearly all his incidents, and many of those minor details of Richard's person, manner, and character which give life and individuality to his portrait. He, and the subsequent chroniclers who built upon his work, had shown Richard as a bold, able, ambitious, bad man—they had described him as malicious, deceitful, envious, and cruel. The poet has made the usurper a nobler and loftier spirit than the historians had done, while he deepened every dark shadow of guilt they had gathered around his mind or his acts. The mere animal courage of the soldier he has raised into a kindling and animated spirit of daring; he has brought out his wit, his resource, his talent, his mounting ambition, far more vividly than prior history had exhibited them. His deeds of blood are made to appear, not as in the Tudor chronicles, as prompted by gratuitous ferocity or envious malignity, but as the means employed by selfish ambition for its own ends, careless of the misery which it inflicts, or the moral obligations on which it tramples. The Richard of Shakespeare has no communion with his kind—he feels

* This play was reprinted by the Shakespeare Society in 1844 from the only perfect copy (now in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire) that has come down to us. Dr. Legge's Latin tragedy is appended to it.

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himself at once aloof from others and above them — he is 'himself alone;' and he therefore neither partakes in the hatred nor the love or pity of 'men like one another.' Accordingly, every thing that gives the poetic cast and dramatic life and spirit to the character — every thing that elevates Richard above the cruel, artful, cold-blooded tyrant of the old historians—all that mingles a sort of admiring interest with our abhorrence of him, and invests the deformity of his nature with a terrible majesty—is the poet's own conception; and he produces these effects not by the invention of new incident, but by the pervading spirit with which he has animated the language and sentiments, and the vivid colouring he has thus thrown over the old historical representation."

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Schlegel's "Dramatic Literature."**]

The part of *Richard the Third* has become highly celebrated in England from its having been filled by excellent performers, and this has naturally had an influence on the admiration of the piece itself, for many readers of Shakspeare stand in want of good interpreters of the poet to understand him properly. This admiration is certainly in every respect well founded, though I cannot help thinking there is an injustice in considering the three parts of *Henry the Sixth* as of little value compared with *Richard the Third*. These four plays were undoubtedly composed in succession, as is proved by the style and the spirit in the handling of the subject. The last is definitely announced in the one which precedes it, and is also full of references to it; the same views run through the series; in a word, the whole make together only one single work. Even the deep characterization of Richard is by no means the exclusive property of the piece which bears his name. His character is very distinctly drawn in the two

* *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, by A. W. Schlegel; Black's translation, revised by Morrison (London, 1846), p. 435 fol.

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last parts of *Henry the Sixth;* nay, even his first speeches lead us already to form the most unfavourable anticipations of his future conduct. He lowers obliquely like a dark thundercloud on the horizon, which gradually approaches nearer and nearer, and first pours out the devastating elements with which it is charged when it hangs over the heads of mortals. Two of Richard's most significant soliloquies, which enable us to draw the most important conclusions with regard to his mental temperament, are to be found in the last part of *Henry the Sixth.* As to the value and the justice of the actions to which passion impels us, we may be blind, but wickedness cannot mistake its own nature. Richard, as well as Iago, is a villain with full consciousness. That they should say this in so many words is not perhaps in human nature; but the poet has the right in soliloquies to lend a voice to the most hidden thoughts, otherwise the form of the monologue would, generally speaking, be censurable. Richard's deformity is the expression of his internal malice, and perhaps, in part, the effect of it; for where is the ugliness that would not be softened by benevolence and openness? He, however, considers it as an iniquitous neglect of nature, which justifies him in taking his revenge on that human society from which it is the means of excluding him. Hence these sublime lines:

> "And this word love, which greybeards call divine,
> Be resident in men like one another,
> And not in me; I am myself alone."

Wickedness is nothing but selfishness designedly unconscientious; however, it can never do altogether without the form at least of morality, as this is the law of all thinking beings—it must seek to found its depraved way of acting on something like principles. Although Richard is thoroughly acquainted with the blackness of his mind and his hellish mission, he yet endeavours to justify this to himself by a sophism. The happiness of being beloved is denied to him; what then

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remains to him but the happiness of ruling? All that stands in the way of this must be removed. This envy of the enjoyment of love is so much the more natural in Richard, as his brother Edward, who, besides, preceded him in the possession of the crown, was distinguished by the nobleness and beauty of his figure, and was an almost irresistible conqueror of female hearts. Notwithstanding his pretended renunciation, Richard places his chief vanity in being able to please and win over the women, if not by his figure, at least by his insinuating discourse. Shakspeare here shows us, with his accustomed acuteness of observation, that human nature, even when it is altogether decided in goodness or wickedness, is still subject to petty infirmities. Richard's favourite amusement is to ridicule others, and he possesses an eminent satirical wit. He entertains at bottom a contempt for all mankind; for he is confident of his ability to deceive them, whether as his instruments or his adversaries. In hypocrisy he is particularly fond of using religious forms, as if actuated by a desire of profaning in the service of hell the religion whose blessings he had inwardly abjured.

So much for the main features of Richard's character. The play named after him embraces also the latter part of the reign of Edward IV., in the whole a period of eight years. It exhibits all the machinations by which Richard obtained the throne, and the deeds which he perpetrated to secure himself in its possession, which lasted, however, but two years. Shakspeare intended that terror rather than compassion should prevail throughout this tragedy. He has rather avoided than sought the pathetic scenes which he had at command. Of all the sacrifices to Richard's lust of power, Clarence alone is put to death on the stage. His dream excites a deep horror, and proves the omnipotence of the poet's fancy. His conversation with the murderers is powerfully agitating; but the earlier crimes of Clarence merited death, although not from his brother's hand. The most innocent

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and unspotted sacrifices are the two princes. We see but little of them, and their murder is merely related. Anne disappears without our learning any thing further respecting her. In marrying the murderer of her husband, she had shown a weakness almost incredible. The parts of Lord Rivers, and other friends of the queen, are of too secondary a nature to excite a powerful sympathy. Hastings, from his triumph at the fall of his friend, forfeits all title to compassion. Buckingham is the satellite of the tyrant, who is afterwards consigned by him to the axe of the executioner. In the background the widowed Queen Margaret appears as the fury of the past, who invokes a curse on the future. Every calamity which her enemies draw down on each other is a cordial to her revengeful heart. Other female voices join, from time to time, in the lamentations and imprecations. But Richard is the soul, or rather the demon, of the whole tragedy. He fulfils the promise which he formerly made of leading the murderous Machiavel to school. Notwithstanding the uniform aversion with which he inspires us, he still engages us in the greatest variety of ways by his profound skill in dissimulation, his wit, his prudence, his presence of mind, his quick activity, and his valour. He fights at last against Richmond like a desperado, and dies the honourable death of a hero on the field of battle. Shakspeare could not change this historical issue, and yet it is by no means satisfactory to our moral feelings, as Lessing, when speaking of a German play on the same subject, has very judiciously remarked. How has Shakspeare solved this difficulty? By a wonderful invention he opens a prospect into the other world, and shows us Richard in his last moments already branded with the stamp of reprobation. We see Richard and Richmond in the night before the battle sleeping in their tents; the spirits of the murdered victims of the tyrant ascend in succession, and pour out their curses against him, and their blessings on his adversary. These apparitions are

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properly but the dreams of the two generals represented visibly. It is no doubt contrary to probability that their tents should only be separated by so small a space; but Shakspeare could reckon on poetical spectators who were ready to take the breadth of the stage for the distance between two hostile camps, if for such indulgence they were to be recompensed by beauties of so sublime a nature as this series of spectres and Richard's awakening soliloquy. The catastrophe of *Richard the Third* is, in respect of the external events, very like that of *Macbeth*. We have only to compare the thorough difference of handling them to be convinced that Shakspeare has most accurately observed poetical justice in the genuine sense of the word, that is, as signifying the revelation of an invisible blessing or curse which hangs over human sentiments and actions.

[*From Drake's "Shakespeare and his Times."**]

The character of Richard the Third, which had been opened in so masterly a manner in the Concluding Part of *Henry the Sixth*, is, in this play, developed in all its horrible grandeur. It is, in fact, the picture of a demoniacal incarnation, moulding the passions and foibles of mankind, with superhuman precision, to its own iniquitous purposes. Of this isolated and peculiar state of being Richard himself seems sensible when he declares—

> "I have no brother, I am like no brother:
> And this word love, which greybeards call divine,
> Be resident in men like one another,
> And not in me; I am myself alone."

From a delineation like this Milton must have caught many of the most striking features of his Satanic portrait. The same union of unmitigated depravity and consummate intellectual energy characterizes both, and renders what

* *Shakespeare and his Times*, by Nathan Drake, M. D. (London, 1817), vol. ii. p. 373.

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would otherwise be loathsome and disgusting an object of sublimity and shuddering admiration.

The task, however, which Shakespeare undertook was, in one instance, more arduous than that which Milton subsequently attempted; for, in addition to the hateful constitution of Richard's moral character, he had to contend also against the prejudices arising from personal deformity, from a figure

> "curtail'd of its fair proportion,
> Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
> Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before its time
> Into this breathing world, scarce half made up."

And yet, in spite of these striking personal defects, which were considered, also, as indicatory of the depravity and wickedness of his nature, the poet has contrived, through the medium of high mental endowments, not only to obviate disgust, but to excite extraordinary admiration.

One of the most prominent and detestable vices, indeed, in Richard's character, his hypocrisy, connected, as it always is, in his person, with the most profound skill and dissimulation, has, owing to the various parts which it induces him to assume, most materially contributed to the popularity of this play, both on the stage and in the closet. He is one who can

> "frame his face to all occasions,"

and accordingly appears, during the course of his career, under the contrasted forms of a subject and a monarch, a politician and a wit, a soldier and a suitor, a sinner and a saint; and in all with such apparent ease and fidelity to nature, that while to the explorer of the human mind he affords, by his penetration and address, a subject of peculiar interest and delight, he offers to the practised performer a study well calculated to call forth his fullest and finest exertions.

So overwhelming and exclusive is the character of Richard, that the comparative insignificancy of all the other persons of the drama may be necessarily inferred; they are re-

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flected to us, as it were, from his mirror, and become more or less important, and more or less developed, as he finds it necessary to act upon them; so that our estimate of their character is entirely founded on his relative conduct, through which we may very correctly appreciate their strength or weakness.

The only exception to this remark is in the person of Queen Margaret, who, apart from the agency of Richard, and dimly seen in the darkest recesses of the picture, pours forth, in union with the deep tone of this tragedy, the most dreadful curses and imprecations; with such a wild and prophetic fury, indeed, as to involve the whole scene in tenfold gloom and horror.

We have to add that the moral of this play is great and impressive. Richard, having excited a general sense of indignation, and a general desire of revenge, and unaware of his danger from having lost, through familiarity with guilt, all idea of moral obligation, becomes at length the victim of his own enormous crimes; he falls not unvisited by the terrors of conscience, for, on the eve of danger and of death, the retribution of another world is placed before him; the spirits of those whom he had murdered reveal the awful sentence of his fate, and his bosom heaves with the infliction of eternal torture.

[*From Verplanck's "Shakespeare."**]

Richard III. is, and long has been—taking the stage and the closet together—the most universally and uninterruptedly popular of its author's works. Few of Shakespeare's plays passed through more than two or three editions, as they originally appeared, separately, in the customary form of quarto pamphlets. Of *Hamlet*, which seems to have been the most popular of the other tragedies, there are but six of

* *The Illustrated Shakespeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1847), vol. i. p. 5 of *Richard III.*

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these editions; while of *Richard III.*; between 1597 and 1634, we have, in addition to the copies in the first two folios, no less than eight separate editions, still preserved; and it is possible that there may have been yet another, no longer extant. There are also more referenees and allusions to it, in the writings of Shakespeare's contemporaries, and in those of the next generation of authors, than to any other of his works. For instance, Bishop Corbet, in his poems, Fuller, in his *Church History*, and Milton, in one of his prose controversial tracts, all refer to it as familiar to their readers. It has kept perpetual possession of the stage, either in its primitive form, or as altered and adapted to the tastes of the times by Colley Cibber or by John Kemble. In one or other of these forms Richard III. has been the favourite character of all the eminent English tragedians, from Burbage, the original "Crookback," who was identified in his day, in the public mind, with the part,* through the long succession of the monarchs of the English stage—Betterton,

* Corbet, the witty and poetical Bishop of Oxford, in his *Iter Boreale*—a poetical narrative of a journey, in the manner of Horace's *Journey to Brundusium*, first printed in 1617—thus incidentally records the popularity of the play and of its theatrical hero, in his account of a visit to Bosworth Field (misquoted by Verplanck and all the other editors):

"Mine host was full of ale and history,
And in the morning when he brought us nigh
Where the two Roses join'd, you would suppose
Chaucer ne'er made the Romaunt of the Rose.
Hear him. See ye yon wood? There Richard lay
With his whole army. Look the other way,
And, lo! where Richmond in a bed of gorse
Encamp'd himself o'er night, and all his force:
Upon this hill they met. Why, he could tell
The inch where Richmond stood, where Richard fell.
Besides what of his knowledge he could say,
He had authentic notice from the play;
Which I might guess by 's must'ring up the ghosts,
And policies not incident to hosts;
But chiefly by that one perspicuous thing
Where he mistook a player for a king.
For when he would have said, King Richard died,
And call'd, A horse! a horse! he Burbage cried."

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Cibber, Quin, Garrick, Henderson, Kemble, Cooke, Kean—down to our own days.

Yet, in all the higher attributes of the poetic drama, *Richard III.* bears no comparison with the poet's greater tragedies, or with the graver scenes of his more brilliant comedies. Intellectually and poetically, it must be assigned to a much lower class than *Romeo and Juliet* or *Othello;* than *Lear* or *Macbeth;* than the *Tempest* or the *Merchant of Venice.* It does not exhibit that profusion of intellectual wealth which, in all the poet's greater works, overflows in every sentence, crowding his dialogue with thought, and continually evolving suggestions of the largest and deepest truth, from the individual passion, character, or incident of the scene. Nor does it display that fresh-springing and exuberant fancy, that exquisite and perpetually present sense of the beautiful, which intertwines the stern thoughts and dark contemplations even of Hamlet and Lear with matchless delicacies of thought and expression, and unexpected images of sweetness or joy.

If we except Clarence's dream, and the description of the murder of the young princes in the Tower—passages such as the author of *Hamlet* alone could have written—this favourite tragedy has no scenes of the deeply pathetic or the awfully grand or terrible. Its power and its elevation consist in the grand, original, and sustained conception of its one principal character, almost sublime in its demoniac heroism, in its unflagging energy of heroic guilt "without remorse or dread"—compelling us, in spite of personal and moral deformity, in spite of falsehood, fraud, treachery, and cruelty, to admire what we detest. Thus its merit is almost exclusively dramatic, keeping up a constant and excited attention and interest, by the truth and spirit of its acted and living narrative, the rapid succession of stirring incidents, and the vivid portraiture of impressive character—all sustained by animated dialogue, and occasionally by kindling declamation. The hold on public favour it took at once, and has continued

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to hold for two centuries and a half, through every variation of popular taste, is the highest and unquestionable proof that, in all these respects, though but faintly marked with other Shakespearian characteristics, it is a work of wonderful originality, vigour, fertility, and power of impression.

The connection of this tragedy with the three parts of *Henry VI.* (and especially with the last) is very striking. This connection differs altogether from that observable between the dramas of *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*, and those which succeed them in chronological order. Between those, the connection is little more than that which must result from the plot's being drawn from the same common historical source. There is little or no reference, in either of the three parts, to the dialogue or invention of the plays chronologically preceding; nor is there any thing to show that the several pieces were actually written in the order of this narrative, or to contradict the external evidence that the plays prior in chronological order were last written. Precisely the reverse holds true as to *Henry VI.* and *Richard III.* There is here not merely historical agreement, but the latter play is evidently the production of one whose mind was filled with the characters, dialogue, and subsidiary incidents of the preceding dramas. The tyrant-hero is himself but the full-grown, gigantic development of the young Gloster of *Henry VI.*, as Margaret is but the sequel, in her bitter, vindictive old age, of the very Margaret, not of dry history, but of these dramas.

[*From Dowden's "Shakspere."**]

Certain qualities which make it unique among the dramas of Shakspere characterize the play of *King Richard III.* Its manner of conceiving and presenting character has a certain resemblance, not elsewhere to be found in Shakspere's writings, to the ideal manner of Marlowe. As in the plays

* *Shakspere: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden (2d ed. London, 1876), p. 180 fol.

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of Marlowe, there is here one dominant figure distinguished by a few strongly marked and inordinately developed qualities. There is in the characterization no mystery, but much of a dæmonic intensity. Certain passages are entirely in the lyrical-dramatic style; an emotion, which is one and the same, occupying at the same moment two or three of the personages, and obtaining utterance through them almost simultaneously, or in immediate succession; as a musical motive is interpreted by an orchestra, or taken up singly by successive instruments:

> "*Queen Elizabeth.* Was never widow had so dear a loss!
> "*Children.* Were never orphans had so dear a loss!
> "*Duchess.* Was never mother had so dear a loss!
> Alas! I am the mother of these griefs."
>
> * * * * * * *

The dæmonic intensity which distinguishes the play proceeds from the character of Richard, as from its source and centre. As with the chief personages of Marlowe's plays, so Richard in this play rather occupies the imagination by audacity and force, than insinuates himself through some subtle solvent, some magic and mystery of art. His character does not grow upon us; from the first it is complete. We are not curious to discover what Richard is, as we are curious to come into presence of the soul of Hamlet. We are in no doubt about Richard; but it yields us a strong sensation to observe him in various circumstances and situations; we are roused and animated by the presence of almost superhuman energy and power, even though that power and that energy be malign.

Coleridge has said of Richard that pride of intellect is his characteristic. This is true, but his dominant characteristic is not intellectual; it is rather a dæmonic energy of will. The same cause which produces tempest and shipwreck produces Richard; he is a fierce elemental power raging through the world; but this elemental power is concentrated in a human will. The need of action is with Richard an ap-

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petite to which all the other appetites are subordinate. He requires space in the world to bustle in; his will must wreak itself on men and things. All that is done in the play proceeds from Richard; there is, as has been observed by Mr. Hudson, no interaction. "The drama is not so much a composition of co-operative characters, mutually developing and developed, as the prolonged yet hurried outcome of a single character, to which the other persons serve but as exponents and conductors; as if he were a volume of electricity disclosing himself by means of others, and quenching their active powers in the very process of doing so."*

Richard with his distorted and withered body, his arm shrunk like "a blasted sapling," is yet a sublime figure by virtue of his energy of will and tremendous power of intellect. All obstacles give way before him — the courage of men, and the bitter animosity of women. And Richard has a passionate scorn of men, because they are weaker and more obtuse than he, the deformed outcast of nature. He practises hypocrisy not merely for the sake of success, but because his hypocrisy is a cynical jest, or a gross insult to humanity. The Mayor of London has a *bourgeois* veneration for piety and established forms of religion. Richard advances to meet him reading a book of prayers, and supported on each side by a bishop. The grim joke, the contemptuous insult to the citizen faith in church and king, flatters his malignant sense of power. To cheat a gull, a coarse hypocrisy suffices.† . . .

Richard's cynicism and insolence have in them a kind of grim mirth; such a *bonhomie* as might be met with among the humorists of Pandemonium. His brutality is a manner of joking with a purpose. When his mother, with Queen

* *Shakespeare, his Life, Art, and Characters*, vol. ii. p. 156.

† The plan originates with Buckingham, but Richard plays his part with manifest delight. Shakspere had no historical authority for the presence of the bishops. See Skottowe's *Life of Shakspeare*, vol. i. pp. 195–96.

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Elizabeth, comes by "copious in exclaims," ready to "smother her damned son in the breath of bitter words," the mirthful Richard calls for a flourish of trumpets to drown these shrill female voices:

> "A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
> Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
> Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say!"

On an occasion when hypocrisy is more serviceable than brutality, Richard kneels to implore his mother's blessing, but has a characteristic word of contemptuous impiety to utter aside:

> "*Duchess.* God bless thee and put meekness in thy breast,
> Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!
> "*Richard.* Amen! and make me die a good old man!
> That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;
> I marvel that her grace did leave it out."

He plays his part before his future wife, the Lady Anne, laying open his breast to the sword's point with a malicious confidence. He knows the measure of woman's frailty, and relies on the spiritual force of his audacity and dissimulation to subdue the weak hand which tries to lift the sword. With no friends to back his suit, with nothing but "the plain devil and dissembling looks," he wins his bride. The hideous irony of such a courtship, the mockery it implies of human love, is enough to make a man "your only jigmaker," and sends Richard's blood dancing along his veins.

While Richard is plotting for the crown, Lord Hastings threatens to prove an obstacle in the way. What is to be done? Buckingham is dubious and tentative:

> "Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
> Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?"

With sharp detonation, quickly begun and quickly over, Richard's answer is discharged, "Chop off his head, man." There can be no beginning, middle, or end to a deed so simple and so summary. Presently Hastings making sun-

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dry small assignations for future days and weeks, goes, a murdered man, to the conference at the Tower. Richard, whose startling figure emerges from the background throughout the play with small regard for verisimilitude and always at the most effective moment, is suddenly on the spot, just as Hastings is about to give his voice in the conference as though he were the representative of the absent Duke. Richard is prepared, when the opportune instant has arrived, to spring a mine under Hastings's feet. But meanwhile a matter of equal importance concerns him—my Lord of Ely's strawberries. The flavour of Holborn strawberries is exquisite, and the fruit must be sent for. Richard's desire to appear disengaged from sinister thought is less important to note than Richard's need of indulging a cynical contempt of human life. The explosion takes place; Hastings is seized; and the delicacies are reserved until the head of Richard's enemy is off. There is a wantonness of *diablerie* in this incident:

> "Talk'st thou to me of *ifs*? Thou art a traitor.—
> Off with his head! Now by Saint Paul I swear
> I will not dine until I see the same."*

The fiery energy of Richard is at its simplest, unmingled with irony or dissimulation, in great days of military movement and of battle. Then the force within him expends itself in a paroxysm which has all the intensity of ungovernable spasmodic action, and which is yet organized and controlled by his intellect. Then he is engaged at his truest devotions, and numbers his Ave-Maries, not with beads, but with ringing strokes upon the helmets of his foes.† He is inspired with "the spleen of fiery dragons;" "a thousand hearts are great within his bosom." On the eve of the bat-

* This scene, including the incident of the dish of strawberries, is from Sir T. More's history. See Courtenay's *Commentaries on Shakespeare*, vol. ii. pp. 84–87.

† 3 *Henry VI.* ii. 1.

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tle of Bosworth Field, Richard, with uncontrollable eagerness, urges his inquiry into the minutiæ of preparation which may insure success. He lacks his usual alacrity of spirit, yet a dozen subalterns would hardly suffice to receive the orders which he rapidly enunciates. He is upon the wing of "fiery expedition:"

"I will not sup to-night. Give me some ink and paper.
What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid within my tent?
Catesby. It is, my liege, and all things are in readiness.
King Richard. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
Norfolk. I go, my lord.
King Richard. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Norfolk. I warrant you, my lord.
King Richard. Catesby!
Catesby. My lord?
King Richard. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.
Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.— [*Exit Catesby.*
Saddle White Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.—
Ratcliff!"

And, learning from Ratcliff that Northumberland and Surrey are alert, giving his last direction that his attendant should return at midnight to help him to arm, King Richard retires into his tent.

In all his military movements, as in the whole of Richard's career, there is something else than self-seeking. It is true that Richard, like Edmund, like Iago, is solitary; he has no friend, no brother; "I am myself alone;" and all that Richard achieves tends to his own supremacy. Nevertheless, the central characteristic of Richard is not self-seeking or ambition. It is the necessity of releasing and letting loose upon the world the force within him (mere force in which there is

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nothing moral), the necessity of deploying before himself and others the terrible resources of his will. One human tie Shakspere attributes to Richard; contemptuous to his mother, indifferent to the life or death of Clarence and Edward, except as their life or death may serve his own attempt upon the crown, cynically loveless towards his feeble and unhappy wife, Richard admires with an enthusiastic admiration his great father:

> "Methinks 't is prize enough to be his son."

And the memory of his father supplies him with a family pride which, however, does not imply attachment or loyalty to any member of his house.

> "but I was born so high;
> Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
> And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun."

History supplied Shakspere with the figure of his Richard. He has been accused of darkening the colours, and exaggerating the deformity of the character of the historical Richard found in More and Holinshed. The fact is precisely the contrary. The mythic Richard of the historians (and there must have been some appalling fact to originate such a myth) is made somewhat less grim and bloody by the dramatist.* Essentially, however, Shakspere's Richard is of the diabolical (something more dreadful than the criminal) class. He is not weak, because he is single-hearted in his devotion to evil. Richard does not serve two masters. He is not like John, a dastardly criminal; he is not like Macbeth, joyless and faithless because he has deserted loyalty and honour. He has a fierce joy, and he is an intense believer—in the

* See the detailed study of this play by W. Oechelhäuser in *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, vol. iii. pp. 37–39, and pp. 47, 53. Holinshed's treatment of the character of Richard is hardly in harmony with itself. From the death of Edward IV. onwards the Richard of Holinshed resembles Shakspere's Richard, but possesses fainter traces of humanity.

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creed of hell. And therefore he is strong. He inverts the moral order of things, and tries to live in this inverted system. He does not succeed; he dashes himself to pieces against the laws of the world which he has outraged. Yet, while John is wholly despicable, we cannot refrain from yielding a certain tribute of admiration to the bolder malefactor, who ventures on the daring experiment of choosing evil for his good.

Such an experiment, Shakspere declares emphatically, as experience and history declare, must in the end fail. The ghosts of the usurper's victims rise between the camps, and are to Richard the Erinnyes, to Richmond inspirers of hope and victorious courage. At length Richard trembles on the brink of annihilation, trembles over the loveless gulf:

> "I shall despair; there is no creature loves me;
> And if I die, no soul shall pity me."

But the stir of battle restores him to resolute thoughts: "Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my horse," and he dies in a fierce paroxysm of action. Richmond conquers, and he conquers expressly as the champion and representative of the moral order of the world, which Richard had endeavoured to set aside:

> "O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
> Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
> Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
> That they may crush down with a heavy fall
> The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
> Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
> That we may praise thee in thy victory."

* * * * * * *

The figure of Queen Margaret is painfully persistent upon the mind's eye, and tyrannizes, almost as much as the figure of King Richard himself, over the imagination. "Although banished upon pain of death, she returns to England to assist at the intestine conflicts of the House of York. Shakspere personifies in her the ancient Nemesis; he gives her

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more than human proportions, and represents her as a sort of supernatural apparition. She penetrates freely into the palace of Edward IV., she there breathes forth her hatred in presence of the family of York and its courtier attendants. No one dreams of arresting her, although she is an exiled woman, and she goes forth, meeting no obstacle, as she had entered. The same magic ring, which on the first occasion opened the doors of the royal mansion, opens them for her once again, when Edward IV. is dead, and his sons have been assassinated in the Tower by the order of Richard. She came, the first time, to curse her enemies; she comes now to gather the fruits of her malediction. Like an avenging Fury, or the classical Fate, she has announced to each his doom."*

[*From Mr. F. J. Furnivall's Introduction to the Play.*†]

Richard the Third is written on the model of Shakspere's great rival, Christopher Marlowe, the Canterbury cobbler's son, who was stabbed in a tavern brawl on June 1, 1593. It was Marlowe's characteristic to embody in a character, and realize with terrific force, the workings of a single passion. In *Tamburlaine* he personified the lust of dominion, in *Faustus* the lust of forbidden power and knowledge, in Barabas (*The Jew of Malta*) the lust of wealth and blood (J. A. Symonds). In *Richard III.* Shakspere embodied ambition, and sacrificed his whole play to this one figure. Gloster's first declaration of his motives shows, of course, the young dramatist, as the want of relief in the play, and the monotony of its curses, also do. But Richard's hypocrisies, his exultation in them, his despising and insulting his victims, his grim humour and delight in gulling fools, and in his own villainy, are admirably brought out, and that no less than thirteen times in the play. 1. With Clarence. 2. With Hast-

* A. Mézières, *Shakespeare, ses Œuvres et ses Critiques*, p. 139.

† *The Leopold Shakspere* (London, 1877), p. xxxix.

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ings. 3. With Anne, widow of Prince Edward, Henry the Sixth's son, whom Richard the Third, when Gloster, had stabbed. 4. With Queen Elizabeth, with Rivers and Hastings, and possibly in his professed repentance for the wrongs he did Queen Margaret in murdering her son and husband.* 5. With Edward the Fourth on his death-bed, and his queen, and lords, and as to the author of Clarence's death. 6. With his nephew, Clarence's son. 7. With Queen Elizabeth and his mother, "Amen! And make me die a good old man!" 8. With Buckingham, "I as a child will go by thy direction." 9. With the young prince, Edward the Fifth, "God keep you from them and from such false friends." 10. With Hastings and the Bishop of Ely. 11. With the Mayor about Hastings and then about taking the crown — (note Richard's utter brutality and baseness in his insinuation of his mother's adultery). 12. With Buckingham about the murder of the princes. 13. With Queen Elizabeth when he repeats the scene of his wooing with Anne, as the challenge-scene is repeated in *Richard II.* Villain as he is, he has the villain's coolness too. He never loses temper, except when he strikes the third messenger. As a general he is as skilful as Henry the Fifth, and looks to his sentinels; while, like Henry the Fourth, he is up and doing at the first notice of danger, and takes the right practical measures. Yet the conscience he ridicules, he is made to feel—

> "there is no creature loves me;
> And if I die, no soul shall pity me."

But we must note that this is only when his will is but half awake, half paralyzed by its weight of sleep. As soon as the man is himself again, neither conscience nor care for love or pity troubles him. The weakest part of the play is the scene of the citizens' talk; and the poorness of it, and the monotony of the women's curses, have given rise to the theory that

* I have always, though, considered this genuine repentance, or at least a genuine profession of it.

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in *Richard III.* Shakspere was only re-writing an old play, of which he let bits stand. But though I once thought this possible, I have since become certain that it is not so. The wooing of Anne by Richard has stirred me, in reading it aloud, almost as much as any thing else in Shakspere. Note, too, how the first lines of the play lift you out of the mist and confusion of the *Henry VI.* plays into the sun of Shakspere's genius.

LEICESTER.

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Soft! he wakes (i. 4. 152).

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KING RICHARD III.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD the Fourth.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V., } Sons to the King.
RICHARD, Duke of York, }
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence, } Brothers to the King.
RICHARD, Duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III., }
A young Son of Clarence.
HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.
CARDINAL BOUCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.
JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY, his Son.
EARL RIVERS, Brother to Elizabeth.
MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, Sons to Elizabeth.
EARL OF OXFORD.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STANLEY.
LORD LOVEL.
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.
SIR JAMES TYRREL.
SIR JAMES BLOUNT.
SIR WALTER HERBERT.
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest. Another Priest.

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire. A Keeper in the Tower.
ELIZABETH, Queen to King Edward IV.
MARGARET, Widow of King Henry VI.
DUCHESS OF YORK, Mother to King Edward IV.
LADY ANNE, Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales.
A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, etc.

SCENE: *England.*

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CHERTSEY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Gloster. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,

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He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;—
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate, the one against the other;
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murtherer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul; here Clarence comes.—

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day. What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?
Clarence. His majesty,

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Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
Gloster. Upon what cause?
Clarence. Because my name is George.
Gloster. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers.
O, belike his majesty hath some intent
That you should be new-christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
Clarence. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest,
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams,
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.
Gloster. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women!
'T is not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 't is she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.
Clarence. By heaven, I think there is no man secure
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?
Gloster. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.

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I' ll tell you what; I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men and wear her livery.
The jealous o'er-worn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.
Brakenbury. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with your brother.
Gloster. Even so; an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say.
We speak no treason, man: we say the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?
Brakenbury. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.
Gloster. Naught to do with Mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.
Brakenbury. What one, my lord?
Gloster. Her husband, knave. Would'st thou betray me?
Brakenbury. I beseech your grace to pardon me, and withal
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.
Clarence. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.
Gloster. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.—
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,

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I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Clarence. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
Gloster. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you.
Meantime, have patience.
Clarence. I must perforce. Farewell.
[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.*
Gloster. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hastings. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!
Gloster. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hastings. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must;
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Gloster. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too:
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.
Hastings. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
Gloster. What news abroad?
Hastings. No news so bad abroad as this at home:
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.
Gloster. Now, by Saint Paul, that news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And overmuch consum'd his royal person;

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'T is very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he? in his bed?
Hastings. He is.
Gloster. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit Hastings.*
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I 'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I 'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Same. Another Street.*

Enter the corpse of KING HENRY THE SIXTH, *borne in an open coffin,* Gentlemen *bearing halberds to guard it; and* LADY ANNE *as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the House of Lancaster!

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Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.—
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to wolves, to spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him
Than I am made by my young lord and thee!—
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

[*The Bearers take up the corpse and advance.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Gloster. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Gloster. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I 'll make a corse of him that disobeys!

1 *Gentleman.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

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Gloster. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command;
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I 'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
[*The Bearers set down the coffin.*
Anne. What! do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas! I blame you not; for you are mortal.
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou had'st but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.
Gloster. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.
Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.—
O gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,
For 't is thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murtherer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!
Gloster. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

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Gloster. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
Anne. O, wonderful, when devils tell the truth!
Gloster. More wonderful when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes to give me leave
By circumstance but to acquit myself.
Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils but to give me leave
By circumstance to curse thy cursed self.
Gloster. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current but to hang thyself.
Gloster. By such despair I should accuse myself.
Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
Gloster. Say that I slew them not?
Anne. Why, then they are not dead;
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Gloster. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Gloster. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.
Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murtherous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Gloster. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries.
Didst thou not kill this king?
Gloster. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too

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Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!
Gloster. The better for the king of heaven that hath him.
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Gloster. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Gloster. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.
Gloster. Your bedchamber.
Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!
Gloster. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so.
Gloster. I know so.—But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall something into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurst effect.
Gloster. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Gloster. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wrack;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by.
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!
Gloster. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Gloster. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

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Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.
Gloster. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Gloster. He lives that loves you better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Gloster. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Gloster. The selfsame name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Gloster. Here. [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?
Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!
Gloster. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Gloster. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
Gloster. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear;
No, when my father York and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

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I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
[*She looks scornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword.*
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry,—
But 't was thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch; 't was I that stabb'd young Edward,—
But 't was thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Gloster. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Gloster. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with the word
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Gloster. 'T is figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Gloster. Then, never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Gloster. Say, then, my peace is made.

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Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.
Gloster. But shall I live in hope?
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.
Gloster. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
Anne. To take is not to give. [*She puts on the ring.*
Gloster. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Gloster. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby House,
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.
Gloster. Bid me farewell.
Anne. 'T is more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[*Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.*
Gentleman. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
Gloster. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.
[*Exeunt all but Gloster.*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I 'll have her, but I will not keep her long.

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What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing! Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—
The spacious world cannot again afford;
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while!
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I 'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain some score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body;
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I 'll turn yon fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

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SCENE III. *The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, *and* LORD GREY.

Rivers. Have patience, madam; there 's no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse;
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Queen Elizabeth. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Grey. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Queen Elizabeth. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Queen Elizabeth. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Rivers. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Queen Elizabeth. It is determin'd, not concluded yet;
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buckingham. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stanley. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Queen Elizabeth. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she 's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stanley. I do beseech you, either not believe

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The envious slanders of her false accusers,
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Queen Elizabeth. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Stanley?

Stanley. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Queen Elizabeth. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buckingham. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Queen Elizabeth. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buckingham. Ay, madam; he desires to make atonement
Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain,
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Queen Elizabeth. Would all were well! — But that will never be;
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Gloster. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.—
Who are they that complain unto the king
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

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Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?
Gloster. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
Queen Elizabeth. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.
The king, on his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else,—
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.
Gloster. I cannot tell;—the world is grown so bad
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There 's many a gentle person made a Jack.
Queen Elizabeth. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster;
You envy my advancement, and my friends'.
God grant we never may have need of you!
Gloster. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you!
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.
Queen Elizabeth. By Him that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,

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I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Gloster. You may deny that you were not the mean
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Rivers. She may, my lord; for—
Gloster. She may, Lord Rivers,—why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—
Rivers. What, marry, may she?
Gloster. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too.
I wis your grandam had a worser match.
Queen Elizabeth. My Lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs;
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at;

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, *behind, where she remains.*

Small joy have I in being England's queen.
Queen Margaret. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech him!
Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.
Gloster. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said

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I will avouch in presence of the king;
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'T is time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

Queen Margaret. Out, devil! I remember them too well.
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Gloster. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood I spent mine own.

Queen Margaret. Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.

Gloster. In all which time you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
And, Rivers, so were you.—Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Queen Margaret. A murtherous villain, and so still thou art.

Gloster. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—

Queen Margaret. Which God revenge!

Gloster. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Queen Margaret. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Rivers. My Lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,

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We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.
Gloster. If I should be!—I had rather be a pedler.
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!
Queen Elizabeth. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.
Queen Margaret. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.— [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not that I am queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!
Gloster. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?
Queen Margaret. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make before I let thee go.
Gloster. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?
Queen Margaret. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou owest to me,—
And thou a kingdom;—all of you allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.
Gloster. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul

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Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.
Queen Elizabeth. So just is God, to right the innocent.
Hastings. O, 't was the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!
Rivers. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
Dorset. No man but prophesied revenge for it.
Buckingham. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.
Queen Margaret. What! were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murther, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward, our son, that was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's death,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers-by,—
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,

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That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!
Gloster. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag!
Queen Margaret. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested——
Gloster. Margaret.
Queen Margaret. Richard!
Gloster. Ha!
Queen Margaret. I call thee not.
Gloster. I cry thee mercy then, for I did think
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.
Queen Margaret. Why, so I did, but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse!
Gloster. 'T is done by me, and ends in—Margaret.
Queen Elizabeth. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.
Queen Margaret. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!

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Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this poisonous bunch-back'd toad.

Hastings. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Queen Margaret. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

Rivers. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Queen Margaret. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

Dorset. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.

Queen Margaret. Peace, master marquess! you are malapert;
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O that your young nobility could judge
What 't were to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

Gloster. Good counsel, marry! — learn it, learn it, marquess.

Dorset. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Gloster. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high:
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Queen Margaret. And turns the sun to shade,—alas! alas!—
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest.—

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O God, that seest it, do not suffer it!
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!
Buckingham. Peace, peace! for shame, if not for charity.
Queen Margaret. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!
Buckingham. Have done, have done.
Queen Margaret. O princely Buckingham, I 'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee;
Now, fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.
Buckingham. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
Queen Margaret. I will not think but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.
Gloster. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?
Buckingham. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.
Queen Margaret. What! dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel,
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess.—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

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Hastings. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Rivers. And so doth mine. I muse why she 's at liberty.

Gloster. I cannot blame her; by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

Queen Elizabeth. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Gloster. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains:—
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Rivers. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Gloster. So do I ever, being well advis'd;
[*Aside.*] For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace, and you, my noble lords.

Queen Elizabeth. Catesby, I come.—Lords, will you go with me?

Rivers. We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloster.*

Gloster. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls,—
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham,—
And tell them 't is the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it, and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey;

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But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With odd old ends stolen forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.
But soft! here come my executioners.—

Enter two Murderers.

How now, my hardy, stout-resolved mates!
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?
1 *Murderer.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Gloster. Well thought upon; I have it here about me.
[*Gives the warrant.*
When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate; do not hear him plead,
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.
1 *Murderer.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.
Gloster. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes fall tears.
I like you, lads;—about your business straight.
Go, go, dispatch.
1 *Murderer.* We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *London. A Room in the Tower.*

Enter Clarence *and* Keeper.

Keeper. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clarence. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,

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That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,—
So full of dismal terror was the time!

Keeper. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

Clarence. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Keeper. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clarence. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood

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Stopp'd in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air,
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Keeper. Awak'd you not in this sore agony?
Clarence. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life!
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who spake aloud, 'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanish'd. Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,
'Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, Furies! take him unto torment!'
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries that with the very noise
I trembling wak'd, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made my dream.
Keeper. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
Clarence. Ah, keeper, keeper! I have done these things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!—
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone;
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!—

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Keeper, I prithee sit by me awhile;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.
Keeper. I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!—

CLARENCE *reposes himself on a chair, and sleeps; then enter* BRAKENBURY.

Brakenbury. Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil,
And for unfelt imaginations
They often feel a world of restless cares;
So that between their titles and low name
There 's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 *Murderer.* Ho! who 's here?
Brakenbury. What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?
1 *Murderer.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.
Brakenbury. What! so brief?
2 *Murderer.* 'T is better, sir, than to be tedious.—
Let him see our commission; and talk no more.
[*A paper delivered to Brakenbury, who reads it.*
Brakenbury. I am in this commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys.
I 'll to the king, and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.
1 *Murderer.* You may, sir; 't is a point of wisdom.
Fare you well. [*Exeunt Brakenbury and Keeper.*
2 *Murderer.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

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1 *Murderer.* No; he 'll say 't was done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Murderer.* Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Murderer.* Why, then he 'll say we stabbed him sleeping.

2 *Murderer.* The urging of that word judgment hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murderer.* What! art thou afraid?

2 *Murderer.* Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to be damned for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Murderer.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Murderer.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murderer.* I 'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murderer.* Nay, I prithee, stay a little: I hope my holy humour will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 *Murderer.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murderer.* Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Murderer.* Remember our reward when the deed 's done.

2 *Murderer.* Zounds! he dies! I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murderer.* Where 's thy conscience now?

2 *Murderer.* O, in the Duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murderer.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy consience flies out.

2 *Murderer.* 'T is no matter; let it go: there 's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Murderer.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Murderer.* I 'll not meddle with it; it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear but it checks him; 't is a blushing, shamefaced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills a man full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold,

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that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it; it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and live without it.

1 *Murderer.* Zounds! it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murderer.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not; he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murderer.* I am strong-framed; he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murderer.* Spoke like a tall man that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murderer.* Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 *Murderer.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murderer.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murderer.* Strike.

1 *Murderer.* No, we 'll reason with him.

Clarence. [*Waking.*] Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murderer.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clarence. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murderer.* A man, as you are.

Clarence. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murderer.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clarence. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murderer.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clarence. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me; why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murderers. To, to, to—

Clarence. To murther me?

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Both Murderers. Ay, ay.

Clarence. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murderer.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clarence. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Murderer.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clarence. Are you drawn forth among a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murderer.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murderer.* And he that hath commanded is our king.

Clarence. Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murther; will you, then,
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murderer.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murther too.
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murderer.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow, and with thy treacherous blade
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

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2 *Murderer.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.
1 *Murderer.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?
Clarence. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake.
He sends you not to murther me for this,
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect or lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him.
1 *Murderer.* Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?
Clarence. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
1 *Murderer.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.
Clarence. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster,
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.
2 *Murderer.* You are deceiv'd; your brother Gloster hates you.
Clarence. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear.
Go you to him from me.
Both Murderers. Ay, so we will.
Clarence. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship;
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.
1 *Murderer.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

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Clarence. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murderer.* Right; as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself;
'T is he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clarence. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murderer.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murderer.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clarence. Have you that holy feeling in your souls,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind
That you will war with God by murthering me?—
O sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murderer.* What shall we do?

Clarence. Relent, and save your souls.

1 *Murderer.* Relent! 't is cowardly and womanish.

Clarence. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish!—
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murtherers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Murderer.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murderer.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[*Stabs him.*
I 'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
[*Exit, with the body.*

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2 *Murderer.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murther!

Enter First Murderer.

1 *Murderer.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.
2 *Murderer.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say, 271
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*
1 *Murderer.* So do not I: go, coward, as thou art.—
Well, I 'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial;
And when I have my meed I will away,
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [*Exit.*

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ACT II.

SCENE I. *London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, *led in sick*, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and others.*

King Edward. Why, so;—now have I done a good day's work.—
You peers, continue this united league:

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I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.—
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Rivers. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hastings. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

King Edward. Take heed you dally not before your king;
Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hastings. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Rivers. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

King Edward. Madam, yourself are not exempt from this,—
Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen Elizabeth. There, Hastings.—I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

King Edward. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord marquess.

Dorset. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hastings. And so swear I.

King Edward. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buckingham. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace [*to the Queen*], but with all duteous love

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Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! This do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love to you or yours.

King Edward. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buckingham. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Gloster. Good-morrow to my sovereign king and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

King Edward. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.—
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Gloster. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace.
'T is death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—
Of you, Lord Rivers,—and, Lord Grey, of you,—

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That all without desert have frown'd on me;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen;—indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Queen Elizabeth. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter;—
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Gloster. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?

[*They all start.*

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

King Edward. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

Queen Elizabeth. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buckingham. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dorset. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

King Edward. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Gloster. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bare the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY.

Stanley. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

King Edward. I prithee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stanley. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

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King Edward. Then say at once what is it thou request'st.

Stanley. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life,
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

King Edward. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man; his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, 'Dear brother, live, and be a king?'
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once beg for his life.—

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O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me and you, and mine and yours, for this!—
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.—
Ah, poor Clarence! [*Exeunt King, Queen, Hastings, Rivers, Dorset, and Grey.*

Gloster. This is the fruit of rashness.—Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the king!
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buckingham. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, *with the two children of* CLARENCE.

Boy. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duchess. No, boy.

Girl. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast,
And cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son!'

Boy. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duchess. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both.
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that 's lost.

Boy. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead?
The king mine uncle is to blame for it:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Girl. And so will I.

Duchess. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well.

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Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.
Boy. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster
Told me the king, provok'd to it by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him;
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek,
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as a child.
Duchess. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?
Duchess. Ay, boy.
Boy. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, *distractedly, with her hair dishevelled;* RIVERS *and* DORSET *following her.*

Queen Elizabeth. Ah, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune and torment myself?
I 'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.
Duchess. What means this scene of rude impatience?
Queen Elizabeth. To make an act of tragic violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!—
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's,
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of ne'er-changing night.
Duchess. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband.

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I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd with looking on his images;
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,
Thine being but a moiety of my moan,
To overgo thy woes, and drown thy cries!
Boy. Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's death!
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?
Girl. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!
Queen Elizabeth. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints.
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!
Children. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!
Duchess. Alas for both! both mine, Edward and Clarence!
Queen Elizabeth. What stay had I but Edward? and he 's gone.
Children. What stay had we but Clarence? and he 's gone.
Duchess. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.
Queen Elizabeth. Was never widow had so dear a loss.
Children. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.
Duchess. Was never mother had so dear a loss.
Alas, I am the mother of these griefs!
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

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I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—
Alas, you three on me threefold distress'd
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentation.

Dorset. Comfort, dear mother! God is much displeas'd
That you take with unthankfulness his doing.
In common worldly things 't is call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Rivers. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;
Let him be crown'd: in him your comfort lives.
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, *and others.*

Gloster. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can help our harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace.—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duchess. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Gloster. Amen; [*aside*] and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;
I marvel that her grace did leave it out.

Buckingham. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,

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That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love;
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept.
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Rivers. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buckingham. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd.
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Gloster. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Rivers. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd.
Therefore, I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hastings. And so say I.

Gloster. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you, my sister,—will you go
To give your censures in this business?

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloster.*

Buckingham. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,

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For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I 'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.
Gloster. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we 'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *London. A Street.*

Enter two Citizens, *meeting.*

1 *Citizen.* Good morrow, neighbour; whither away so fast?
2 *Citizen.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself.
Hear you the news abroad?
1 *Citizen.* Yes, that the king is dead.
2 *Citizen.* Ill news, by 'r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 't will prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Citizen.* Neighbours, God speed!
1 *Citizen.* Give you good morrow, sir.
3 *Citizen.* Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?
2 *Citizen.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!
3 *Citizen.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
1 *Citizen.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.
3 *Citizen.* Woe to that land that 's govern'd by a child!
2 *Citizen.* In him there is a hope of government,
That in his nonage council under him,
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
No doubt shall then and till then govern well.
1 *Citizen.* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

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3 *Citizen.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
1 *Citizen.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.
3 *Citizen.* Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all;
For emulation, who shall now be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster!
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud;
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
1 *Citizen.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.
3 *Citizen.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'T is more than we deserve, or I expect.
2 *Citizen.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread.
3 *Citizen.* Before the days of change, still is it so.
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as by proof we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
2 *Citizen.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.
3 *Citizen.* And so was I; I 'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV. *London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, *the young* DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK.

Archbishop. Last night I heard they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford they do rest to-night:
To-morrow or next day they will be here.
Duchess. I long with all my heart to see the prince.
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.
Queen Elizabeth. But I hear no; they say my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.
Duchess. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; 'Ay,' quoth my uncle Gloster,
'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.'
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.
Duchess. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee;
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.
Archbishop. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.
Duchess. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.
Duchess. How, my young York? I prithee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'T was full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

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Duchess. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duchess. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.
York. If 't were not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Queen Elizabeth. A parlous boy! Go to, you are too shrewd.
Archbishop. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Queen Elizabeth. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Archbishop. Here comes a messenger: what news?
Messenger. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.
Queen Elizabeth. How doth the prince?
Messenger. Well, madam, and in health.
Duchess. What is thy news?
Messenger. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
And with them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duchess. Who hath committed them?
Messenger. The mighty dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.
Archbishop. For what offence?
Messenger. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why or for what the nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.
Queen Elizabeth. Ay me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and aweless throne.—
Welcome destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Duchess. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,

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For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self:—O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen,
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Queen Elizabeth. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.

Duchess. Stay, I will go with you.

Queen Elizabeth. You have no cause.

Archbishop. My gracious lady, go,
[*To the Queen.*
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I 'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep; and so betide to me,
As well I tender you and all of yours!
Come, I 'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

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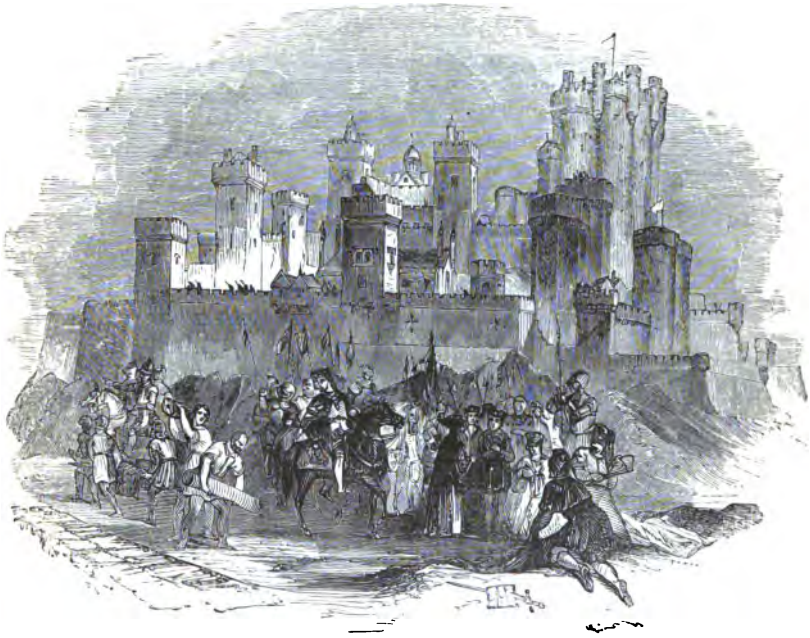

POMFRET (iii. 3).

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. A Street.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the PRINCE OF WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOUCHIER, *and others.*

Buckingham. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Gloster. Welcome, dear cousin, my thought's sovereign;
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

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Gloster. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit.
No more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Gloster. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor *and his Train.*

Mayor. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all.—
I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way;
Fie! what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Enter HASTINGS.

Buckingham. And in good time here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord. What! will our mother come?

Hastings. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother and your brother York
Have taken sanctuary; the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buckingham. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers!—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?

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If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.
Cardinal. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.
Buckingham. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional;
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place.
This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.
Cardinal. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?
Hastings. I go, my lord.
Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.—
[*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?
Gloster. Where it think'st best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower;
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

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Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?
Buckingham. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.
Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?
Buckingham. Upon record, my gracious lord.
Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 't were retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.
Gloster. [*Aside*] So wise so young, they say, do never live long.
Prince. What say you, uncle?
Gloster. I say, without characters fame lives long.
[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live.
Death makes no conquest of his conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I 'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.
Buckingham. What, my gracious lord?
Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I 'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.
Gloster. [*Aside*] Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, *and the* CARDINAL.

Buckingham. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.
Prince. Richard of York, how fares our noble brother?
York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

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Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours.
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.
Gloster. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth;
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Gloster. He hath, my lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Gloster. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then he is more beholding to you than I.
Gloster. He may command me as my sovereign,
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.
York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
Gloster. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.
Gloster. A greater gift than that I 'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift? O, that 's the sword to it.
Gloster. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O, then, I see, you 'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you 'll say a beggar nay.
Gloster. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Gloster. What! would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
Gloster. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk.—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me.—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

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Buckingham. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself.
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.
Gloster. My lord, will 't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.
York. What! will you go unto the Tower, my lord?
Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Gloster. Why, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My grandam told me he was murther'd there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Gloster. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*A sennet. Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings, Cardinal, and Attendants.*

Buckingham. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Gloster. No doubt, no doubt. O, 't is a parlous boy!
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He 's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buckingham. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby.
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart.
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;—
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

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Catesby. He for his father's sake so loves the prince
That he will not be won to aught against him.
Buckingham. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?
Catesby. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buckingham. Well, then, no more but this. Go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination;
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.
Gloster. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle;
And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
Buckingham. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.
Catesby. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.
Gloster. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
Catesby. You shall, my lord.
Gloster. At Crosby House, there shall you find us both.
[*Exit Catesby.*
Buckingham. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
Gloster. Chop off his head, man;—something we will determine.

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And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the movables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.
Buckingham. I 'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.
Gloster. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before Lord Hastings's House.*

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My lord! my lord!— [*Knocking.*
Hastings. [*Within.*] Who knocks?
Messenger. One from the Lord Stanley.
Hastings. [*Within.*] What is 't o'clock?
Messenger. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hastings. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?
Messenger. So it appears by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.
Hastings. What then?
Messenger. Then certifies your lordship that this night
He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm;
Besides, he says, there are two councils kept,
And that may be determin'd at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore, he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
If you will presently take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hastings. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord.
Bid him not fear the separated council:
His honour and myself are at the one,

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And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance;
And for his dreams—I wonder he 's so simple
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.
To fly the boar before the boar pursues
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Messenger. I 'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

[*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hastings. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring.
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Catesby. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hastings. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?

Catesby. Ay, my good lord.

Hastings. I 'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I 'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Catesby. Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof;
And thereupon he sends you this good news,—
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hastings. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news.
Because they have been still my adversaries;

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But that I 'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.
Catesby. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!
Hastings. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they which brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I 'll send some packing that yet think not on 't.
Catesby. 'T is a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.
Hastings. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 't will do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I, who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.
Catesby. The princes both make high account of you;
[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge.
Hastings. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?
Stanley. My lord, good morrow;—good morrow, Catesby.—
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.
Hastings. My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 't is now.
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stanley. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;

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But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
Hastings. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.
Stanley. They for their truth might better wear their heads
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let 's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hastings. Go on before; I 'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.*
How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?
Pursuivant. The better that your lordship please to ask.
Hastings. I tell thee, man, 't is better with me now
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now I tell thee—keep it to thyself—
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.
Pursuivant. God hold it to your honour's good content!
Hastings. Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that for me.
[*Throwing him his purse.*
Pursuivant. I thank your honour. [*Exit.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.
Hastings. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

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Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buckingham. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain!
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.
Hastings. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?
Buckingham. I do, my lord, but long I cannot stay there;
I shall return before your lordship thence.
Hastings. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buckingham. [*Aside*] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, will you go?
Hastings. I 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Pomfret. Before the Castle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, *with a* Guard, *conducting* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *to execution.*

Rivers. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Grey. God bless the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.
Vaughan. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.
Ratcliff. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.
Rivers. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O, thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.
Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,

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When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.
Rivers. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings.—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!
And for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!
Ratcliff. Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.
Rivers. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace;
Farewell until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *London. A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the* BISHOP OF ELY, CATESBY, LOVEL, *and others, sitting at a table;* Officers of the Council *attending.*

Hastings. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation.
In God's name, speak,—when is this royal day?
Buckingham. Is all things ready for the royal time?
Stanley. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buckingham. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?
Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buckingham. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.—
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hastings. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

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His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lords, may name the time,
And in the duke's behalf I 'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he 'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Gloster. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper; but I trust
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buckingham. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,
I mean your voice for crowning of the king.

Gloster. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[*Exit Ely.*

Gloster. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Takes him aside.*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buckingham. Withdraw yourself a while; I 'll go with you.
[*Exeunt Gloster and Buckingham.*

Stanley. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

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Enter BISHOP OF ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord, the Duke of Gloster?
I have sent for these strawberries.
Hastings. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;
There 's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I think there 's never a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
Stanley. What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any livelihood he show'd to-day?
Hastings. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Gloster. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?
Hastings. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom the offenders, whosoe'er they be;
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.
Gloster. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
Hastings. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—
Gloster. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor!—
Off with his head!—now, by Saint Paul I swear,

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I will not dine until I see the same.—
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done;—
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.
[*Exeunt Council, with Gloster and Buckingham.*
Hastings. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm;
And I did scorn it, and disdain to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me!
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!
Ratcliff. Come, come, dispatch; the duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.
Hastings. O, momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
Lovel. Come, come, dispatch; 't is bootless to exclaim.
Hastings. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE V. *The Tower Walls.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

Gloster. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buckingham. Tut! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion; ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles,
And both are ready in their offices
At any time to grace my stratagems.
But what! is Catesby gone?

Gloster. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor *and* CATESBY.

Buckingham. Lord mayor,—

Gloster. Look to the drawbridge there!

Buckingham. Hark! a drum.

Gloster. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buckingham. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent,—

Gloster. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buckingham. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL *and* RATCLIFF, *with* HASTINGS'S *head.*

Gloster. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.

Lovel. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Gloster. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.

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I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian,
Made him my book wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts;
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buckingham. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.—
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were 't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murther me and my good Lord of Gloster?

Mayor. Had he done so?

Gloster. What! think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

Mayor. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

Buckingham. I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore:
Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meanings, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, I would have had you heard
The traitor speak and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons,

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That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.

Mayor. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I 'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Gloster. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buckingham. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend;
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Lord Mayor.*

Gloster. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post.
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children;
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown, meaning indeed his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye or savage heart
Without control lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France,
And by true computation of the time
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.

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Yet touch this sparingly, as 't were far off;
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.
Buckingham. Doubt not, my lord, I 'll play the orator
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself; and so, my lord, adieu.
Gloster. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.
Buckingham. I go; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. [*Exit.*
Gloster. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw,—
Go thou [*to Catesby*] to Friar Penker;—bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.
[*Exeunt Lovel and Catesby.*
Now will I go to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give order that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *A Street.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scrivener. Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's;
And mark how well the sequel hangs together.
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me.
The precedent was full as long a-doing;
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here 's a good world the while! Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?

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Yet who so bold but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Baynard's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *meeting.*

Gloster. How now, how now! what say the citizens?

Buckingham. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Gloster. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buckingham. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke.
Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse:
And when my oratory drew toward end,
I bade them that did love their country's good
Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king!'

Gloster. And did they so?

Buckingham. No, so God help me, they spake not a word.
But, like dumb statuas or breathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale;
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence.

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His answer was, the people were not us'd
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again :—
'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;'
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own
At lower end of the hall hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, 'God save King Richard!'
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I,
'This general applause and cheerful shout
Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard;'
And even here brake off and came away.

Gloster. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?
Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?

Buckingham. The mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit.
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I 'll make a holy descant.
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Gloster. I go; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

Buckingham. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks. [*Exit Gloster.*

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, *and* Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request?

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Catesby. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow or next day.
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buckingham. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Catesby. I 'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*

Buckingham. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtesans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping to engross his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England would this virtuous prince
Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof;
But sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

Mayor. Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay!

Buckingham. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.—

Enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Catesby. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him;
His grace not being warn'd thereof before,
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buckingham. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;

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And so once more return and tell his grace. [*Exit Catesby.*
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 't is much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, *in a gallery above, between two* Bishops. CATESBY *returns.*

Mayor. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buckingham. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity;
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornament to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Gloster. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buckingham. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Gloster. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buckingham. You have, my lord; would it might please your grace
On our entreaties to amend your fault!

Gloster. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buckingham. Know then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,

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Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock;
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land;
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain,
But as successively from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just cause come I to move your grace.

Gloster. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
If not to answer,—you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore, to speak and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert

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Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth,
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me,—
And much I need to help you, were there need.
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buckingham. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first was he contract to Lady Lucy—
Your mother lives a witness to his vow—
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree

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To base declension and loath'd bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

Mayor. Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat you.

Buckingham. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Catesby. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

Gloster. Alas, why would you heap this care on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty.
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buckingham. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in your throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And in this resolution here we leave you.—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exit Buckingham; the Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens retiring.*

Catesby. Call him again, sweet prince, accept their suit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

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Gloster. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again. I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM *and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

Mayor. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Gloster. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buckingham. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buckingham. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Gloster. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buckingham. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace;
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Gloster. Come, let us to our holy work again.—
[*To the Bishops.*
Farewell, my cousin;—farewell, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, *and* MARQUIS OF DORSET; *on the other,* ANNE DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, *leading* LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, *Clarence's young daughter.*

Duchess. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster!
Now, for my life, she 's wandering to the Tower,

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On pure heart's love to greet the tender princes.—
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Queen Elizabeth. As much to you, good sister! whither away?

Anne. No farther than the Tower, and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Queen Elizabeth. Kind sister, thanks; we 'll enter all together:
And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—

Enter BRAKENBURY.

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brakenbury. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen Elizabeth. The king! who 's that?

Brakenbury. I mean the lord protector.

Queen Elizabeth. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

Duchess. I am their father's mother; I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I 'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brakenbury. No, madam, no; I may not leave it so:
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stanley. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I 'll salute your grace of York as mother,

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And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
[*To the Duchess of Gloster.*
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.
Queen Elizabeth. Ah, cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!
Anne. Despiteful tidings! O, unpleasing news!
Dorset. Be of good cheer;—mother, how fares your grace?
Queen Elizabeth. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone!
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.
Stanley. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.—
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.
Duchess. O, ill-dispersing wind of misery!—
O, my accursed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murtherous.
Stanley. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.
Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—
O, would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die ere men can say, God save the queen!

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Queen Elizabeth. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour wish thyself no harm.
Anne. No! why?—When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dear saint which then I weeping follow'd,—
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish: 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accurs'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—
More miserable by the life of thee
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!'
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick,
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.
Queen Elizabeth. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.
Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.
Dorset. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!
Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!
Duchess. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!— [*To Dorset.*
Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!— [*To Anne.*
Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!— [*To Queen Elizabeth.*

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I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of teen.
Queen Elizabeth. Stay yet, look back with me unto the Tower.—
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls,
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen play-fellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

A sennet. Enter RICHARD, *crowned, and in state;* BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a* Page, *and others.*

King Richard. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham!
Buckingham. My gracious sovereign.
[*Richard ascends the throne. The trumpets sound.*
King Richard. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated.—
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buckingham. Still live they, and forever let them last!
King Richard. Ah Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed!—
Young Edward lives.—Think now what I would speak.
Buckingham. Say on, my loving lord.
King Richard. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.
Buckingham. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.
King Richard. Ha! am I king? 'T is so; but Edward lives.
Buckingham. True, noble prince.
King Richard. O, bitter consequence,

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That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince!—
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.—
Shall I be plain?—I wish the bastards dead,
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly; be brief.
Buckingham. Your grace may do your pleasure.
King Richard. Tut, tut! thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes.
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?
Buckingham. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this;
I will resolve you herein presently. [*Exit.*
Catesby. [*Aside to another*] The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.
King Richard. I will converse with iron-witted fools [*Descends from his throne.*
And unrespective boys; none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—
Boy!
Page. My lord?
King Richard. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Will tempt unto a close exploit of death?
Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit;
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
King Richard. What is his name?
Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.
King Richard. I partly know the man; go, call him hither, boy.— [*Exit Page.*
The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.

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Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley? what 's the news?
Stanley. Know, my loving lord,
The Marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.
King Richard. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter.—
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die.
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.—
[*Exit Catesby.*
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.—
Murther her brothers, and then marry her?
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Enter Page, *with* TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?
Tyrrel. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.
King Richard. Art thou, indeed?
Tyrrel. Prove me, my gracious lord.
King Richard. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tyrrel. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.
King Richard. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers,

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Are they that I would have thee deal upon.
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.
Tyrrel. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I 'll rid you from the fear of them.
King Richard. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel;
Go, by this token.—Rise, and lend thine ear. [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so;—say it is done,
And I will love thee and prefer thee for it.
Tyrrel. I will dispatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buckingham. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.
King Richard. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buckingham. I hear the news, my lord.
King Richard. Stanley, he is your wife's son;—well, look unto it.
Buckingham. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford and the movables
Which you have promised I shall possess.
King Richard. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
Buckingham. What says your highness to my just request?
King Richard. I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king!—perhaps—
Buckingham. My lord,—
King Richard. How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
Buckingham. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

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King Richard. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rougemont; at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buckingham. My lord,—
King Richard. Ay; what 's o'clock?
Buckingham. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.
King Richard. Well, but what 's o'clock?
Buckingham. Upon the stroke of ten.
King Richard. Well, let it strike.
Buckingham. Why let it strike?
King Richard. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buckingham. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.
King Richard. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.
[*Exeunt King Richard and Train.*
Buckingham. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

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SCENE III. *The Same.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyrrel. The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthful butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
'O, thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes,'—
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of Nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.'
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter KING RICHARD.

And here he comes.—All health, my sovereign lord!

King Richard. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyrrel. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

King Richard. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyrrel. I did, my lord.

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King Richard. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?
Tyrrel. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.
King Richard. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, and after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.
Tyrrel. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*
King Richard. The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. My lord!—
King Richard. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?
Catesby. Bad news, my lord; Morton is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
King Richard. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men; my counsel is my shield.
We must be brief when traitors brave the field. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV. *Before the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET.

Queen Margaret. So, now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret; who comes here?
[*Retiring.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK.

Queen Elizabeth. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Queen Margaret. Hover about her; say that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duchess. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Queen Margaret. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Queen Elizabeth. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Queen Margaret. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

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Duchess. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Queen Elizabeth. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?
[*Sitting down by her.*

Queen Margaret. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
[*Coming forward.*
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.—
I had an Edward till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a Harry till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard till a Richard kill'd him.

Duchess. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Queen Margaret. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death;
That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood,
That foul defacer of God's handiwork,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose to chase us to our graves.—
O, upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee that this carnal cur

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Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!
Duchess. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.
Queen Margaret. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this frantic play,
Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserv'd their factor to buy souls
And send them thither; but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live and say, The dog is dead!
Queen Elizabeth. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad!
Queen Margaret. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd a-high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,

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To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says, God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wast
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;
From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance;
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Queen Elizabeth. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Queen Margaret. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were sweeter than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:

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Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Queen Elizabeth. My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine!

Queen Margaret. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit Queen Margaret.*

Duchess. Why should calamity be full of words?

Queen Elizabeth. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope; though what they will impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duchess. If so, then be not tongue-tied; go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let 's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
[*A trumpet heard.*
The trumpet sounds; be copious in exclaims.

Enter KING RICHARD *and his train, marching.*

King Richard. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duchess. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Queen Elizabeth. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

Duchess. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence,
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Queen Elizabeth. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duchess. Where is kind Hastings?

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King Richard. A flourish, trumpets! — strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say!—
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Duchess. Art thou my son?
King Richard. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.
Duchess. Then patiently hear my impatience.
King Richard. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Duchess. O, let me speak.
King Richard. Do, then; but I 'll not hear.
Duchess. I will be mild and gentle in my words.
King Richard. And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.
Duchess. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.
King Richard. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duchess. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me:
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name
That ever grac'd me with thy company?
King Richard. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,

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Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum!

Duchess. I prithee hear me speak.

King Richard. You speak too bitterly.

Duchess. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.

King Richard. So.

Duchess. Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never more behold thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most grievous curse,
Which in the day of battle tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*

Queen Elizabeth. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to her. [*Going.*

King Richard. Stay, madam, I must talk a word with you.

Queen Elizabeth. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to slaughter; for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens,
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

King Richard. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Queen Elizabeth. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I 'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed,
Throw over her the veil of infamy!

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So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

King Richard. Wrong not her birth; she is a royal princess.

Queen Elizabeth. To save her life, I 'll say she is not so.

King Richard. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Queen Elizabeth. And only in that safety died her brothers.

King Richard. Lo, at their birth good stars were opposite.

Queen Elizabeth. No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

King Richard. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Queen Elizabeth. True, when avoided grace makes destiny.

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

King Richard. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Queen Elizabeth. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hand soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murtherous knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

King Richard. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success of bloody wars

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As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!
Queen Elizabeth. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?
King Richard. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.
Queen Elizabeth. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?
King Richard. Unto the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.
Queen Elizabeth. Flatter my sorrow with report of it;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?
King Richard. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.
Queen Elizabeth. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.
King Richard. Then know that from my soul I love thy daughter.
Queen Elizabeth. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.
King Richard. What do you think?
Queen Elizabeth. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul.
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.
King Richard. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

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Queen Elizabeth. Well, then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

King Richard. Even he that makes her queen; who else should be?

Queen Elizabeth. What, thou?

King Richard. Even so; how think you of it?

Queen Elizabeth. How canst thou woo her?

King Richard. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Queen Elizabeth. And wilt thou learn of me?

King Richard. Madam, with all my heart.

Queen Elizabeth. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood—
A handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds:
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

King Richard. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen Elizabeth. There is no other way,
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

King Richard. Say that I did all this for love of her?

Queen Elizabeth. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but love thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

King Richard. Look, what is done cannot be now amended;

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Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends I 'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother:
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son, being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity.
The king that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go:
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;

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Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Queen Elizabeth. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

King Richard. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Queen Elizabeth. Which she shall purchase with still-lasting war.

King Richard. Tell her the king, that may command, entreats.

Queen Elizabeth. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

King Richard. Say she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Queen Elizabeth. To wail the title as her mother doth.

King Richard. Say I will love her everlastingly.

Queen Elizabeth. But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

King Richard. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Queen Elizabeth. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

King Richard. As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

Queen Elizabeth. As long as hell and Richard likes of it.

King Richard. Say I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

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Queen Elizabeth. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

King Richard. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Queen Elizabeth. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

King Richard. Then plainly to her tell my loving tale.

Queen Elizabeth. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

King Richard. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Queen Elizabeth. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead,—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

King Richard. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Queen Elizabeth. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

King Richard. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Queen Elizabeth. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

King Richard. I swear—

Queen Elizabeth. By nothing; for this is no oath.
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his lordly honour;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

King Richard. Then by myself,—

Queen Elizabeth. Thyself is self-misus'd.

King Richard. Now by the world,—

Queen Elizabeth. 'T is full of thy foul wrongs.

King Richard. My father's death,—

Queen Elizabeth. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.

King Richard. Why, then, by God,—

Queen Elizabeth. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,

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The unity the king my husband made,
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brother slain.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

King Richard. The time to come.

Queen Elizabeth. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it with their age;
The parents live whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast.

King Richard. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous affairs
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with dear heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her follows to myself and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.

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Therefore, dear mother—I must call you so—
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Queen Elizabeth. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

King Richard. Ay, if the devil tempts thee to do good.

Queen Elizabeth. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

King Richard. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Queen Elizabeth. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

King Richard. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen Elizabeth. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

King Richard. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.— [*Exit Queen Elizabeth.*

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!—
How now! what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following.*

Ratcliff. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
'T is thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

King Richard. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk;—
Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Catesby. Here, my good lord.

King Richard. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Catesby. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

King Richard. Ratcliff, come hither. Post to Salisbury;

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When thou com'st thither,—Dull, unmindful villain,
[*To Catesby.*
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Catesby. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

King Richard. O, true, good Catesby.—Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Catesby. I go. [*Exit.*

Ratcliff. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

King Richard. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

Ratcliff. Your highness told me I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

King Richard. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?

Stanley. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad but well may be reported.

King Richard. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad?
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stanley. Richmond is on the seas.

King Richard. There let him sink, and be the seas on him,
White-liver'd runagate!—What doth he there?

Stanley. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

King Richard. Well, as you guess?

Stanley. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

King Richard. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?

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Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?
Stanley. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.
King Richard. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes?
Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear.
Stanley. No, my good lord; therefore mistrust me not.
King Richard. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?
Stanley. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.
King Richard. Cold friends to me! What do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?
Stanley. They have not been commanded, mighty king.
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I 'll muster up my friends and meet your grace
Where and what time your majesty shall please.
King Richard. Ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond;
But I 'll not trust thee.
Stanley. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.
I never was nor never will be false.
King Richard. Go, then, and muster men; but leave behind
Your son, George Stanley. Look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
Stanley. So deal with him as I prove true to you.
[*Exit Stanley.*

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,

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As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many moe confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Messenger.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Messenger.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—
King Richard. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? [*He strikes him.*
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.
3 *Messenger.* The news I have to tell your majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.
King Richard. I cry thee mercy;
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?
3 *Messenger.* Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

Enter a fourth Messenger.

4 *Messenger.* Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset,
'T is said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms;
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Breton navy is dispers'd by tempest.
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no;

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Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail and made his course again for Bretagne.
King Richard. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken;
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.
King Richard. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here
A royal battle might be won and lost.—
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Lord Stanley's House.*

Enter STANLEY *and* SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stanley. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,—
That in the sty of the most deadly boar
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that holds off my present aid.
So, get thee gone; commend me to thy lord.
Withal, say that the queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?
Christopher. At Pembroke, or at Hertford West, in Wales.
Stanley. What men of name resort to him?
Christopher. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;

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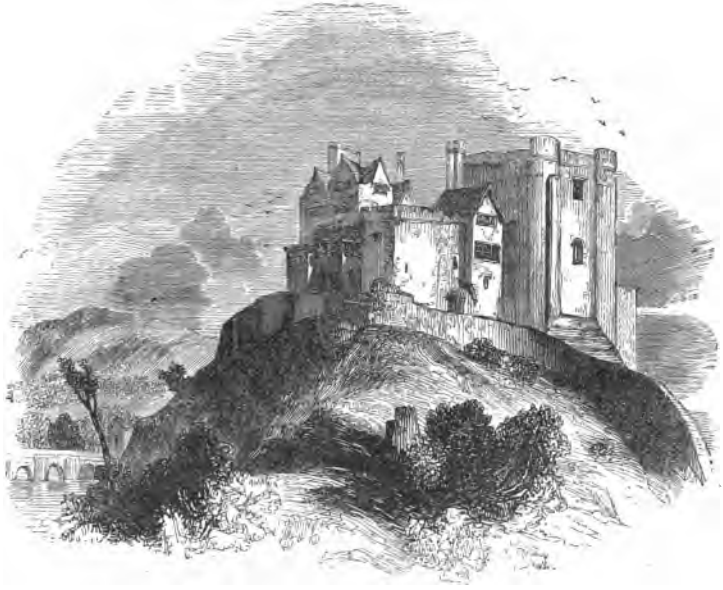
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stanley. Well, hie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand:
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*



TAMWORTH CASTLE.

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SALISBURY.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Salisbury. An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff *and* Guard, *with* BUCKINGHAM, *led to execution.*

Buckingham. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sheriff. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buckingham. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,

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Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—
This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not?

Sheriff. It is.

Buckingham. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day which, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me when I was found
False to his children or his wife's allies;
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-Seer which I dallied with
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points in their masters' bosoms;
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck:
'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'—
Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Officers.*

SCENE II. *A Plain near Tamworth.*

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, HERBERT, *and others, with drum and colours.*

Richmond. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,

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Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms,—this foul swine
Is now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn;
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxford. Every man's conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty homicide.

Herbert. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

Richmond. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march.
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Bosworth Field.*

Enter KING RICHARD *in arms, with* NORFOLK, SURREY, *and others.*

King Richard. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.—
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Surrey. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

King Richard. My Lord of Norfolk,—

Norfolk. Here, most gracious liege.

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King Richard. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

Norfolk. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

King Richard. Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night;— [*Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.*

But where to-morrow?—Well, all 's one for that.—
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Norfolk. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

King Richard. Why, our battalia trebles that account;
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.—
Up with the tent!—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground.—
Call for some men of sound direction.—
Let 's lack no discipline, make no delay,
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, BLUNT, OXFORD, *and others. Some of the* Soldiers *pitch Richmond's tent.*

Richmond. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper in my tent;
I 'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My Lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Brandon,—
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent.—

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Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd? do you know?
Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much—
Which well I am assur'd I have not done—
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.
Richmond. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.
Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I 'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!
Richmond. Good night, good Captain Blunt.—Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business.
In to my tent! the dew is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.

King Richard. What is 't o'clock?
Catesby. It 's supper time, my lord;
It 's nine o'clock.
King Richard. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Catesby. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
King Richard. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge.
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
Norfolk. I go, my lord.
King Richard. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Norfolk. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*
King Richard. Catesby!
Catesby. My lord?

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King Richard. Send out a pursuivant-at-arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.— [*Exit Catesby.*
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch.—
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.—
Ratcliff!—

Ratcliff. My lord?

King Richard. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Ratcliff. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

King Richard. So; I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine;
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Ratcliff. It is, my lord.

King Richard. Bid my guard watch. Leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.
[*Exeunt Ratcliff and the other attendants.*

Enter STANLEY *to* RICHMOND *in his tent*, Lords *and others attending.*

Stanley. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richmond. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me how fares our loving mother?

Stanley. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good;
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

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In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may—that which I would I cannot—
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms;
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell. The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
And ample interchange of sweet discourse
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon.
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more adieu. Be valiant, and speed well!

Richmond. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.
I 'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peize me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory.
Once more good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt all but Richmond.*

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*

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The Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, *son to* HENRY THE SIXTH, *appears between the two tents.*

Ghost. [*To Richard.*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
Think how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury; despair, therefore, and die!—
[*To Richmond.*] Be cheerful, Richmond, for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf;
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of HENRY THE SIXTH *appears.*

Ghost. [*To Richard.*] When I was mortal, my anointed body
By thee was punched full of deadly holes.
Think on the Tower and me; despair and die!
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.—
[*To Richmond.*] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in sleep; live and flourish!

The Ghost of CLARENCE *appears.*

Ghost. [*To Richard.*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword! Despair and die!
[*To Richmond.*] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live and flourish!

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The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *appear.*

Rivers. [*To Richard.*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!—
Rivers, that died at Pomfret. Despair and die!

Grey. [*To Richard.*] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

Vaughan. [*To Richard.*] Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy lance! Despair and die!—

All. [*To Richmond.*] Awake! and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of HASTINGS *appears.*

Ghost. [*To Richard.*] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings! Despair and die!—
[*To Richmond.*] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes *appear.*

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower;
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!—
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of QUEEN ANNE *appears.*

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne, thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations;

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To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword! Despair and die!—
[*To Richmond.*] Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
Dream of success and happy victory!
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM *appears.*

Ghost. [*To Richard.*] The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny.
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—
[*To Richmond.*] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid;
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd!
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard fall in height of all his pride!

[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.*

King Richard. Give me another horse!—bind up my wounds!—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—
O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What, do I fear myself? there 's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murtherer here? No.—Yes, I am:
Then fly.—What, from myself? Great reason why,—
Lest I revenge. What! myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself

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For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain; yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well.—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
Murther, stern murther, in the dir'st degree,
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all 'Guilty! guilty!'
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me.—
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murther'd
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Ratcliff. My lord,—
King Richard. Who 's there?
Ratcliff. Ratcliff, my lord; 't is I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
King Richard. O Ratcliff! I have dream'd a fearful dream.—
What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?
Ratcliff. No doubt, my lord.
King Richard. O Ratcliff! I fear, I fear,—
Ratcliff. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.
King Richard. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

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It is not yet near day. Come, go with me:
Under our tents I 'll play the eavesdropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter OXFORD *and others to* RICHMOND *in his tent.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richmond. Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richmond. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murther'd,
Came to my tent, and cried on victory!
I promise you my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richmond. Why, then, 't is time to arm, and give direction.— [*He advances to the troops.*
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this,—
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;

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One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers.
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory! [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, *and* Forces.

King Richard. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Ratcliff. That he was never trained up in arms.

King Richard. He said the truth; and what said Surrey then?

Ratcliff. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

King Richard. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is. [*Clock strikes.*

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who saw the sun to-day?

Ratcliff. Not I, my lord.

King Richard. Then he disdains to shine; for by the book
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago;

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A black day will it be to somebody.—
Ratcliff,—
Ratcliff. My lord?
King Richard. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lower upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Norfolk. Arm, arm, my lord! the foe vaunts in the field.
King Richard. Come, bustle, bustle. — Caparison my horse.—
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power.
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered:
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst.
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?
Norfolk. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning. [*Giving a scroll.*
King Richard. [Reads] '*Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold,*
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'
A thing devised by the enemy.—
Go, gentlemen, every man to his charge.
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls,
For conscience is a word that cowards use,

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Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal,—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let 's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretons, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And on record left them the heirs of shame.—
Hark! I hear their drum. [*Drum afar off.*
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood!
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!—

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Messenger. My lord, he doth deny to come.

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King Richard. Off with his son George's head!
Norfolk. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.
King Richard. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our standards! set upon our foes!
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum: Excursions. *Enter* NORFOLK *and* Forces; *to him* CATESBY.

Catesby. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger.
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. *Enter* KING RICHARD.

King Richard. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Catesby. Withdraw, my lord; I 'll help you to a horse.
King Richard. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*Exeunt.*

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Alarums. Enter RICHARD *and* RICHMOND, *fighting; and exeunt, fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then enter* RICHMOND, STANLEY *bearing the crown, with divers other* Lords, *and* Forces.

Richmond. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
Stanley. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.
Richmond. Great God of heaven, say amen to all!—
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?
Stanley. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may withdraw us.
Richmond. What men of name are slain on either side?
Stanley. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.
Richmond. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red.—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and says not amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,

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The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say amen! [*Exeunt.*

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THE BLOODY TOWER.

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NOTES.

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ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of *Shakespeare*, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (London, n. d.).
Coll., Collier (second edition).
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
D., Dyce (second edition).
H., Hudson (first edition).
Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
J. H., J. Hunter's ed. of *Richard III.* (London, 1874).
K., Knight (second edition).
Lawson, W. Lawson's ed. of *Richard III.* (London and Glasgow, 1877).
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
V., Verplanck.
W., R. Grant White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for *Richard III.*) are those of the "Globe" ed. or of the "Acme" reprint of that ed.

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NOTES.

Ah, my poor princes! (iv. 4. 9).

INTRODUCTION.

THE following extracts from More, Hall, and Holinshed (which we reprint, with some corrections, from Hunter's edition of *Richard III.*) comprise all the passages of any importance illustrative of the play:

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Richard, the third son, of whom we now entreat, was in wit and courage equal with either of them, in body and prowess far under them both, little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, crooked-backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard favoured of visage, and such as is in states called warlike,* in other men otherwise. He was malicious, wrathful, envious; and from before his birth ever froward. It is for truth reported that the Duchess, his mother, had so much ado in her travail that she could not be delivered of him uncut; and that he came into the world with the feet forward as men be borne outward, and (as the fame runneth) also not untoothed: whether men of hatred report above the truth, or else that nature changed her course in his beginnings which in the course of his life many things unnaturally committed. So that the full confluence of these qualities, with the defects of favour and amiable proportion, gave proof to this rule of physiognomy—

"*Distortum vultum sequitur distortio morum.*"

None evil captain was he in the war, as to which his disposition was more meetly than for peace. Sundry victories had he, and sometime overthrows, but never on default, as for his own person, either of hardiness or politic order. Free was he called of dispense, and somewhat above his power liberal; with large gifts he got him unsteadfast friendship, for which he was fain to pill and spoil in other places, and got him steadfast hatred. He was close and secret, a deep dissimuler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart, outwardly companiable where he inwardly hated, not letting† to kiss whom he thought to kill, dispitious and cruel, not for evil will alway, but ofter for ambition, and either for the surety or increase of his estate. Friend and foe was much-what‡ indifferent, where his advantage grew; he spared no man's death whose life withstood his purpose. He slew with his own hands King Henry VI., being prisoner in the Tower as men constantly said, and that without commandment or knowledge of the king, which would undoubtedly, if he had intended that thing, have appointed that butcherly office to some other than his own born brother. Some wise men also ween that his drift, covertly conveyed, lacked not in helping forth his brother of Clarence to his death, which he resisted openly, howbeit somewhat (as men deemed) more faintly than he that were heartily minded to his wealth.§ And they that thus deem, think that he long time in King Edward's life forethought to be king, in case that the king his brother (whose life he looked that evil diet should shorten) should happen to decease (as indeed he did) while his children were young. And they deem that for this intent he was glad of his brother's death, the

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* The word in More is "warlye;" but Hall gives the passage thus: "Such as in estates is called a warlyke visage, and emong common persons a crabbed face."—*Ed.*

† Forbearing, hesitating. Cf. *R. of L.* 10:

"When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white," etc.

For the transitive use (=hinder), see *Ham.* p. 195.—*Ed.*

‡ Very much; a compound like *somewhat*. *Most-what* is another obsolete one.—*Ed.*

§ Weal, welfare. See *M. of V.* p. 165, and cf. *commonwealth*=the common weal, etc. *Ed.*

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Duke of Clarence, whose life must needs have hindered him so intending, whether the same Duke of Clarence had kept him true to his nephew the young king, or enterprised to be king himself. But of all this point is there no certainty; and whoso divineth upon conjectures, may as well shoot too far as too short.—MORE.

Where a man [quoth the Duke of Buckingham] is by lawful means in peril, there needeth he the tuition of some special privilege, which is the only ground and cause of all sanctuaries; from which necessity this noble prince is far, whose love to his king, nature, and kindred proveth; whose innocency to all the world his tender youth proveth; and so sanctuary as for him not necessary, nor none he can have. Men come not to sanctuary as they come to baptism, to require it by his godfathers; he must ask it himself that must have it, and reason, sithe no man hath cause to have it but whose conscience of his own fault maketh him have need to require it. What will then hath yonder babe, which if he had discretion to require it, if need were, I daresay would now be right angry with them that keep him there.... And if nobody may be taken out of sanctuary because he sayeth he will abide there, then if a child will take sanctuary because he feareth to go to school, his master must let him alone. And as simple as that example is, yet is there less reason in our case than in it, for there, though it be a childish fear, yet is there at the least some fear, and herein is no fear at all. And verily, I have heard of sanctuary men, but I never heard before of sanctuary children; and, therefore, as for the conclusion of my mind, whoso may deserve to have need it, if they think it for their surety, let them keep it. But he can be no sanctuary man that neither hath wisdom to desire it, nor malice to deserve it. And he that taketh one out of sanctuary, to do him good, I say plainly that he breaketh no sanctuary.—HALL.

The protector and the duke after that they had sent the lord cardinal, the Archbishop of York then Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of Ely, the Lord Stanley, and the Lord Hastings, then Lord Chamberlain, with many other noblemen, to common* and devise about the coronation in one place, as fast were they in another place contriving the contrary, and to make the protector king.

To which council albeit there were adhibited very few, and they were secret, yet began there here and thereabouts some manner of muttering among the people, as though all should not long be well, though they neither wist what they feared nor wherefore; were it that before such great things men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them, as the sea without wind swelleth of himself sometime before a tempest; or were it, that some one man, happily somewhat perceiving, filled many men with suspicion, though he showed few men what he knew. Howbeit, somewhat the dealing itself made men to muse on the matter, though the council were close. For by little and little all folk withdrew from the Tower and drew unto Crosbie's and Bishop's Gates Street, where the

* Commune, confer.—*Ed.*

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protector kept his household. The protector had the resort, the king in manner desolate.

While some for their business made suit to them that had the doing, some were by their friends secretly warned that it might happily turn them to no good, to be too much attendant about the king without the protector's appointment, which removed also divers of the prince's old servants from him, and set new about him. Thus many things coming together, partly by chance, partly of purpose, caused at length not common people only that wound with the wind, but wise men also, and some lords eke, to mark the matter and muse thereon; so far forth that the Lord Stanley, that was after Earl of Derby, wisely mistrusted it, and said unto the Lord Hastings that he much misliked these two several councils. "For while we" (quoth he) "talk of one matter in the one place, little wot we whereof they talk in the other place."—HOLINSHED.

Many lords assembled in the Tower, and there sat in council, devising the honourable solemnity of the king's coronation, of which the time appointed then so near approached, that the pageants and subtleties were in making day and night at Westminster, and much victuals killed therefore, that afterward was cast away. These lords so sitting together, commoning of this matter, the protector came in among them, first about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, and excusing himself that he had been so long, saying merely that he had been asleep that day. After a little talking with them, he said unto the Bishop of Ely: My lord, you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holberne; I require you let us have a mess of them. Gladly, my lord, quoth he, would God I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that. And therewithal, in all the haste he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries. The protector set the lords fast in commoning, and thereupon praying them to spare him for a little while, departed thence. And soon after one hour, between ten and eleven, he returned into the chamber among them, all changed, with a wonderful sour angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning, and fretting, and gnawing on his lips, and so sat him down in his place; all the lords much dismayed, and sore marvelling of this manner of sudden change, and what thing should him ail. Then when he had sitten still awhile, thus he began: What were they worthy to have, that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood unto the king, and protector of his royal person and his realm. At this question, all the lords sat sore astonied, musing much by whom this question should be meant, of which every man wist himself clear. Then the Lord Chamberlain, as he that for the love between them thought he might be boldest with him, answered and said, That they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were. And all the other affirmed the same. That is (quoth he) yonder sorceress my brother's wife, and other with her (meaning the queen). At these words many of the other lords were greatly abashed that favoured her. But the Lord Hastings was in his mind better content that it was moved by her, than by any other whom he loved better. Albeit his heart somewhat grudged that he was not afore made of council in this matter as he was of the tak-

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ing of her kindred and of their putting to death, which were by his assent before devised to be beheaded at Pontefract this self-same day; in which he was not ware that it was by other devised that he himself should the same day be beheaded at London. Then said the protector: Ye shall all see in what wise that sorceress, and that other witch of her council, Shore's wife, with their affinity, have by their sorcery and witchcraft wasted my body. And therewith he plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow upon his left arm, where he showed a werish withered arm, and small, as it was never other. Hereupon every man's mind sore misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel. For they well wist that the queen was too wise to go about any such folly. And also if she would, yet would she, of all folk, least make Shore's wife of her council, whom of all women she most hated, as that concubine whom the king her husband had most loved. And also no man was there present but well knew that his arm was ever such since his birth. Natheless the Lord Chamberlain (which from the death of King Edward kept Shore's wife, on whom he somewhat doted in the king's life, saving as it is said he that while forbare her of reverence toward his king, or else of a certain kind of fidelity to his friend) answered and said: Certainly, my lord, if they have so heinously done, they be worthy of heinous punishment. What, quoth the protector, thou servest me I ween with *ifs* and with *ands;* I tell thee they have so done, and that I will make good on thy body, traitor. And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist upon the board a great rap. At which token one cried treason without the chamber. Therewith a door clapped, and in come there rushing men in harness as many as the chamber might hold. And anon the protector said to the Lord Hastings, I arrest thee, traitor. What, me, my lord, quoth he. Yea, thee, traitor, quoth the protector. And another let fly at the Lord Stanley, which shrunk at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth; for as shortly as he shrank, yet ran the blood about his ears. Then were they all quickly bestowed in divers chambers, except the Lord Chamberlain, whom the protector bade speed and shrive him a pace, for by Saint Paul (quoth he) I will not to dinner till I see thy head off. It booted him not to ask why, but heavily he took a priest at adventure, and made a short shrift, for a longer would not be suffered, the protector made so much haste to dinner, which he might not go to until this were done, for saving of his oath. So he was brought forth into the green beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down upon a long log of timber, and there stricken off, and afterward his body with the head enterred at Windsor beside the body of King Edward, whose both souls our Lord pardon.—MORE.

A marvellous case it is to hear either the warnings that he should have voided, or the tokens of that he could not void. For the next night before his death, the Lord Stanley sent to him a trusty messenger at midnight, in all the haste, requiring him to rise and ride away with him for he was disposed utterly no longer for to abide, for he had a fearful dream, in the which he thought that a boar with his tusks so rased them both by the heads that the blood ran about both their shoulders; and for as

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much as the protector gave the boar for his cognisance, he imagined that it should be he. This dream made such a fearful impression in his heart that he was thoroughly determined no longer to tarry, but had his horse ready, if the Lord Hastings would go with him, so that they would ride so far that night, that they should be out of danger by the next day. Ah! good lord (quoth the Lord Hastings to the messenger), leaneth my lord thy master so much to such trifles, and hath such faith in dreams, which either his own fear phantasieth, or do rise in the night's rest by reason of the day's thought? Tell him it is plain witchcraft to believe in such dreams, which if they were tokens of things to come, why thinketh he not that we might as likely make them true by our going, if we were caught and brought back (as friends fail fliers); for then had the boar a cause likely to rase us with his tusks, as folks that fled for some falsehood; wherefore, either is there peril nor none there is indeed, or if any be, it is rather in going than abiding. And if we should needs fall in peril one way or other, yet had I liefer that men should say it were by other men's falsehood, than think it were either our own fault or faint feeble heart; and therefore go to thy master, and commend me to him, and say that I pray him to be merry and have no fear, for I assure him I am assured of the man he wotteth of, as I am sure of mine own hand. God send grace (quoth the messenger), and so departed. Certain it is also that in riding toward the Tower, the same morning in which he was beheaded, his horse that he was accustomed to ride on, stumbled with him twice or thrice almost to the falling: which thing although it happeth to them daily to whom no mischance is toward, yet hath it been, as an old evil token, observed as a going toward mischief. Now this that followeth was no warning but an envious scorn. The same morning, ere he were up from his bed, there came to him Sir Thomas Haward son to the Lord Haward (which lord was one of the priviest of the lord protector's council and doing), as it were of courtesy to accompany him to the council, but of truth sent by the lord protector to haste him hitherward.

This Sir Thomas, while the Lord Hastings staid a while communing with a priest whom he met in the Tower Street, brake the lord's tale, saying to him merely, What, my lord! I pray you come on; wherefore talk you so long with that priest? you have no need of a priest yet: and laughed upon him, as though he would say, You shall have need of one soon. But little wist the other what he meant (but or* night these words were well remembered by them that heard them); so the true Lord Hastings little mistrusted, and was never merrier, nor thought his life in more surety in all his days, which thing is often a sign of change: but I shall rather let any thing pass me than the vain surety of man's mind so near his death; for upon the very Tower wharf, so near the place where his head was off so soon after as a man might well cast a ball, a pursuivant of his own, called Hastings, met with him, and of their meeting in that place he was put in remembrance of another time in which it happened them to meet before together in the place, at which time the Lord Hastings had been accused to King Edward by the Lord Rivers, the

* *Or*= before. See *Temp.* p. 112.—*Ed.*

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queen's brother, insomuch that he was for a while, which lasted not long, highly in the king's indignation. As he now met the same pursuivant in the same place, the jeopardy so well passed, it gave him great pleasure to talk with him thereof, with whom he had talked in the same place of that matter, and therefore he said, Ah, Hastings, art thou remembered when I met thee here once with an heavy heart? Yea, my lord (quoth he), that I remember well, and thanked be to God they gat no good nor you no harm thereby. Thou wouldest say so (quoth he) if thou knewest so much as I do, which few know yet, and more shall shortly. That meant he, that the Earl Rivers and the Lord Richard and Sir Thomas Vaughan should that day be beheaded at Pomfret, as they were indeed; which act he wist well should be done, but nothing ware that the axe hung so near his own head. In faith, man (quoth he), I was never so sorry, nor never stood in so great danger of my life, as I did when thou and I met here; and lo! the world is turned now; now stand mine enemies in the danger, as thou mayest hap to hear more hereafter, and I never in my life merrier, nor never in so great surety. . . .

Now flew the fame of this lord's death through the city and farther about, like a wind in every man's ear; but the protector immediately after dinner, intending to set some colour upon the matter, sent in all the haste for many substantial men out of the city into the Tower, and at their coming himself with the Duke of Buckingham stood harnessed in old evil-favoured briganders,* such as no man would ween that they would have vouchsafed to have put on their backs, except some sudden necessity had constrained them. Then the lord protector showed them that the Lord Hastings and other of his conspiracy had contrived to have suddenly destroyed him and the Duke of Buckingham there the same day in counsel, and what they intended farther was yet not well known; of which their treason, he had never knowledge before ten of the clock the same forenoon, which sudden fear drave them to put on such harness as came next to their hands for their defence, and so God help them! that the mischief turned upon them that would have done it; and thus he required them to report. Every man answered fair, as though no man mistrusted the matter, which of truth no man believed. . . .

When the Duke [of Buckingham] had said, and looked that the people, whom he hoped that the mayor had framed before, should, after this flattering proposition made, have cried King Richard! King Richard! all was still and mute, and not one word answered to; wherewith the duke was marvellously abashed, and taking the mayor near to him, with other that were about him privy to the matter, said unto them softly, What meaneth this that the people be so still? Sir, quoth the mayor, percase† they perceive you not well. That shall we amend, quoth he, if be that will help; and therewith somewhat louder rehearsed the same matter again, in other order and other words, so well and ornately, and nevertheless so evidently and plain, with voice, gesture, and countenance so

* Brigandines; a kind of coat of mail. Cf. Milton, *S. A.* 1120: "And brigandine of brass," etc.—*Ed.*

† Perchance. Cf. Bacon, *Colours of Good and Evil:* "though percase it will be more strong by glory and fame," etc.—*Ed.*

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comely and so convenient, that every man much marvelled that heard him, and thought that they never heard in their lives so evil a tale so well told. But were it for wonder, or fear, or that each looked that other should speak first, not one word was there answered of all the people that stood before; but all were as still as the midnight, not so much rounding* among them, by which they might seem once to commune what was best to do. When the mayor saw this, he, with other partners of the counsel, drew about the duke, and said that the people had not been accustomed there to be spoken to but by the recorder, which is the mouth of the city, and haply to him they will answer. With that the recorder, called Thomas Fitz William, a sad man and an honest, which was but newly come to the office, and never had spoken to the people before, and loth was with that matter to begin, notwithstanding, thereunto commanded by the mayor, made rehearsal to the commons of that which the duke had twice purposed himself; but the recorder so tempered his tale that he showed every thing as the duke his words were, and no part of his own: but all this no change made in the people, which alway after one stood as they had been amazed. Whereupon the duke rounded with the mayor, and said, This is a marvellous obstinate silence; and therewith turned to the people again, with these words: Dear friends, we come to move you to that thing which peradventure we so greatly needed not, but that the lords of this realm and commons of other parts might have sufficed, saying such love we bear you, and so much set by you, that we would not gladly do without you that thing in which to be partners is your weal and honour, which as to us seemeth you see not or weigh not; wherefore we require you to give us an answer, one or other, whether ye be minded, as all the nobles of the realm be, to have this noble prince, now protector, to be your king? And at these words the people began to whisper among themselves secretly, that the voice was neither loud nor base, but like a swarm of bees, till at the last, at the nether end of the hall, a bushment† of the duke's servants, and one Nashfield, and other belonging to the protector, with some prentices and lads that thrusted into the hall amongst the press, began suddenly at men's backs to cry out as loud as they could, King Richard! King Richard! and then threw up their caps in token of joy, and they that stood before cast back their heads marvelling thereat, but nothing they said. And when the duke and the mayor saw this manner, they wisely turned it to their purpose, and said it was a goodly cry and a joyful to hear every man with one voice, and no man saying nay. Wherefore friends (quoth the duke), sith we perceive that it is all your whole minds to have this noble man for your king, whereof we shall make his grace so effectual report that we doubt not but that it shall redound to your great wealth and commodity: we therefore require you that to-morrow ye go with us, and we with you, to his noble grace, to make our humble petition and request to him in manner before remembered.

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* Whispering. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 168, foot-note, and cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 566: "rounded in the ear," etc.—*Ed.*

† A concealed body of men. Cf. *ambush.*—*Ed.*

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Then on the morrow the mayor and aldermen and chief commoners of the city, in their best manner apparelled, assembling them together at Paul's, resorted to Baynard's castle, where the protector lay, to which place also, according to the appointment, repaired the Duke of Buckingham, and divers nobles with him, besides many knights and gentlemen. And thereupon the duke sent word to the lord protector of the being there of a great honourable company to move a great matter to his grace. Whereupon the protector made great difficulty to come down to them, except he knew some part of their errand, as though he doubted, and partly mistrusted, the coming of such a number to him so suddenly, without any warning or knowledge whether they came for good or harm. Then, when the duke had showed this to the mayor and other, that they might thereby see how little the protector looked for this matter, they sent again by the messenger such loving message, and therewith so humbly besought him to vouchsafe that they might resort to his presence to purpose their intent, of which they would to none other person any part disclose. At the last he came out of his chamber, and yet not down to them, but in a gallery over them, with a bishop on every hand of him, where they beneath might see him and speak to him, as though he would not yet come near them till he wist what they meant. And thereupon the Duke of Buckingham first made humble petition to him, on the behalf of them all, that his grace would pardon them, and license them to purpose unto his grace the intent of their coming without his displeasure, without which pardon obtained they durst not be so bold to move him of that matter; in which, albeit they meant as much honour to his grace as wealth to all the realm beside, yet were they not sure how his grace would take it, whom they would in no wise offend. Then the protector, as he was very gentle of himself, and also longed sore apparently to know what they meant, gave him leave to purpose what him liked, verily trusting for the good mind that he bare them all, none of them any thing would intend to himward,* wherewith he thought to be grieved. When the duke had this leave and pardon to speak, then waxed he bold to show him their intent and purpose, with all the causes moving them thereto, as ye before have heard; and finally, to beseech his grace that it would like him, of his accustomed goodness and zeal unto the realm, now with his eye of pity to behold the long continued distress and decay of the same, and to set his gracious hand to the redress and amendment thereof, by taking upon him the crown and governance of the realm according to his right and title lawfully descended unto him, and to the laud of God, profit and surety of the land, and unto his grace so much the more honour and less pain, in that never prince reigned upon any people that were so glad to live under his obeisance as the people of this realm under his.

When the protector had heard the proposition, he looked very strangely thereat, and made answer, that albeit he knew partly the things by them alleged to be true, yet such entire love he bare to King Edward and his children, and so much more regarded his honour in other realms

* Cf. "to usward" (*Ps.* xl. 5, *Eph.* i. 19), "to theeward" (1 *Sam.* xix. 4), "to youward" (*Eph.* iii. 2), etc.—*Ed.*

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about than the crown of any one, of which he was never desirous, so that he could not find in his heart in this point to induce to their desire, for in all other nations where the truth were not well known it should peradventure be thought that it were his own ambitious mind and device to depose the prince and to take himself the crown, with which infamy he would in no wise have his honour stained for any crown, in which he had ever perchance perceived much more labour and pain than pleasure to him that so would use it, as he that would not and were not worthy to have it. Notwithstanding, he not only pardoned them of the motion that they made him, but also thanked them for the love and hearty favour they bare him, praying them for his sake to bear the same to the prince under whom he was and would be content to live, and with his labour and counsel, as far as it should like the king to use it, he would do his uttermost devoir to set the realm in good estate, which was already in the little time of his protectorship (lauded be God !) well begun, in that the malice of such as were before the occasion of the contrary, and of new intended to be, were now, partly by good policy, partly more by God his special providence than man's provision, repressed and put under.

Upon this answer given, the Duke of Buckingham, by the protector his license, a little rounded, as well with other noble men about him as with the mayor and recorder of London. And after that (upon like pardon desired and obtained) he showed aloud unto the protector, for a final conclusion, that the realm was appointed that King Edward his line should no longer reign upon them, both that they had so far gone that it was now no surety to retreat, as for that they thought it for the weal universal to take that way, although they had not yet begun it. Wherefore, if it would like his grace to take the crown upon him, they would humbly beseech him thereunto, and if he would give them a resolute answer to the contrary (which they would be loth to hear), then must they seek, and should not fail to find some other nobleman that would. These words much moved the protector, which, as every man of small intelligence may wit, would never have inclined thereto; but when he saw there was none other way but that he must take it, or else he and his both to go from it, he said to the lords and commons, Sith it is we perceive well that all the realm is so set (whereof we be very sorry), that they will not suffer in any wise King Edward his line to govern them, whom no man earthly can govern against their wills: and we also perceive that no man is there to whom the crown can by so just title appertain as to ourself, as very right heir lawfully begotten of the body of our most dread and dear father Richard late Duke of York, to which title is now joined your election, the nobles and commons of the realm, which we of all titles possible take for most effectual, we be content and agree favourably to incline to your petition and request, and according to the same here we take upon us the royal estate of pre-eminence and kingdom of the two noble realms England and France; the one, from this day forward by us and our heirs to rule, govern, and defend; the other, by God his grace and your good help, to get again, subdue, and establish for ever in due obedience unto this realm of England, the advancement whereof we never ask of God longer to live than we intend to procure and set forth. With this there was a

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great cry and shout, crying King Richard! and so the lords went up to the king, and so he was after that day called.

And forasmuch as his mind gave him that, his nephews living, men would not reckon that he could have right to the realm, he thought therefore without delay to rid them, as though the killing of his kinsmen might end his cause and make him kindly king. Whereupon he sent John Green, whom he specially trusted, unto Sir Robert Brakenbury, constable of the Tower, with a letter and credence also, that the same Sir Robert in any wise should put the two children to death. This John Green did his errand to Brakenbury, kneeling before Our Lady in the Tower; who plainly answered that he would never put them to death to die therefore. With the which answer Green returned, recounting the same to King Richard at Warwick, yet on his journey; wherewith he took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said to a secret page of his, Ah, whom shall a man trust? they that I have brought up myself, they that I weened would have most surely served me, even those fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing for me. Sir, quoth the page, there lieth one in the pallet chamber without, that I dare well say, to do your grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse: meaning by this James Tyrrel. . . .

James Tyrrel devised that they should be murthered in their beds, and no blood shed; to the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forest, one of the four that before kept them, a fellow flesh bred in murther beforetime; and to him he joined one John Dighton, his own horse-keeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knave. Then all the other being removed from them, this Miles Forest and John Dighton about midnight, the sely* children lying in their beds, came into the chamber, and suddenly lapped them up amongst the clothes, and so bewrapped them and entangled them, keeping down by force the feather-bed and pillows hard unto their mouths, that within a while they smothered and stifled them; and their breaths failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls into the joys of heaven, leaving to the tormentors their bodies dead in the bed; which after the wretches perceived, first by the struggling with the pangs of death, and after long lying still, to be thoroughly dead, they laid the bodies out upon the bed, and fetched James Tyrrel to see them; which when he saw them perfectly dead, he caused the murtherers to bury them at the stair foot, meetly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones.

Then rode James Tyrrel in great haste to King Richard, and showed him all the manner of the murther; who gave him great thanks, and, as men say, there made him knight.—MORE.

There came into his ungracious mind a thing not only detestable to be spoken of in the remembrance of man, but much more cruel and abominable to be put in execution: for when he resolved in his wavering mind how great a fountain of mischief toward him should spring if the Earl of Richmond should be advanced to the marriage of his niece (which thing

* Seely, innocent, helpless. In *Rich. II.* v. 5. 25, the quartos have "seely," the folios "silly." See our ed. p. 217.—*Ed.*

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he heard say by the rumour of the people that no small number of wise and witty personages enterprised to compass and bring to conclusion), he clearly determined to reconcile to his favour his brother's wife, Queen Elizabeth, either by fair words or liberal promises, firmly believing, her favour once obtained, that she would not stick to commit and lovingly credit to him the rule and governance both of her and her daughters; and so by that means the Earl of Richmond of the affinity of his niece should be utterly defrauded and beguiled. And if no ingenious remedy could be otherwise invented to save the innumerable mischiefs which were even at hand and like to fall, if it should happen Queen Anne his wife to depart out of this present world, then he himself would rather take to wife his cousin and niece the Lady Elizabeth, than for lack of that affinity the whole realm should run to ruin, as who said, that if he once fell from his estate and dignity the ruin of the realm must needs shortly ensue and follow. Wherefore he sent to the queen, being in sanctuary, divers and often messages, which first should excuse and purge him of all things before against her attempted or procured, and after should so largely promise promotions innumerable and benefits, not only to her, but also to her son Lord Thomas Marquis Dorset, that they should bring her, if it were possible, into some wan-hope,* or, as some men say, into a fool's paradise.

The messengers, being men both of wit and gravity, so persuaded the queen with great and pregnant reasons, then with fair and large promises, that she began somewhat to relent and to give to them no deaf ear, insomuch that she faithfully promised to submit and yield herself fully and frankly to the king's will and pleasure. . . .

Amongst the noblemen whom he most mistrusted these were the principal: Thomas Lord Stanley, Sir William Stanley his brother, Gilbert Taylor, and six hundred other, of whose purposes although King Richard were ignorant, yet he gave neither confidence nor credence to any one of them, and least of all to the Lord Stanley, because he was joined in matrimony with the Lady Margaret, mother to the Earl of Richmond, as afterward apparently ye may perceive. For when the said Lord Stanley would have departed into his country to visit his family, and to recreate and refresh his spirits (as he openly said), but the truth was to the intent to be in a perfect readiness to receive the Earl of Richmond at his first arrival in England, the king in no wise would suffer him to depart before that he had left as an hostage in the court George Stanley, Lord Strange, his first begotten son and heir. . . .

In the mean season King Richard (which was appointed now to finish his last labour by the very divine justice and providence of God, which called him to condign punishment for his scelerate† merits and mischievous deserts) marched to a place meet for two battles to encounter, by a village called Bosworth, not far from Leicester, and there he pitched his field, refreshed his soldiers, and took his rest. The fame went that he had the same night a dreadful and a terrible dream; for it seemed to him, be-

* Here=delusive hope, as the context shows. It is literally *want of hope*. See Wb. and cf. the Scotch compounds, *wan-grace*, *wan-luck*, *wan-thrift*, etc.—*Ed.*

† Wicked (Latin *sceleratus*). *Merits*=deserts in a bad sense; as in *Lear*, iii. 5. 8, v. 3. 44, *A. and C.* v. 2. 178, etc.—*Ed.*

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ing asleep, that he saw divers images like terrible devils, which pulled and hauled him, not suffering him to take any quiet or rest. The which strange vision not so suddenly strake his heart with a sudden fear, but it stuffed his head and troubled his mind with many dreadful and busy imaginations; for incontinent after, his heart being also damped, he prognosticated before the doubtful chance of the battle to come, not using the alacrity and mirth of mind and of countenance as he was accustomed to do before he came toward the battle. And lest that it might be suspected that he was abashed for fear of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends in the morning his wonderful vision and terrible dream. . . .

Between both armies there was a great morass, which the Earl of Richmond left on his right hand, for this intent, that it should be on that side a defence for his part; and in so doing he had the sun at his back and in the face of his enemies. When King Richard saw the earl's company was passed the morass, he commanded with all haste to set upon them: then the trumpets blew and the soldiers shouted, and the king's archers courageously let fly their arrows: the earl's bowmen stood not still, but paid them home again. The terrible shot once passed, the armies joined and came to hand-strokes, where neither sword nor bill was spared; at which encounter the Lord Stanley joined with the earl. The Earl of Oxford in the mean season, fearing lest while his company was fighting they should be compassed and circumvented with the multitude of his enemies, gave commandment in every rank that no man should be so hardy as to go above ten foot from the standard; which commandment once known, they knit themselves together and ceased a little from fighting. The adversaries, suddenly abashed at the matter, and mistrusting some fraud or deceit, began also to pause, and left striking, and not against the wills of many, which had liefer had the king destroyed than saved, and therefore they fought very faintly or stood still. The Earl of Oxford, bringing all his band together on the one part, set on his enemies freshly. Again, the adversaries perceiving that, placed their men slender and thin before, and thick and broad behind, beginning again hardily the battle. While the two forwards thus mortally fought, each intending to vanquish and convince the other, King Richard was admonished by his explorators and espials* that the Earl of Richmond, accompanied with a small number of men of arms, was not far off; and as he approached and marched toward him, he perfectly knew his personage by certain demonstrations and tokens which he had learnt and known of other; and being inflamed with ire and vexed with outrageous malice, he put his spurs to his horse and rode out of the side of the range of his battle, leaving the avant-gardes fighting, and like a hungry lion ran with spear in rest toward him. The Earl of Richmond perceived well the king furiously coming toward him, and, by cause the whole hope of his wealth and purpose was to be determined by battle, he gladly proffered to encounter with him body to body and man to man. King Richard set on so sharply at the first brunt

* *Explorators and espials*=scouts and spies. For the latter word, see *Ham.* p. 216. —*Ed.*

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that he overthrew the earl's standard and slew Sir William Brandon, his standard-bearer (which was father to Sir Charles Brandon, by King Henry the Eighth created Duke of Suffolk), and matched hand to hand with Sir John Cheinye, a man of great force and strength, which would have resisted him, and the said John was by him manfully overthrown, and so he making open passage by dint of sword as he went forward, the Earl of Richmond withstood his violence and kept him at the sword's point without advantage longer than his companions other thought or judged; which, being almost in despair of victory, were suddenly recomforted by Sir William Stanley, which came to succours with three thousand tall men, at which very instant King Richard's men were driven back and fled, and he himself, manfully fighting in the middle of his enemies, was slain and brought to his death as he worthily had deserved.

Of the nobility were slain John Duke of Norfolk, which was warned by divers to refrain from the field, insomuch that the night before he should set forward toward the king one wrote on his gate:

> "Jack of Norfolk, be not too bold,
> For Dykon thy master is bought and sold."—HALL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The acts and scenes are marked throughout in the folio, but not in the quartos.

2. *Sun.* The quartos have "sonne," and the folio "Son." There may be a play upon the word, and there is certainly an allusion to the heraldic cognizance of Edward IV., which was a sun, in memory of the three suns that are said to have appeared at the battle of Mortimer's Cross when he defeated the Lancastrians. Steevens quotes Drayton, *Miseries of Queen Margaret:*

> "Three suns were seen that instant to appear.
> Which soon again shut themselves up in one;"

and again in the 22d song of the *Polyolbion:*

> "And thankful to high heaven, which of his cause had care,
> Three suns for his device still in his ensign bare."

8. *Measures.* Dances. See *R. and J.* p. 153.

9. *Grim-visag'd.* Cf. *grim-looked* in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 171, and *grim-grinning* in *V. and A.* 933. See also on v. 3. 91 below.

10. *Barbed.* Caparisoned for war. See *Rich. II.* p. 196.

11. *Fearful.* Terrible; as in iii. 4. 103 below. Some make it=full of fear; as in iv. 2. 121, iv. 3. 51, iv. 4. 313, v. 1. 18, and v. 3. 182.

13. *Pleasing.* Schmidt makes this=pleasure, will, command.

17. *Ambling.* For the contemptuous use of the word, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 60, *R. and J.* i. 4. 11, and *Ham.* iii. 1. 151.

19. *Feature.* Beauty, comeliness. Cf. *Ham.* p. 220.

Dissembling. Deceitful (Johnson). Warb. explained it, "that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body."

22. *Unfashionable.* Changed by Pope to "unfashionably;" but the ad-

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verbial ending is sometimes omitted in one of a pair of adjectives. Cf. iii. 4. 48 below: "cheerfully and smooth." See Gr. 397.

24. *Piping.* "When the pipe is sounding instead of the fife; or, perhaps, when no manly martial voice is heard, but only that of women and children" (Schmidt).

26. *See.* The folio reading; the quartos have "spy." This is a fair sample of hundreds of little variations between the two texts. We shall not attempt to note all of them, but shall give enough to show how trivial they often are and how perplexing it is to choose between them. See p. 10 above.

27. *Descant.* Comment. See on iii. 7. 48 below; and cf. *R. of L.* 1134:

> "For burden-wise I 'll hum on Tarquin still,
> While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill."

29. *Well-spoken.* Cf. i. 3. 348 below. The word is still in use; but such forms were more common in Elizabethan English. See Gr. 294 and 374.

32. *Inductions dangerous.* "Preparations for mischief. The *induction* is *preparatory to the action of the play*" (Johnson). Cf. iv. 4. 5 below.

33. *Libels.* The only instance of the word in S.

36. *Just.* Honest, as good as his word.

38. *Mew'd up.* Shut up, imprisoned. Cf. 132 and i. 3. 139 below; and see *M. N. D.* p. 126.

39. *A prophecy*, etc. Holinshed (quoted by Malone) says: "Some have reported that the cause of this nobleman's death rose of a foolish prophecie, which was, that after King Edward should raign one whose first letter of his name should be a G; wherewith the king and the queene were sore troubled, and began to conceive a grievous grudge against this duke, and could not be in quiet until they had brought him to his end." Steevens cites Niccols, *Tragical Life and Death of Richard III.*:

> "By that blind riddle of the letter G,
> George lost his life; it took effect in me."

44. *Tendering.* Having regard to. Cf. ii. 4. 72 below. See *Rich. II.* p. 151 or *Ham.* p. 244. Here there is a touch of sarcasm in the word.

45. *Conduct.* Escort. See *K. John*, p. 133.

49. *Belike.* It is likely, it would seem. Cf. i. 3. 65 below.

50. *Should.* The quartos have "shall."

52. *For.* The quarto reading; the folio has "but," which a reviser would hardly substitute when it occurs in the next line. It may be a compositor's slip.

54. *Hearkens after.* Gives heed to. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 166.

55. *The cross-row.* The alphabet; so called, according to some, from the cross anciently placed before it, to indicate that religion was the chief end of learning; or, as others say, from a superstitious custom of writing the alphabet in the form of a cross, by way of charm (Nares). The original form was *Christ-cross-row*, which became corrupted into *criss-cross-row* and contracted into *cross-row*. Halliwell quotes *Babilon, Seconde Weeke of Du Bartas*, 1596:

> "Who teach us how to read and put into our pawes
> Some little Chriscrosrow instead of civill lawes."

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J. H. cites Drayton, *Sonnet* 1: "To con my cross-row ere I learn'd to spell;" and Lawson adds from Wordsworth, *Excursion*, book viii.:

> "From infant conning of the Christ-cross-row,
> Or puzzling through a primer, line by line."

58. *For.* Because. See *M. of V.* p. 134, note on *For he is a Christian.*

60. *Toys.* "Fancies, freaks of imagination" (Johnson). Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 6: "toys of desperation;" *Oth.* iii. 4. 156: "no jealous toy," etc.

65. *That tempers him*, etc. The reading of the 1st quarto, changed in the 2d to "That tempts," etc. The folio has "That tempts him to this harsh Extremity." Here the earliest reading is clearly the best. The queen did not *tempt* the king, who was *ruled* by her, but *tempered* or moulded him to her will. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 64, *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 118, etc.

67. *Woodeville.* The quartos have "Wooduile," the folio "Woodeulle." However spelt, the word is here a trisyllable. *There*, as Clarke remarks, "has the effect of denotement, with a dash of sarcasm superadded."

75. *To her for his.* The quarto reading. The 1st folio has "was, for her," changed in the 2d to "was, for his."

81. *O'erworn widow.* A contemptuous reference to the queen (she was a widow when the king married her), *herself* being *Mistress Shore.* For *o'erworn* (=worn out) cf. *V. and A.* 135, 866, and *Sonn.* 63. 2.

87. *Of what degree soever.* Referring to *man*, not to *conference.*

92. *Well struck in years.* Cf. *Gen.* xviii. 11, xxiv. 1, *Josh.* xiii. 1, *Luke*, i. 7, etc.

94. *Passing.* Exceedingly; often used adverbially, but only before adjectives and adverbs.

97. *Nought.* The first quarto and the folio have *nought* here, but *naught* in the next two lines. The latter is usually the spelling in the early eds. when the word is = worthless, bad, wicked. See *A. Y. L.* p. 142.

100. *Were best.* It were best for him. See *J. C.* p. 166, note on *You were best;* or Gr. 230, 352 (cf. 190).

106. *Abjects.* "That is, not the queen's *subjects*, whom she might protect, but her *abjects*, whom she drives away" (Johnson). Mason remarks: "Gloster forms a substantive from the adjective *abject*, and uses it to express a lower degree of submission than is implied by the word *subject*, which otherwise he would naturally have made use of. *The queen's abjects* means *the most servile of her subjects.*" It is the only instance of the noun in S. Cf. B. J., *Every Man Out of his Humour:* "I 'll make thee stoop, thou abject." Steevens cites Chapman, *Odyssey:* "Whither? rogue! abject." See also *Ps.* xxxv. 15.

115. *Lie.* That is, lie in prison (Schmidt). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 96: "There without ransom to lie forfeited." See also 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 70, etc.

116. *I must perforce.* Steevens sees an allusion to the proverb, "Patience perforce is a medicine for a mad dog." Cf. *R. and J.* p. 161, note on *Patience perforce.*

121. *New-deliver'd.* As we have noted in other plays (see *Ham.* p. 236, on *new-lighted*, and 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 180, on *new-dated*), S. was fond of compounds with *new.* Cf. 50 above, and ii. 2. 125 and iv. 4. 10 below.

131. *Prevailed on.* Prevailed against. Cf. iii. 4. 60 below.

132. *Mew'd.* See on 38 above.

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137. *Fear him.* Fear for him. See *Ham.* p. 188, or Gr. 200.

138. *By Saint Paul.* The folio has "by S. Iohn," but *by Saint Paul* elsewhere in the play. The oath is said to have been habitual with Richard.

139. *An evil diet.* "A bad regimen" (Steevens and Schmidt), or bad habits in general. The expression is taken from More (p. 168 above).

142. *Where is he,* etc. The folio reading; the quartos have "What, is he in his bed?"

152. *Bustle.* Be busy or active. Cf. v. 3. 290 below.

153. *Warwick's youngest daughter.* Lady Anne, widow of Prince Edward, son of Henry VI. In 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 242, Warwick proposes his "eldest daughter" as a wife for Edward, but it was really the younger one that he married.

158. *Close.* Equivalent to *secret,* as often. Cf. iv. 2. 35 below.

159. *By marrying her.* Transposed for emphasis. Cf. Gr. 425.

SCENE II.—3. *Obsequiously.* As befits the obsequies. Cf. *obsequious* in *Ham.* i. 2. 92: "To do obsequious sorrow."

5. *Key-cold.* Cf. *R. of L.* 1774: "in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream." Steevens remarks: "A key, on account of the coldness of the metal of which it is composed, was anciently employed to stop any slight bleeding. The epithet is common to many old writers." See Dekker, *Satiromastix:* "for fear your wise brains take key-cold;" and *The Country Girl,* 1647: "The key-cold figure of a man."

8. *Invocate.* Used by S. three times (cf. *Sonn.* 38. 10 and 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 52); *invoke* only twice.

12. *Windows.* Figuratively used as "not the usual and natural passage" (Schmidt). Cf. *K. John,* i. 1. 171 and v. 7. 29.

13. *Helpless.* Affording no help, unavailing. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 1. 39:

> "So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
> With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me."

See also *R. of L.* 1027, 1056.

14, 15. *O, cursed,* etc. The folio reading; the 1st quarto has

> "Curst be the hand that made these fatal holes!
> Curst be the heart that had the heart to do it!"

16. This line is found only in the folios.

17. *Hap.* Fortune. Cf. 1. 3. 84 below.

19. *To wolves, to spiders.* The folio reading; the quartos have "to adders, spiders," etc. This has been generally adopted on the ground that *wolves* are not *creeping things;* to which W. replies: "If the folio had merely *wolves* for *adders,* this reasoning would be good, if not conclusive; but it has, 'to *wolves, to* spiders, toads, or any creeping venom'd thing,' etc., where the repetition of the preposition cuts off the connection which would otherwise exist between 'wolves' and 'creeping venom'd thing,' which refers only to spiders and toads. The change seems clearly to have been made, upon the revision of the play, for the purpose of giving the passage variety of thought and rhythm." Let any one read the passage aloud, with the proper pause and change of expression after *wolves,* and we think he will admit that W. is right here.

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22. *Prodigious.* Monstrous. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 419, *K. John*, iii. 1. 46, *R. and J.* i. 5. 142, etc.

23. *Aspect.* The regular accent in S. Cf. 156 below. Gr. 490.

25. *Unhappiness.* "Evilness" (Schmidt); "disposition to mischief" (Steevens). S. uses the word only here and in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 361 (see our ed. p. 134).

29. *Chertsey.* A town on the Thames, 19 miles southwest of London. Henry VI. was buried in Chertsey Abbey, according to Grafton, "without priest or clerk, torch or taper, singing or saying;" but ancient records show expenditures for the funeral, for the hire of barges with rowers on the Thames to convey the body to Chertsey, and for obsequies and masses at the burial there. The abbey buildings were destroyed more than two hundred years ago, and only a few fragments of the walls now remain. The site of the abbey is shown in the cut on p. 37.

35. *Devoted.* Pious, holy.

37. *I 'll make a corse*, etc. Johnson compares *Ham.* i. 4. 85: "I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me."

39. *Unmanner'd.* Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 169: "You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!" For *stand* the 1st folio has "stand'st."

42. *Spurn upon.* Elsewhere (when the verb is intransitive) S. has *spurn at*, except in *K. John*, iii. 1. 141, where we find *spurn against.*

49. *Curst.* Shrewish. See *M. N. D.* p. 167.

52. *Exclaims.* The noun occurs again in iv. 4. 135 below; also in *Rich. II.* i. 2. 2 and (singular) *T. and C.* v. 3. 91.

54. *Pattern.* Masterpiece; as in *Oth.* v. 2. 11: "Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature."

56. *Bleed afresh.* Johnson remarks: "It is a tradition very generally received that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby that he has endeavoured to explain the reason." According to Holinshed, this actually occurred on the occasion here represented. Steevens cites, among other illustrative passages, *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

> "The more I sound his name, the more he bleeds:
> This blood condemns me, and in gushing forth
> Speaks as it falls, and asks me why I did it."

58. *Exhales.* Draws forth. Cf. 167 below; and see *Much Ado*, p. 137, note on *Hale.*

65. *Eat him quick.* Swallow him alive. For *quick*=living, see *Hen. V.* p. 156 or *Ham.* p. 262.

76. *Crimes.* The quartos have "evils," which the modern editors generally adopt because Anne uses the word in her antithetical reply. W. remarks: "But if, in the former instance, *evils* were the original word, the change was evidently made with intention, and is a great improvement; for it opposes *known evils* to *supposed crimes;* and the evils which Anne actually suffered, and for which she claims the right to curse, were the direct consequence of crimes which Richard calls *supposed.* By the change, too, Shakespeare freed the line of a superfluous and harmful syllable in a part of the verse in which he solicitously avoided irregularity."

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78. *Diffus'd.* The quartos and the 1st and 2d folios have "defus'd." The same form occurs in *Hen. V.* v. 2. 61; and Schmidt would retain it in both passages, making it = "shapeless." Johnson explains *diffus'd* as "irregular, uncouth." W. suspects "a misprint for an epithet antithetical to *divine* in Richard's speech"—possibly "deprav'd." The Camb. ed. reads "defused."

89. *Why, then they are not dead.* The quarto reading; that of the folios is "Then say they were not slain."

93. *In thy foul throat thou liest.* Thou liest deliberately. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 154, note on *I had lied in my throat.*

98. *Their.* Referring to *brothers.*

102. *I grant ye.* The 1st and 2d quartos have "I grant yea." Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 390: "I grant ye, upon instinct," etc.

108. *Holp.* The form regularly used by S. except in v. 3. 168 below and *Oth.* ii. 1. 138. See *K. John*, p. 138.

109. *For he was fitter*, etc. Cf. *Per.* iv. 1. 10: "The fitter, then, the gods should have her."

114. *Betide.* Used intransitively in ii. 4. 71 below, and with *of* (=become of) in i. 3. 6.

118. *Slower.* "As *quick* was used for *sprightly*, so *slower* was put for *serious*" (Steevens).

119. *Timeless.* Untimely. See *R. and J.* p. 217.

122. *Effect.* Execution; as in *Macb.* i. 5. 48:

> "That no compunctious visitings of nature
> Shake my fell *purpose*, nor keep peace between
> The *effect* and it."

129. *Wrack.* Wreck; the only spelling in S. See *Rich. II.* p. 177 or *T. N.* p. 162.

149. *Toad.* For the old notion that the toad is venomous, see *Macb.* p. 228, note on *Venom.*

152. *Basilisk.* This fabulous creature was supposed to kill by a glance. See *Hen. V.* p. 183 (note on *The fatal balls*) or *R. and J.* p. 186 (note on *Death-darting eye*). Cf. also iv. 1. 55 below.

154. *A living death.* Cf. *R. of L.* 726. Johnson, Steevens, and Malone quote many examples of the expression from other authors.

157. *Remorseful.* Pitiful, compassionate. For *remorse*=pity, see iii. 7. 210 below. Cf. *Macb.* p. 171.

Lines 157–168 are omitted in the quartos.

158. *No.* Changed by Pope to "Not."

164. *That. So* that; as often. Gr. 283.

165. *Bedash'd.* The only instance of the word in S. For his use of the prefix *be-*, see Gr. 438.

167. *Exhale.* See on 58 above.

170. *Smoothing.* The folio reading; the early quartos have "soothing." Cf. i. 3. 48 below: "Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog." See also 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 156 and *Per.* i. 2. 78.

181. *For I*, etc. The folio reading; the quartos have "twas I that kild your husband," and in 183 "t'was I that kild King Henry."

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196. *I fear me.* For the reflexive use, cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 283, *T. N.* iii. 1. 125, *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 149, iii. 2. 67, etc.

203. *Vouchsafe*, etc. The folio gives this line to Anne, and omits the next line.

212. *May please you.* The quarto reading is "would please thee," and in the next line "more" for *most.*

214. *Crosby House.* The quartos have "Crosby Place." This magnificent mansion, still standing in Bishopsgate Street, was built in 1466 by Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolman, who died in 1475. It became the residence of Richard when Duke of Gloster, and afterwards of Sir Thomas More, who doubtless here wrote his *Life of Richard III.* In 1547, after the execution of More, the house was leased by William Roper, who had married Margaret More,

"her who clasp'd in her last trance
Her murder'd father's head."*

Here also for many years lived "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," whom Ben Jonson has immortalized in his well-known epitaph. In 1672 the building became a Presbyterian meeting-house, and later a warehouse; but in 1831 a subscription was raised to restore it. It is now a popular restaurant, and the traveller may eat his lunch or dinner, as we have done, in the great hall where Richard banqueted in the olden time. This room has a fine timbered roof and the beautiful oriel window (now filled with stained glass representing the armorial bearings of the different occupants of the house) which is seen in the cut on p. 167. Externally this part of the mansion retains its original form, but the front on Bishopsgate Street is modern. In the neighbouring church of Great St. Helen's are the tombs of Sir John Crosby and of Sir John Spencer, who bought Crosby House in 1594 and occupied it until his death, in 1609.

218. *Expedient.* Expeditious. See *K. John*, p. 141.

227. *Towards Chertsey*, etc. Before this speech the quartos have "*Glo.* Sirs, take up the corse;" retained in many modern eds.

228. *White-friars.* The convent of the Brotherhood of the Virgin of Mount Carmel, founded by Sir Richard Grey in 1241. Here many men of note were buried. The street now known as Whitefriars, on the right of Fleet Street, gets its name from the old convent.

229, 230. Stokes notes that these lines recur, with variations, in *T. A.* ii. 1. 82, 83:

"She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;"

and in 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 77, 78:

"She 's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won."

235. *My hatred.* The folio reading, which Coll., V., and W. also retain. The *my* is emphatic: the bleeding witness of *my* hatred and malice being present. The corpse had bled in witness of Richard's hatred, not Anne's. The majority of the editors, however, read "her hatred" with the quartos, taking *hatred* as the repetition of *hate* in 233. "The witness of her

* Tennyson, *Dream of Fair Women.*

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hatred" must then be=bearing witness to the justice of her hatred. It is a close question between the two; but in such a case we prefer to follow the folio.

239. *All the world to nothing.* That is, the chances against me were as the world to nothing. Cf. 252 below: "My dukedom to a beggarly denier." See also *R. and J.* iii. 5. 215:

> "Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
> That he dares ne'er come back," etc.

242. *At Tewksbury.* "Here we have the exact time of this scene ascertained, namely, August, 1471. King Edward, however, is in act ii. introduced dying. That king died in April, 1483; so there is an interval between this and the next act of almost twelve years. Clarence, who is represented in the preceding scene as committed to the Tower before the burial of King Henry VI., was in fact not confined nor put to death till seven years afterwards, March, 1477–8" (Malone).

247. *Abase.* Lower, cast down; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 15: "And never more abase our sight so low," etc. The folio has "debase."

250. *Moiety.* Here apparently=half, as in ii. 2. 60 below; but it often meant some other fraction. See *W. T.* p. 169 or *Ham.* p. 174.

251. *Misshapen.* The folio has "unshapen."

252. *Denier.* The twelfth part of a French *sou.* See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 183.

255. *Marvellous proper.* Wonderfully handsome. For the adverbial *marvellous*, cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 19, *Much Ado*, iv. 2. 27, *Ham.* ii. 1. 3, iii. 2. 312, etc. For *proper*, see *M. of V.* p. 132, note on *A proper man's picture.*

256. *Be at charges for.* Go to the expense of.

261. *In his grave.* Into his grave. Cf. i. 3. 89, 286, i. 4. 41, 142, iii. 2. 58, iv. 4. 23, and v. 3. 229 below. Gr. 159.

SCENE III.—3. *Brook it ill.* Take it ill. Cf. *brook well* in *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 140.

5. *Quick.* Lively, sprightly. See on i. 2. 118 above, and cf. 196 below. For *words* the folio has "eyes."

6. *Betide of.* See on i. 2. 114 above.

15. *Determined.* Resolved upon. *Concluded*=officially decided (Clarke).

16. *Miscarry.* Die. See *T. N.* p. 152 or 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 182.

17. *Stanley.* The early eds. have "Derby" or "Darby;" corrected by Theo., who says: "This is a blunder of inadvertence.... The person here called *Derby* was Thomas Lord Stanley, lord steward of King Edward the Fourth's household. But this Thomas Lord Stanley was not created Earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry the Seventh."

20. *The Countess Richmond.* Margaret, daughter of John Beaufort, first Duke of Somerset. Her first husband was Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, by whom she had one son, afterwards King Henry VII.; her second was Sir Henry Stafford (uncle to the Duke of Buckingham in this play); and her third the Lord Stanley who is here addressed.

26. *Envious.* Malicious; as often in S. Cf. i. 4. 37 below. See *M. of V.* p. 151.

36. *Ay, madam.* The quartos have "Madame we did." *Atonement*=reconciliation; the only sense of the word in S. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 184.

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37. *Between.* Here, as in the next line and elsewhere, the quartos have "betwixt." The latter occurs often in S., but *between* much oftener.

39. *Warn.* Summon; as the word is still used in legal language. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 201: "Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?"

41. *At the height.* Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 217: "We, at the height, are ready to decline." The quartos have "at the highest."

43. *Who are they that complain*, etc. The quarto reading; the folio has "Who is it that complaines," but *them* in the next line.

46. *Dissentious.* Causing discord, seditious; as in *V. and A.* 657, *Cor.* i. 1. 167, iv. 6. 7, etc.

48. *Smooth.* Flatter, fawn. See on i. 2. 170 above.

Cog. "Deceive, especially by smooth lies" (Schmidt). See *Much Ado*, p. 164.

49. *Duck with French nods.* For the ridicule of French affectation, cf. *R. and J.* p. 172, notes on *Pardonnez-mois* and *Bons;* and for the contemptuous use of *duck*, *T. of A.* iv. 3. 18:

> "the learned pate
> Ducks to the golden fool."

53. *Silken.* Soft, effeminate; as in *K. John*, v. 1. 70: "A cocker'd, silken wanton," etc. For the contemptuous *Jacks* (cf. 72 below), see *Much Ado*, p. 164.

60. *Breathing-while.* Cf. *V. and A.* 1142: "Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while."

61. *Lewd.* Vile, base. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 178.

63. *On.* The quartos have "of."

65. *Belike.* See on i. 1. 49 above. *Interior*=inward; as in *Cor.* ii. 1. 43. S. uses the adjective but twice, and the noun only in *M. of V.* ii. 9. 28.

67. *Children.* The quartos have "kindred" or "kinred."

68, 69. The reading of the early quartos, except that they have "to" for *so*, which is Capell's emendation. The folio has only "Makes him to send, that he may learne the ground."

77. *We.* The quarto reading; the folios have "I."

80. *Promotions.* A quadrisyllable. The quartos have "whilst many fair promotions."

82. *Noble.* A gold coin, worth 8*s.* 6*d.* For the play upon the word, cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 35, *Rich. II.* v. 5. 67, and 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 317, 321.

83. *Careful.* Full of care. See *Rich. II.* p. 182. Gr. 3.

84. *Hap.* Fortune. See on i. 2. 17 above.

89. *Suspects.* Suspicions. Cf. iii. 5. 31 below. For *in*=into, see on i. 2. 261 above.

90. *Mean.* The folio reading; the quartos have "cause." S. often uses *mean* in the singular, though oftener in the plural. See *R. and J.* p. 189. For the double negative in *deny . . . not*, cf. *C. of E.* iv. 2. 7: "First he denied you had in him no right," etc. Gr. 406.

102. *I wis.* Not a true verb, but a corruption of *ywis*=truly, verily. See *M. of V.* p. 146. For *worser*, cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 208, *R. and J.* ii. 3. 29, iii. 2. 108, *Ham.* iii. 4. 157, etc.

106. *Of.* As in the folio; the quartos have "with." S. uses both

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prepositions with *acquaint*, but *with* more frequently. For *acquaint of*, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 40, *W. T.* ii. 2. 48, iv. 4. 423, *R. and J.* iii. 4. 16, etc.

107. *Servant-maid.* The reading of all the early eds. W. has "serving-maid," which S. nowhere uses.

109. *To be so baited*, etc. The folio reading; in the quartos the line is "To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at." For *baited* (=worried, as with dogs), cf. *T. N.* iii. 1. 130, *Macb.* v. 8. 29, etc. *Baited at* does not occur elsewhere in S.

114. *Tell him*, etc. This line is not in the folio, and 116 is not in the quartos.

116. *Adventure.* Run the hazard; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 350:

> "I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
> Adventure to be banished myself."

117. *My pains.* "My labours, my toils" (Johnson). Cf. 314 below.

125. *Royalize.* Make royal; used by S. only here. Steevens quotes *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

> "Who means to-morrow for to royalize
> The triumphs," etc.

128. *Were factious for.* Were in the faction of, were partisans of. Cf. ii. 1. 20 below. See also *J. C.* i. 3. 118.

130. *Battle.* Army; as in v. 3. 24, 89, 139, 293 below. See also 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 189. Sir John Grey, Margaret's first husband, fell in the second battle of St. Albans, which was fought on Shrove Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1460–1. His lands were not "then seized on by the conqueror" (3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 3), for the conqueror was Margaret herself; but they came into the possession of Edward after the battle of Towton, March 29, 1461, in which the king was victorious. Margaret then appealed to the mercy of Edward, and won not only his pity but his love.

138. *Party.* Side. Cf. iv. 4. 524 below, and see *K. John*, p. 133.

139. *Mew'd up.* See on i. 1. 38 above.

142. *Childish-foolish.* The hyphen is not in the early eds. For compound adjectives in S. see Gr. 2. Cf. iii. 1. 44 below.

144. *Cacodæmon.* Evil spirit; used by S. only here.

148. *Sovereign.* The quartos have "lawful."

157. *Patient.* A trisyllable. See on 80 above.

158. *Hear me*, etc. "This scene of Margaret's imprecations is fine and artful. She prepares the audience, like another Cassandra, for the following tragic revolutions" (Warb.).

159. *Pill'd.* Pillaged, robbed; as on p. 168 above. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 177.

163. *Gentle villain.* "The meaning of *gentle* is *high-born*. An opposition is meant between that and *villain*, which means at once a *wicked* and a *low-born wretch*" (Johnson). "She means he is high by birth, low by nature; a supreme or arch villain, a smooth-tongued and stealthy villain, who would creep away from her presence to avoid her reproaches" (Clarke).

164. *Mak'st.* Doest. For the play upon the word in the reply, cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 31 and *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 190. See also *Ham.* p. 185.

167–169. *Wert thou . . . abode.* These lines are not in the quartos.

167. *Banished.* "Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hex-

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ham in 1464, and Edward soon after issued a proclamation, prohibiting any of his subjects from aiding her to return, or harbouring her should she attempt to visit England. She remained abroad till April 14, 1471, when she landed at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewksbury in May, 1471, she was confined in the Tower till 1475, when she was ransomed by her father Regnier, and removed to France, where she died in 1482. The present scene is in 1477–8; so that her introduction here is a mere poetical fiction" (Malone).

174. *The curse my noble father*, etc. See 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 66 fol.

176. *Scorns.* The quartos have "scorn." For the plural, cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 70 and 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 77.

181. *Hath plagued thy bloody deed.* Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 184: "That he is not only plagued for her sin," etc.

182. *So just is God*, etc. Ritson compares *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, 1602: "How just is God, to right the innocent!"

187. *Northumberland*, etc. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 172: "What, weeping ripe, my lord Northumberland?"

194. *But.* Only; that is, could nothing less answer, etc. *Peevish* = silly, foolish; as in iii. 1. 31 and iv. 4. 419 below. See *Hen. V.* p. 171.

196. *Quick.* Lively, hearty. See on 5 above.

197. *By surfeit.* "Alluding to his luxurious life" (Johnson).

206. *Stall'd.* Installed, invested; the only instance of this sense in S.

212. *God, I pray him.* For the redundant pronoun (Gr. 243), cf. iii. 1. 10, 26 below. See also p. 176 above.

214. *Unlook'd.* Unlooked-for; which S. uses elsewhere, and which the 3d folio substitutes here.

219. *Them.* For *heaven* as a plural, see *Rich. II.* p. 157 (note on *They see*) or *Macb.* p. 183 (note on *Their*).

228. *Elvish-mark'd.* "The common people in Scotland have still an aversion to those who have any natural defect or redundancy, as thinking them *marked* out for mischief" (Steevens). In *hog* there is an allusion to the *boar* in Richard's armorial bearings. The *Mirror for Magistrates* contains the following "Complaint of Collingbourne, who was cruelly executed for making a rime:"

> "For where I meant the king by name of hog,
> I only alluded to his badge the bore:
> To Lovel's name I added more,—our dog;
> Because most dogs have borne that name of yore.
> These metaphors I us'd with other more,
> As cat and rat, the half-names of the rest,
> To hide the sense that they so wrongly prest."

The rhyme of Collingbourne, as quoted by Henley from Heywood's *Edward IV.*, was the following:

> "The cat, the rat, and Lovell our dog
> Doe rule all England under a hog,
> The crooke backt boore the way hath found
> To root our roses from our ground.
> Both flower and bud will he confound,
> Till king of beasts the swine be crown'd:
> And then the dog, the cat, and rat.
> Shall in his trough feed and be fat."

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The persons meant were the king, Catesby, Ratcliff, and Lovel, as the "Complaint," quoted above, explains:

> "Catesbye was one whom I called a cat,
> A craftie lawyer catching all he could;
> The second Ratcliffe, whom I named a rat,
> A cruel beast to gnaw on whom he should:
> Lord Lovel barkt and byt whom Richard would,
> Whom I therefore did rightly terme our dog,
> Wherewith to ryme I cald the king a hog."

That *Lovel* was a common name for a dog is evident from *The Historie of Jacob and Esau*, an interlude, 1568 (quoted by Steevens):

> "Then come on at once, take my quiver and my bowe;
> Fette lovell my hounde, and my horne to blowe."

Gray, in *The Bard*, refers to Richard thus:

> "The bristled boar in infant gore
> Wallows beneath the thorny shade."

Cf. iii. 2. 11, 28, 73, iii. 4. 81, iv. 5. 2, v. 2. 7, and v. 3. 157 below.

230. *The slave of nature.* Warb. sees in this an allusion to the branding of slaves, his misshapen person being "the mark that nature had set upon him to stigmatize his ill conditions;" but the meaning may be simply "one who is the lowest, the most servile, in the whole realm of nature" (W.).

233. *Rag.* Changed by Warb. to "wrack;" but cf. v. 3. 329 below: "these overweening rags of France;" and *T. of A.* iv. 3. 271: "thy father, that poor rag."

235. *Cry thee mercy.* Beg your pardon. See *M. N. D.* p. 159.

238. *Make the period to.* Finish, conclude. Cf. *R. of L.* 380: "the period of their ill;" 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 231: "My worldly business makes a period," etc.

241. *Flourish.* "Varnish, gloss, ostentatious embellishment" (Schmidt). Cf. *Sonn.* 60. 9: "Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth;" *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 14: "the painted flourish of your praise," etc.

242. *Bottled spider.* A big bloated spider. Cf. iv. 4. 81 below. Steevens fills half a page with ridicule of one "Robert Heron, Esquire," who had made it mean "a spider kept in a *bottle* long fasting, and of consequence the more spiteful and venomous."

248. *Move our patience.* That is, move it to wrath. Cf. 288 below: "awake God's gentle-sleeping peace;" *Much Ado*, v. 1. 102: "we will not wake your patience;" *Rich. II.* i. 3. 132: "to wake our peace," etc.

256. *Fire-new.* Fresh from the mint, like *brand-new.* Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 179: "fire-new words;" *T. N.* iii. 2. 23: "fire-new from the mint," etc.

262. *Touches.* The quartos have "toucheth."

264. *Aery.* A brood of nestlings (literally, "an eagle's or hawk's nest"). Cf. *K. John*, v. 2. 149: "And like an eagle o'er his aery towers;" *Ham.* ii. 2. 354: "an aery of children," etc.

273. *Peace, peace.* The quartos read "Have done;" apparently changed to avoid the repetition in 279 below.

277. *My charity.* The charity shown me. *My* is the "objective genitive."

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282. *Now fair befall thee.* Good fortune be thine. Cf. iii. 5. 46 below.

288. *Awake*, etc. See on 248 above, and cf. the carrying out of the metaphor in the passage from *Rich. II.*

293. *Their marks.* See on 228 and 230 above.

296. *Respect.* Regard, care for; as in i. 4. 146 below. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 69:

> "That they pass by me as the idle wind,
> Which I respect not."

305. *Muse why.* The quartos have "wonder," which means the same. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 317: "I muse your majesty doth seem so cold;" *2 Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 167: "I muse you make so slight a question," etc.

314. *Frank'd up.* A *frank* was a hog-sty. Cf. *2 Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 160: "doth the old boar feed in the old frank?" S. uses the noun nowhere else, and the verb only here and in iv. 5. 3 below.

317. *Scath.* Harm, injury. See *K. John*, p. 141.

318. *Well advis'd.* "In one's sound senses, not mad" (Schmidt). Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 215: "Sleeping or waking? Mad or well-advis'd?" See also iv. 4. 513 below.

The early eds. rarely direct that a speech be spoken aside; but the folio here inserts "*Speakes to himselfe.*"

325. *Abroach.* Used only with *set*, and only in a bad sense. Cf. *2 Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 14 and *R. and J.* i. 1. 111.

328. *Beweep.* See on i. 2. 165 above, and cf. *begnaw* in 222 above.

337. *Forth of.* The quartos have "out of." For *forth of*, cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 160, *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 204, *J. C.* iii. 3. 3, etc.

On the passage, cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 99: "The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."

340. *Stout-resolved.* Boldly resolute; not hyphened in the early eds., but probably a compound adjective, as Sr., D., and W. make it.

347. *Obdurate.* Accented on the penult; as in iii. 1. 39 below, and always in S. Cf. *V. and A.* 199: "Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?" See also *M. of V.* iv. 1. 8, *2 Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 122, etc.

348. *Well-spoken.* See on i. 1. 29 above.

353. *Your eyes drop millstones*, etc. Apparently, as Steevens notes, a proverbial expression. Cf. *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607: "Men's eyes must millstones drop, when fools shed tears." For *fall* (see *J. C.* p. 169, note on *They fall their crests*) the quartos have "drop."

SCENE IV.—*Enter Clarence and Keeper.* "The quartos have the direction, '*Enter Clarence, Brokenbury;*' and they prefix either '*Bro.*' or '*Brok.*' to all the replies to Clarence and the two Murderers. But the folio has not only 'Enter Clarence and *Keeper*,' but prefixes '*Keep.*' to all the replies to Clarence, down to the line 'I will, my lord,' etc., inclusive; and then has the direction, '*Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant*,' to which character it assigns, by the prefix '*Bra.*,' the ensuing lines, 'Sorrow breaks seasons,' etc., and all the replies to the Murderers, until they are left alone with their victim. This would seem sufficiently decisive evidence, that, even if the quartos gave the first distribution, a change was made on the revision of the play; but that there might be no lack in this regard, Clar-

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ence's last speech before he falls asleep, which in the quartos begins, 'O *Brokenburie,*' begins in the folio, 'Ah, *Keeper, Keeper,*' and the line, 'I pray thee *gentle* Keeper stay by me,' is changed in the folio to, '*Keeper*, I prythee sit by me a-while.' It is also noteworthy that Brakenbury, when he yields custody of Clarence to the Murderer, says, in the quarto, '*Heere* are the keyes, there sits the duke asleepe,' but in the folio, 'There lies the Duke asleepe, and *there* the Keyes.' Now it was a violation of all propriety to make Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower, go about with a bunch of ponderous keys at his girdle or in his hand. These keys were evidently carried by the keeper, a higher sort of gaoler, but a person of rank much inferior to that of Brakenbury, the commander of the Tower. The stage direction and the prefixes of the quarto are probably the result of the limited number of actors in Shakespeare's company when the play was first produced, which caused the easily merged parts of the Keeper and Brakenbury to be assigned to one performer, whose MS. of his part was probably used in getting out the surreptitious edition of this very popular play. When it was revised, about 1601, this necessity seems to have ceased, and the minute but particular and decisive changes which have been pointed out were made" (W.).

3. *Of fearful dreams, of ugly sights.* The quartos have "of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams."

4. *Faithful.* "Not an infidel" (Johnson).

8. *I pray you, tell me.* The quarto reading is "I long to hear you tell it."

9. *Methought.* The quartos and the folios have "Me thoughts." In 24 below the folios have "Me thoughts" or "Methoughts," the quartos "Me thought." In 58, the 1st quarto has "me thoughts," the other early eds. "me thought" or "methought." The only other instance of "me-thoughts" in the early eds. is in *W. T.* i. 2. 154. It was a form in use in the time of S., but it is not probable that he mixed it up with the other in these two speeches, when elsewhere he regularly has *methought.* Cf. *W. T.* p. 155.

13. *The hatches.* The deck; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 103: "I stood upon the hatches in the storm," etc.

14. *Cited up.* Cf. *R. of L.* 524: "Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes." For *heavy* the quartos have "fearful."

21. *O Lord!* The quartos read "Lord, Lord!" and in 23 "ugly sights of death," and in 25 "Ten thousand."

27. *Unvalued.* Here=*inestimable*, like *invaluable* now. In the only other instance of the word in S. (*Ham.* i. 3. 9) it is=not valued.

28. *All scatter'd*, etc. The quartos omit the line, and also the words "and often did I strive To yield the ghost" in 36, 37 below.

38. *Stopp'd in.* A more specific and more forcible expression than the "Kept in" of the quartos.

40. *Bulk.* Body (Malone), or, rather, the chest; as in *Ham.* ii. 1. 95: "it did seem to shatter all his bulk;" and *R. of L.* 467: "her heart . . . Beating her bulk."

45. *I.* The quartos have "Who."

46. *Sour.* Morose; more in keeping with the classical descriptions of

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Charon than the "grim" of the quartos. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 3. 121: "my sour husband," etc.

54. *Shriek'd.* The quartos have "squeakt" (1st quarto "squakt"), for which cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 116: "Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets," etc.

55. *Fleeting.* Inconstant. Cf. *A. and C.* v. 2. 240: "The fleeting moon;" opposed to "marble-constant," and="the inconstant moon" of *R. and J.* ii. 2. 109.

64. *No marvel though.* No wonder if; as in *V. and A.* 390, *Sonn.* 148. 11, *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 196, etc.

65. *I am afraid, methinks.* The quartos have "I promise you, I am afraid," and in 67 "Which now bear evidence."

69–72. *O God! . . . children!* These four lines are not in the quartos.

71. *In.* Either=upon (W.) or=in the case of; as in *R. of L.* 77: "triumph in so false a foe." See also *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 10: "In Ross and Willoughby," etc. Cf. Gr. 162.

72. *My guiltless wife.* The wife of Clarence died before he was confined in the Tower (Malone).

80. *And for*, etc. "They often suffer real miseries for *imaginary* and *unreal* gratifications" (Johnson). Clarke explains it thus: "and instead of pleasures of imagination, which they never experience, they often experience a multitude of restless cares." He adds: "This seems to us to be a reflection naturally growing out of Clarence's description of his late dreams; which, instead of being filled with images of beauty and peace, are crowded with troublous and terrible visions."

85. *What wouldst thou*, etc. The quartos read "In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?" and in 88 below "Yea, are you so brief?" and in 90 "Show him our ["your" in 7th and 8th quartos] commission."

94. *Of.* The quarto reading; the folios have "from," which S. does not elsewhere use with *guiltless.*

98. *You may, sir; 't is.* The quartos have "Do so, it is;" in 101, "No, then he will say;" and in 103, "When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgment day."

116. *My holy humour.* The quarto reading; the folios have "this passionate humour of mine," where "passionate" might be="full of emotion" (W.). The ironical *holy* seems to us more in keeping with the context.

120. *Faith.* Omitted in the folio, doubtless on account of the statute of James I. against irreverent language on the stage. So in 123 below the folio changes *Zounds* to "Come." Cf. *Oth.* p. 11, and 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 144, note on *'Sblood.*

131. *I 'll not meddle with it*, etc. "Very noteworthy, as a point of high dramatic art in harmony and unity of moral aim, is the occurrence of a speech upon conscience here from a rough fellow like this murderer, and the occurrence of another upon conscience afterwards from the royal hero-villain of the play [v. 3. 179 fol.]. Compare the diction of the two speeches, the profound ethical lesson contained in the two speeches, and the perfectly characteristic and poetic appropriateness of each of these

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two speeches, and then say whether our Shakespeare be not indeed a writer to learn from and to glory in" (Clarke).

133. *Shame-faced.* The 1st quarto has "shamefast," which was the more common spelling of the time, and etymologically the proper one. See Wb. s. v.

142. *Him.* Referring, not to *the devil*, but to *conscience*, "which is suddenly thus impersonated, as being one influential spirit brought in opposition to another" (Clarke).

143. *Insinuate with.* Ingratiate himself with you. Cf. *V. and A.* 1012: "With Death she humbly doth insinuate;" and *A. Y. L.* epil. 7: "nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play."

146. *Tall.* "The meaning of *tall* in old English is *stout, daring, fearless*, and *strong*" (Johnson). See *T. N.* p. 123.

147. *Shall we fall to work?* The quarto reads "shall we to this gear?"

148. *On the costard.* On the head. The quartos have "over" for *on*. A *costard* was properly a kind of apple (whence *costermonger* or *costard-monger*), and the term was contemptuously applied to the head as being round like an apple. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 1. 14, *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 71, and *Lear*, iv. 6. 247.

For *hilts* as applied to a single sword, see *J. C.* p. 182.

149. *And then throw him into.* The quartos read "and then we will chop him in."

151. *A sop.* Any thing steeped or softened in liquor. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 113:

> "the bounded waters
> Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
> And make a sop of all this solid globe."

See also *T. of S.* iii. 2. 175, 178.

152–154. *Soft, he wakes*, etc. The quartos have:

> "1 *Murd.* Hark! he stirs: shall I strike?
> "2 *Murd.* No, first let 's reason with him."

154. *Reason.* Talk. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 8. 27: "I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday," etc. See also ii. 3. 39, iii. 1. 132, and iv. 4. 533 below.

157. *What art thou?* Who are you? See *Ham.* p. 253. Gr. 254.

164. *Your eyes*, etc. This line is not in the quartos.

175. *Drawn forth among.* The quartos have "call'd forth from out," and in 177 "Where are the evidence that do." For *evidence*=witness or witnesses, cf. *Lear*, iii. 6. 37, and *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 38.

178. *Quest.* Inquest, jury. Cf. *Sonn.* 46. 10:

> "To 'cide this title is impanneled
> A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart."

See also *Ham.* v. 1. 24: "crowner's quest law."

181. *Convict.* Convicted. Cf. *graft* in iii. 7. 126, *contract* in iii. 7. 178, and *acquit* in v. 4. 16 below. Gr. 342.

183. *To have redemption.* The folio reads "for any goodness," and omits the next line; doubtless on account of the statute referred to in the note on 120 above.

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189. *Erroneous.* Mistaken; not elsewhere applied to a person by S. He uses the word only here and in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 90.

192. *Spurn at.* See on i. 2. 42 above.

197. *Receive the sacrament.* Take an oath. See *Rich. II.* p. 207, or *K. John*, p. 172. The quartos have "receive the holy sacrament, To fight in quarrel," etc.

198. *In quarrel of.* In the cause of, on behalf of. See *Macb.* p. 153, note on *Quarrel.*

201. *Unrip'dst.* The early quartos have "Unripst," and the folio "Unrip'st;" corrected by Rowe. The old text may indicate the contracted pronunciation of the time. Cf. *-ts* for *-test* (Gr. 340).

204. *Dear.* Extreme. For the intensive use of *dear*, see *K. John*, p. 138. Cf. v. 2. 21 below, where for *dearest* the quartos have "greatest."

210. *O, know*, etc. The line is not in the quartos.

215. *Gallant-springing.* "Growing up in beauty" (Schmidt). The hyphen is not found in the early eds., but was inserted by Pope. See on i. 3. 142 above.

216. *Novice.* "Youth, one yet *new* to the world" (Johnson).

217. *My brother's love.* My love for my brother. So, in the next line, *thy brother's love*=our love for thy brother.

222. *Meed.* Reward, recompense. It is the reading of the 1st quarto and the folios; the other quartos have "neede."

231. *And charged*, etc. The line is omitted in the folios.

234. *Millstones.* See on i. 3. 353 above; and for another allusion to the proverb, cf. *T. and C.* i. 2. 158:

> "*Pandarus.* But there was such laughing!
> Queen Hecuba laughed that her eyes ran o'er.
> "*Cressida.* With millstones."

See also Massinger, *City Madam*, iv. 3:

> "*Fortune.* Thou dost belie him, varlet! he, good gentleman,
> Will weep when he hears how we are used.
> "1 *Serjeant.* Yes, millstones."

For *lesson'd*, cf. *Cor.* ii. 3. 185: "As you were lesson'd;" *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 5: "To lesson me," etc.

238. *It cannot be*, etc. The passage in the quartos stands thus:

> "It cannot be; for when I parted with him,
> He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs," etc.

240. *Labour.* Work for. For the transitive use, cf. *Much Ado*, p. 167.

241. *When he delivers you.* The quartos read "now he delivers thee," and in the next line "world's" for *earth's.* In the next speech they have "Hast thou" for *Have you*, "art thou" for *are you*, etc.

251. *Relent! 't is cowardly*, etc. The 1st quarto gives the passage thus:

> "*Cla.* Relent, and saue your soules.
> "1 Relent, tis cowardly and womanish.
> "*Cla.* Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, diuelish,
> My friend, I spie some pitty in thy lookes:
> Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
> Come thou on my side, and intreat for me,
> A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?"

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The folio gives it thus with the addition of five lines:

"*Clar.* Relent, and saue your soules:
Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two such murtherers as your selues came to you,
Would not intreat for life, as you would begge
Were you in my distresse.
"1 Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.
"*Cla.* Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, diuellish:" etc.

W. remarks: "The difficulty of the passage as it stands in the folio was long since discovered. It is impossible to believe that Shakespeare wrote such feeble nonsense as that in the last three lines of Clarence's speech as it appears in that version which has just been quoted. Theobald and others made futile efforts at emendation; but it was left for Tyrwhitt to discover that the difficulty was caused by the insertion in the wrong place of the five lines added on the revision of the play. By a mistake easily made, they were inserted after the first line of the first of these two speeches, whereas they were intended for the same position in the second. This appears not only by the absurdity of Clarence's first speech in the corrupted reading, but from severance in that reading of Clarence's entreaty, 'Relent,' and the Murderer's prompt reply, 'Relent! 'tis cowardly,' etc., the latter of which was, from its very nature, plainly intended to follow the former on the instant. In the reading of the folio, 'Relent? *no*,' the negative is doubtless an accidental insertion." Malone, Steevens, Sr., D., the Camb. editors, Clarke, and others follow Tyrwhitt. Capell, St., and H. (school ed.) omit the added lines. K.* and V. follow the folio; as Coll. does, with a change in pointing, and the addition of three words from his MS. corrector, thus:

"Would not entreat for life? As you would beg,
Were you in my distress, so pity me."

263, 264. *Take that*, etc. The quartos read

"I [ay] thus, and thus: if this will not serve
Ile chop thee in the malmesey but in the next roome."

267. *Grievous murther.* The quartos have "grievous guilty murther done."

275. *Give order.* The quartos have "take order," for which see iv. 2. 54 below.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—5. *To.* The 1st and 2d quartos have "from." W. reads "for." For *part*=depart, see *M. of V.* p. 145, and for *part to*, cf. *T. of A.* iv. 2. 21:

"we must all part
Into this sea of air."

* In his 1st ed. K. says that he has followed "the folio instead of adopting the arbitrary regulations of the modern editors," but his printer, perhaps from mistaking the marginal directions of the "copy," has transposed the five lines, "Which of you," etc., as Tyrwhitt does. "If such an error can escape the notice of so careful an editor, how likely is it to occur in the folio, which could hardly be said to have an editor at all!" (Camb. ed.).

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7. *Rivers and Hastings.* The quarto reading; the folios have "Dorset and Rivers."

8. *Dissemble not*, etc. "Do not cherish a concealed hatred, but swear a mutual love" (Clarke).

12. *Dally.* Trifle. Cf. iii. 7. 73 and v. 1. 20 below.

20. *Factious.* See on i. 3. 128 above.

30. *Embracements.* Used oftener by S. than *embraces.* Cf. *C. of E.* i. 1. 44, *W. T.* v. 1. 114, *Cor.* i. 3. 4, etc.

33. *But . . . doth cherish.* Instead of cherishing. See Gr. 125.

44. *Period.* Completion. Cf. i. 3. 238 above.

45. *And in good time*, etc. The folios read:

> "*Buc.* And in good time,
> Heere comes Sir *Richard Ratcliffe* and the Duke."

with the stage-direction "*Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloster.*" Spedding remarks: "Here the alteration in the *stage-direction* was no doubt intended. Sir Richard Ratcliffe is described by More as one 'whose service the Protector specially used in that counsel [the murder of the lords at Pomfret] and the execution of such lawless enterprises, as a man who had been long secret with him,' etc. He had an important part in the action of the play, though he scarcely speaks a dozen times all through. S. probably thought it advisable to bring him and his relation to Richard into prominence, that when he appears presently in the execution of his office the spectators might know who he was. Therefore, though he is a mute in this scene, he was to come in with Richard: and 'Ratcliffe' or 'Sir Richard Ratcliffe' was written in the margin, meaning it to be added to the stage-direction 'Enter Gloster.' The printer or the transcriber mistook it for an insertion meant for the text, and thrust it into Buckingham's speech, where it disorders the metre and does not come in at all naturally."

51. *Swelling.* Angry. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 26: "From envious malice of thy swelling heart," etc.

53. *Heap.* Throng. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 23:

> "and there were drawn
> Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women," etc.

56. *Unwittingly.* The quarto reading; the folios have "unwillingly," which is doubtless a misprint.

66. *Of you, Lord Rivers*, etc. The reading of the first four quartos; the folios have: "Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset;" and after 67 they insert the line, "Of you Lord Woodvill, and Lord Scales of you." As Malone observes, there was no such person as Lord Woodvill.

69. *I do not know*, etc. Milton, in his *Eikonoklastes*, has the following reference to this passage: "The poets, and some English, have been in this point so mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person than of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closest companion of these his solitudes, William Shakespeare; who introduced the person of Richard the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage

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in this book, and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place. I intended (saith he) not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies. The like saith Richard:

> 'I do not know that Englishman alive,
> With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
> More than the infant that is born to-night:
> I thank my God for my humility.'

Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the tragedy, wherein the poet used not much license in departing from the truth of history, which delivers him a deep dissembler, not of his affections only, but his religion."

75. *Lord . . . highness.* The quartos have "liege . . . majesty."

90. *Lag.* Late, tardy. Cf. *lag of* (=later than) in *Lear*, i. 2. 6. *Buried* is here a trisyllable.

92. *Nearer in bloody thoughts*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 3. 146:

> "the near in blood,
> The nearer bloody."

94. *Go current from suspicion.* Pass free from suspicion, are believed to be all right. For the metaphor, cf. i. 3. 256 above and iv. 2. 9 below.

99. *The forfeit.* That is, the *thing forfeited*, or his servant's life. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 37: "To have the due and forfeit of my bond," etc.

107. *Be advis'd.* Be considerate, be not hasty. Cf. i. 3. 318 above.

115. *Lap.* Wrap. Cf. *Macb.* i. 2. 54: "lapp'd in proof;" and *Cymb.* v. 5. 360: "lapp'd In a most curious mantle." See also Milton, *L'All.* 136: "Lap me in soft Lydian airs;" and cf. p. 177 above.

119. *Pluck'd.* A favourite word with S. Cf. i. 1. 55, ii. 2. 58, iii. 1. 36, iv. 2. 65, and v. 4. 19 in the present play.

120. *To put it. As* to put it. Cf. iii. 2. 27 below. Gr. 281.

127. *Ungracious.* Impious, wicked. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 89:

> "and that word grace
> In an ungracious mouth is but profane;"

and 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 490: "Swearest thou, ungracious boy?"

129. *Beholding.* Beholden; the only form in S. Cf. iii. 1. 107 below. Gr. 372.

138. *Still.* Constantly; as very often. Gr. 69.

SCENE II.—*Enter the Duchess of York.* "Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard Duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield in 1460. She survived her husband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495" (Malone).

1. *Good grandam*, etc. The quartos read, "Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead?" and in 3, "Why do you wring your hands, and beat," etc.

6. *Orphans, wretches.* The quartos have "wretches, orphans," and in 11 "lost labour to weep for one," etc.

8. *Cousins.* Here=grandchildren. For its application to nephews, uncles, brothers-in-law, etc., see *Ham.* p. 179. Cf. iii. 1. 2 below.

14. *Importune.* Accented on the penult, as regularly in S. See *Ham.* p. 190.

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15. *Prayers.* A dissyllable, as usually in S. Cf. v. 1. 21 below. Gr. 479.

16. *And so will I.* Omitted in the quartos.

18. *Incapable.* That is, unable to comprehend.

21. *Provok'd to it by.* The quartos have "provoked by," and in 24 "And hugd me in his arme" ("arms" in 7th and 8th quartos).

28. *Visor.* As in the folios; the quartos have "vizard," for which see *Macb.* p. 211.

30. *Dugs.* "Of old this word was used in no derogatory sense, and merely as we now use *breasts*" (W.). Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 393:

> "As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
> Dying with mother's dug between its lips."

38. *Impatience.* A quadrisyllable. See on i. 3. 80 above.

39. *Act.* Suggested by the preceding *scene.* Cf. *K. John,* ii. 1. 376:

> "As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
> At your industrious scenes and acts of death."

See also *Temp.* ii. 1. 252, *T. N.* v. 1. 254, and *Macb.* ii. 4. 5.

41, 42. *Why grow,* etc. The quartos read:

> "Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?
> Why wither not the leaves, the sap being gone?"

46. *Ne'er-changing night.* The quartos have "perpetual rest." The Coll. MS. gives "ne'er-changing light." Cf. i. 4. 47 above.

50. *His images.* "The children by whom he was represented" (Johnson).

51. *But now two mirrors,* etc. Malone compares *R. of L.* 1758:

> "Poor broken glass, I often did behold
> In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
> But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
> Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn."

See also *Sonn.* 3. 9:

> "Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
> Calls back the lovely April of her prime;
> So thou through windows of thine age shalt see
> Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time."

The *two mirrors* are Edward and Clarence; the *false glass* is Gloster.

60. *Moiety.* See on i. 2. 250 above.

61. *Overgo.* Go beyond, exceed; as in *Sonn.* 103. 7: "That overgoes my blunt invention quite." *O'ergo* is=go over, travel, in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 196: "Of many weary miles you have o'ergone."

69. *The watery moon* is "the moon, the governess of floods" (*M. N. D.* ii. 1. 103) or the ruler of the tides. See also 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 31: "being governed, as the sea is, by the moon."

77. *Dear.* In a double sense="of one so dearly loved," and "so intensely severe" (Clarke).

81. *Parcell'd.* "Particular" (Schmidt), or "separately dedicated to particular objects" (Clarke).

84, 85. *And so do I; I for an Edward weep.* These words are in the quartos, but not in the folios.

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89–100. *Comfort . . . throne.* These lines are found only in the folios.

94. *Opposite with.* Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 162: "opposite with a kinsman."

95. *For.* Because. See on i. 1. 58 above.

104. *Cry you mercy.* Beg your pardon. See on i. 3. 235 above.

109. *Amen*, etc. See p. 26 above.

112. *Cloudy.* That is, with "cloudy brow" (2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 155) or "cloudy looks" (*P. P.* 312). See also *Temp.* ii. 1. 142 and 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 83.

113. *Heavy mutual.* The quartos have "mutual heavy."

117. *Hearts.* The folio has "hates," which the following lines show to be a misprint. "For in no sense can we suppose Buckingham to declare that the rancor, broken or unbroken, of their high swollen *hates* must be *preserved;* and even with *hearts* the figure, although intelligible and even impressive, is far from being clearly made out" (W.).

120. *Me seemeth.* It seems to me. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 23: "Me seemeth then it is no policy," etc. The *me* is a dative, as in *methinks.* See *M. of V.* p. 135 (note on *Methought*) or Gr. 297.

121. *Fet.* Equivalent to the "fetcht" of the quartos. See *Hen. V.* p. 163. Cf. Chaucer, *C. T.* 819: "the wyn was fet anon;" *Id.* 2527: "in to the paleys fet," etc.* See another example in note on i. 3. 228 above.

"Edward the young prince, in his father's lifetime and at his demise, kept his household at Ludlow, as Prince of Wales; under the governance of Antony Woodville, Earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the Marches; and by the authority of his presence to restrain the Welshmen, who were wild, dissolute, and ill-disposed, from their accustomed murders and outrages" (Theo.)

123–140. *Why . . . say I.* These lines are omitted in the quartos.

127. *The estate is green.* Referring to the youth of the king.

129. *As please himself.* As may please himself. For the impersonal verb, see on 120 above. For the form, cf. *A. Y. L.* epil. 14: "as much of this play as please you," etc.

130. *Apparent.* Evident, manifest. See *K. John*, p. 165 or *Rich. II.* p. 150.

133. *Compact.* The accent on the last syllable, as regularly in S. except in 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 163.

142. *Ludlow.* The folios misprint "London," as also in 153 below.

Ludlow Castle is in the town of Ludlow in Shropshire, near the Welsh boundary, and was built shortly after the Norman Conquest. Edward IV. repaired it as a residence for the Prince of Wales and the appointed place for meeting his deputies, the Lords Presidents, who held in it the Court of the Marches, for transacting the business of the principality. Here, at the time represented in the play, the prince, twelve years old, kept a mimic court with a council. Ordinances for the regulation of his household were drawn up by his father not long before his death, prescribing his religious duties, his studies, his meals, and his sports. No

* The line-numbers and the readings are those of Gilman's ed. of Chaucer (Boston, 1879). Our future references will be to this edition, unless some other is specified.

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LUDLOW CASTLE.

man is to sit at his board except such as Earl Rivers shall allow; and while he is at table it is ordered "that there be read before him noble stories, as behoveth a prince to understand; and that the communication at all times, in his presence, be of virtue, honour, cunning [knowledge], wisdom, and deeds of worship, and nothing that shall move him to vice." Sir Henry Sidney, the father of Sir Philip Sidney, resided here while Lord President of the Marches, and extensive additions were then made to the castle. In 1634, when the Earl of Bridgewater was Lord President, Milton's *Comus* was represented at Ludlow; and here also Butler, who was Steward of the Castle under Lord Carbery, wrote part of *Hudibras*. At present the structure is a grand and imposing ruin. The great hall, where *Comus* was first played, is roofless, and little remains to show the ancient splendour of the other apartments; but the Norman keep, 110 feet high, ivy-mantled to the top, and the circle of smaller towers about it, are still standing, a conspicuous landmark on the rocky hill above the town.

144. *Censures.* Opinions. See *Ham.* p. 190.

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147. *Sort.* Find, seek. Cf. *R. of L.* 899: "When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?" 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 85: "But I will sort a pitchy day for thee," etc.

148. *Index.* Prelude, prologue; the index having been formerly put at the beginning of a book. See *Ham.* p. 236. Cf. iv. 4. 85 below.

150. *My other self.* Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 274: "to me, your self, your half;" *Sonn.* 10. 13: "Make thee another self, for love of me;" *Id.* 73. 8: "Death's second self," etc. Lord Campbell called Prince Albert "the *alter ego* of the sovereign;" taking the *alter ego* from Cicero, with whom the expression seems to have been a favourite one. Cf. *Ep. Fam.* 7. 5: "vide quam mihi persuaserim te me esse alterum;" *Id.* 2. 15: "quoniam alterum me reliquissem;" *Id. Att.* 4. 1: "me alterum se fore dixit," etc. Cicero got it from Aristotle (ἕτεροι αὐτοί, in *Eth.* M. 8. 12. 3), as the "tamquam" implies in *Læl.* 21. 82: "amicus est tamquam alter idem."

153. *I, as a child,* etc. "This, from that arch-schemer Richard, shows his subtle mode of making men's weaknesses subservient to his own views; since he affects to be guided by Buckingham's superior ability in craft and strategy, of which he knows him to be proud" (Clarke). Cf. iii. 5. 5 fol. below.

SCENE III.—1. *Good morrow,* etc. The quartos have "Neighbour, well met; whither away so fast?" and in 3 "Ay" for *Yes,* and in 4 "Bad" for *Ill.*

4. *Seldom comes the better.* A proverbial saying=good news is rare. Reed quotes *The English Courtier,* 1586: "as the proverbe sayth, seldome come the better." It is also found in Ray's *Proverbs.*

5. *Giddy.* "Excitable" (Schmidt). The quartos have "troublous," as in 9 below.

8. *God help the while!* God help us now! Cf. iii. 6. 10 below: "Here's a good world the while!" See also *K. John,* p. 165, note on *Bad world the while!*

11. *Woe to that land,* etc. As Steevens notes, a quotation from *Ecclesiastes,* x. 16: "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child!"

13–15. *That in his nonage,* etc. That in his riper years he himself, and till he comes of age his council, shall govern well. It is like ii. 4. 59 below, except for the inversion of the clauses in the latter part. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 164, 203, *Macb.* i. 3. 60, ii. 3. 45 (where there *is* an inversion), etc. For *That* the folio has "Which."

18. *Wot.* Knows; used only in the present tense and the participle *wotting.* See *W. T.* p. 175. Cf. *Gen.* xxi. 26, xxxix. 8, xliv. 15, etc.

28. *Haught.* Haughty. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 254, 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 169, etc. The quartos read, "And the queen's kindred haughty and proud."

30. *Solace.* Take comfort, be happy. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 5. 47: "But one thing to rejoice and solace in;" and *Cymb.* i. 6. 86:

> "Lamentable! What,
> To hide me from the radiant sun and solace
> I' the dungeon by a snuff?"

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36. *Sort.* Ordain; as in *M. of V.* v. 1. 132: "But God sort all!"

39. *You cannot reason almost.* You can scarcely talk. See on i. 4. 154 above.

40. *Looks not heavily.* Cf. i. 4. 1 above and iii. 4. 48 below.

41. *Still.* Ever, always. See on ii. 1. 138 above.

42. *Instinct.* Accented on the last syllable, as regularly in S. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 149. On the passage, cf. Holinshed: "Before such great things, men's minds of a secret instinct of nature misgive them; as the sea without wind swelleth of himself some time before a tempest."

43. *Ensuing.* Coming, impending. See *Rich. II.* p. 172. *Proof*=experience; as in *J. C.* ii. 1. 21: "'t is a common proof," etc.

SCENE IV.—1, 2. *Last night*, etc. The 1st quarto reads:

> "Last night I heare they lay at Northampton,
> At Stonistratford will they be to night."

The folio has:

> "Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
> And at Northampton they do rest to-night."

According to Hall they did actually lie at Stony Stratford (which is twelve miles nearer to London) and were the next morning taken back by Gloster to Northampton, where they spent the next night; but the next line favours the quarto reading, as the archbishop would not speak of the possibility of their making the journey of sixty miles from Northampton in a single day. The account, moreover, seems to be that of a regular progression. K., Coll., V., and W. follow the folio.

20. *If his rule were true.* The 1st and 2d quartos have "if this were a true rule;" the others omit "true." In the next line the quartos have "Why, madam, so no doubt he is;" and in the next, "I hope so too." The folios assign 21 to "*York.*"

23. *Had been remember'd.* Had thought of it. See *A. Y. L.* p. 184.

28. *Could gnaw a crust*, etc. According to the chroniclers, he was born "not untoothed." See p. 168 above.

34. *I cannot tell*, etc. Of course his mother had told him, but he is "too shrewd" to say so.

35. *Parlous.* A popular corruption of *perilous*, often used ironically. Cf. iii. 1. 154 below, and see *M. N. D.* p. 155. Gr. 461.

37. *Pitchers have ears.* Malone remarks that S. has not quoted the proverb correctly, and cites *A Dialogue* by William Bulleyn in which it occurs in the still familiar form, "Small pitchers have great ears." Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 4. 52: "Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants." This example suggests that the meaning may be, as Schmidt gives it, "there may be listeners overhearing us."

38. *Here comes*, etc. The 1st quarto has "*Enter Dorset*," and gives this speech thus: "Here comes your sonne, Lo: M. Dorset. What newes Lo: Marques?"

45. *For what offence.* The quartos give this speech to "*Car.*" (Cardinal), and the folios to "*Arch.*;" but, as the former have "lady" in 48, Johnson transferred the question to Queen Elizabeth. He is followed by D., the Camb. editors, and Clarke. It is probable, as W. suggests,

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that the "lady" of the quartos was due to mistaking the abbreviation "Lo." for "La."

49. *Ay me.* Equivalent to "ah me!" which S. never uses. See *M. N. D.* p. 128.

51. *Jut.* The quartos have "iet" (=*jet*), for which see *T. N.* p. 142. W. remarks: "*Jut* and *jet* are different forms of the same word, and mean to protrude, to thrust out. The latter form, however, was used especially to signify a pompous or pretentious gait. So in Udall's *Eloquent Latine Phrases*, 1581: '*Parmenonem incedere video.* . . . I see Parmeno come *jetting* like a lord. . . . But properly *incedere* differeth from *ambulare*. For *incedere* properly [meaneth] to goe wyth a stately pace, as who shoulde say, to shew a great gravity or majesty in going as Princes doe when they shew themselves in their estate;' and on the same page 'wyth a nyce or tender and soft, delicate, or gingerly pace;' 'the pace that great princes or noblemen use when they shew their Estate or majesty.' And see Skinner, *Etymologicon*, 1671: 'To Jet, *magnifice Incidere*, *Fastuosè se inferre* . . . *corpus prorsùm Jacere*, *vel Jactare*.'" See also Wb. under *jet* and *jut*.

52. *Aweless.* Inspiring no awe. In *K. John*, i. 1. 266 ("the aweless lion") it is=fearless. The quartos have "lawless."

54. *Map.* A picture or image; as often in S. See *Rich. II.* p. 207, note on *Thou map of honour*.

59. *For me*, etc. See on ii. 3. 13 above.

61. *Clean overblown.* For *clean*=completely, see *Rich. II.* p. 188; and for *overblown* in this figurative sense, cf. *T. of S.* v. 2. 3 and *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 190.

62, 63. *Brother to brother*, etc. The quartos read:

"blood against blood,
Self against self: O, preposterous," etc.

64. *Spleen.* Hate, malice; as in *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 174, ii. 4. 89, *Cor.* iv. 5. 97, etc. In the next line the folios misprint "earth" for *death*.

66. *To sanctuary.* That is, to the sanctuary at Westminster. See p. 169 above. The cut on p. 206 is from a drawing made before the destruction of the building in 1775. It stood where Westminster Hospital now stands (then within the precincts of the Abbey), and retained its privileges as a refuge for criminals until the dissolution of the monastery, and for debtors until 1602. This was the second time that Elizabeth had fled hither; the first having been in 1470, when with her mother and her three daughters she was the guest of Abbot Milling until the birth of her son Edward, Nov. 1 of that year.

71. *The seal I keep.* That is, as lord chancellor. Hall says: "Whereupon the bishop called up all his servants and took with him the great seal, and came before day to the queen, about whom he found much heaviness, rumble, haste, business, conveyance and carriage of her stuff into sanctuary." *Betide*=may it betide or happen.

72. *Tender.* Regard, care for. See on i. 1. 44 above.

"Afterwards, however, this obsequious archbishop, to ingratiate himself with King Richard III., put his majesty's badge, the *hog*, upon the gate of the Public Library, Cambridge" (Steevens).

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Cardinal Bouchier.* Thomas Bouchier, or Bourchier, was made a cardinal and elected Archbishop of Canterbury in 1464. He died in 1486 (Malone).

THE SANCTUARY AT WESTMINSTER.

1. *Your chamber.* London was anciently called *Camera Regis*, or the *King's Chamber*. The title was given to it immediately after the Norman Conquest. Steevens quotes Heywood, *If You Know Not Me*, etc.: "This city, our great chamber."

2. *Cousin.* Here=nephew. See on ii. 2. 8 above.

10. *God he knows.* Cf. i. 3. 212 above, and 26 below. In iii. 7. 233, the quartos have "For God he knows." Gr. 243.

11. *Jumpeth.* Accords, agrees. See *T. N.* p. 166.

22. *Slug.* Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 196: "thou drone, thou snail, thou slug," etc.

24. *In good time.* Luckily, happily (Fr. *de bonne heure*). Cf. 95 below, and ii. 1. 45 above.

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30. *Perforce.* By force; as in 36 below. See on i. 1. 116 above, where it is=of necessity.

31. *Peevish.* Wayward, childish. See *Hen. V.* p. 171.

35. *Deny.* Refuse, say no; as in *R. of L.* 513: "If thou deny, then force must work my way," etc.

36. *Pluck.* See on ii. 1. 119 above.

39. *Obdurate.* For the accent, see on i. 3. 347 above.

44. *Senseless-obstinate.* "Unreasonably obstinate" (Schmidt). Cf. *senseless*=unreasonable, in *C. of E.* iv. 4. 24, *T. of S.* i. 2. 36, *A. W.* ii. 1. 127, etc. Coll. adopts the "strict and abstinent" of his MS. corrector, and St. conjectures "needless obstinate."

46. *Weigh it but with the grossness,* etc. "Examine it with the plainness and simplicity of our times—not ceremoniously and traditionally, with reference to strict religious usages and old customs" (V.); or with "the less nice considerations of the present time, as compared with the cardinal's over-scrupulous observance." This seems on the whole the most satisfactory explanation of a puzzling and much disputed passage. Johnson thought the meaning to be, "Compare the act of seizing him with the *gross* and licentious practices of these times, it will not be considered a violation of sanctuary." W. explains *the grossness of this age* as "the gross judgment, the blunted perception of this age." Schmidt makes *grossness*="coarseness, want of refinement." The 6th quarto has "greatnesse of this age." Hanmer adopted Warburton's conjecture of "greenness of his age" (not "this age," as quoted by W.); and the Coll. MS. has "goodness of his age" (not "of these times," as W. gives it).

55. *Oft have I heard,* etc. This is taken from Hall, who follows More. See p. 169 above.

63. *It think'st best.* "It seems best" (the reading of 1st and 2d quartos). See *Ham.* p. 269, note on *Thinks 't thee.* Gr. 212, 297.

65. *Repose you.* Rest yourself. For the reflexive use, cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 161: "and there repose you for this night," etc.

68. *Of any place.* Of all places. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 167: "That York is most unmeet of any man," etc. Gr. 409.

71. *Re-edified.* Rebuilt; the original meaning of the word. Cf. *T. A.* i. 1. 351:

> "This monument five hundred years hath stood,
> Which I have sumptuously re-edified."

S. uses *edify* only in the modern secondary sense; as in *T. N.* v. 1. 298, *Ham.* v. 2. 162, etc.

72. *Record.* S. accents the noun on either syllable, as suits the measure. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 30 with *Id.* iv. 1. 230.

76. *Methinks.* The *thinks* (=it seems) is the same impersonal verb as in 63 above. See on i. 4. 9 above.

77. *Retail'd.* Retold. Cf. iv. 4. 337 below. Warb. wanted to read "intail'd."

78. *All-ending.* The reading of the 1st quarto; all the other early eds. have "ending."

79. *So wise,* etc. Steevens quotes the Latin proverb, "Is cadit ante senem, qui sapit, ante diem;" and Reed adds from Bright's *Treatise on*

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Melancholy, 1586: "I have knowne children languishing of the splene, obstructed and altered in temper, talke with gravitie and wisdome, surpassing those tender yeares, and their judgement carrying a marvellous imitation of the wisdome of the ancient, having after a sorte attained that by disease, which other have by course of years; whereon, I take it, the proverbe ariseth, that they be of short life who are of wit so pregnant."

81. *Characters.* "Here used quibblingly in its sense of written signs, and in its sense of marked dispositions; referring apparently to Julius Cæsar's renown, and really to the young prince's cleverness. There is also an ambiguity in *lives*, which Gloster applies ostensibly to the endurance of fame, but in fact to the continuance of his nephew's life" (Clarke). For the accent, see *Ham.* p. 189.

82. *The formal Vice, Iniquity.* On the Vice in the old moralities (see also *T. N.* p. 159 and *Ham.* p. 237) K. remarks: "Gifford has thus described him, with his usual good sense: 'He appears to have been a perfect counterpart of the Harlequin of the modern stage, and had a twofold office; to instigate the hero of the piece to wickedness, and, at the same time, to protect him from the devil, whom he was permitted to buffet and baffle with his wooden sword, till the process of the story required that both the protector and the protected should be carried off by the fiend; or the latter driven roaring from the stage by some miraculous interposition in favour of the repentant offender.' This note is appended to a passage in the first scene of Ben Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass.* We learn from this scene that there were Vices of various ranks, which had their proper appellations:

> '*Satan.* What Vice?
> What kind wouldst thou have it of?
> '*Pug.* Why any: Fraud,
> Or Covetousness, or Lady Vanity,
> Or old Iniquity.'

We have here then the very personage to which Richard refers; and Jonson brings him upon the scene to proclaim his own excellencies, in a style of which the following is a specimen:

> 'What is he calls upon me, and would seem to lack a Vice?
> Ere his words be half spoken, I am with him in a trice:
> Here, there, and everywhere, as the cat is with the mice:
> True Vetus Iniquitas. Lack'st thou cards, friend, or dice?
> I will teach thee to cheat, child, to cog, lie, and swagger,
> And ever and anon to be drawing forth thy dagger:
> To swear by Gogs-nowns, like a lusty Juventus,
> In a cloak to thy heel, and a hat like a pent-house.'

Satan, however, will have nothing to do with Iniquity, whom he holds to be obsolete:

> 'They are other things
> That are received now upon earth for Vices;
> Stranger and newer; and changed every hour.'

"Iniquity was, no doubt, a character whose attributes were always essentially the same; who was dressed always according to one fashion; who constantly went through the same round of action; who had his own peculiar cant words—something, in fact, very similar to that most interesting relic of antiquity, Punch, who, in spite of meddling legislation, still

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beats his wife and still defies the devil. It is to this fixed character of the 'Vice Iniquity' that we think Shakespeare alludes when he calls him 'the *formal* Vice'—the Vice who conducts himself according to a set form. It was his custom, no doubt, to

'moralize two meanings in one word.'

It is to this 'formal' character that Hamlet alludes:

'A vice of kings—
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!
A king
Of shreds and patches.'"

Hanmer reads here "the formal wise antiquary;" and Warb. "the formal-wise Antiquity." Schmidt makes *formal*="customary."

83. *Moralize.* "Comment upon, interpret" (Schmidt). Cf. *R. of L.* 103: "Nor could she moralize his wanton sight." See also *A. Y. L.* p. 154.

84. *That Julius Cæsar.* On Shakespeare's references to Cæsar, see *J. C.* p. 24 fol.

94. *Lightly.* "Commonly, in ordinary course" (Johnson). Cf. B. J., *Discoveries:* "The great thieves of a state are lightly the officers of the crown;" Puttenham, *Arte of Poesie:* "And ye shall find verses made all of monosillables, and do very well, but lightly they be jambickes," etc. W. remarks: "How the word came to have that meaning is not clear." It seems to grow out of its use=easily, readily; as in *C. of E.* iv. 4. 5, *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 89, etc.

97. *Dread.* The reading of 1st and 2d quartos; "dear" in the other early eds. W. says: "That it is a mere misprint is shown by the remainder of York's speech, 'so *must* I call you *now*.' He could have called him *dear* lord before their father's death; but as after that event his elder brother became his sovereign, he must call him 'dread lord,' which was a royal title. It is selected with noticeable tact, as the one which marks most strongly the change of relation between the little playfellows. 'Great and manifold were the blessings, Most Dread Sovereign' are the words in which the translators of our Bible began their Dedication to King James." Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 103, *Ham.* i. 2. 50, etc. Johnson remarks: "The original of this epithet applied to kings has been much disputed. In some of our old statutes the king is called *Rex metuendissimus.*"

99. *Too late.* "Too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory" (Warb.). Cf. *R. of L.* 1801:

"I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd."

107. *Beholding.* Beholden. See on ii. 1. 129 above.

114. *Grief.* Some of the later quartos have "gift."

121. *I weigh it lightly.* I hold it as a trifle, I prize it slightly. Hanmer changed *I* to "I'd."

130. *Like an ape.* "Little York hints at his uncle's deformity, which

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would afford a convenient projection for him to perch upon, as an ape sits on an ape-bearer's shoulders" (Clarke). For *ape-bearer*, cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 101. Steevens quotes Ulpian Fulwel, *Ars Adulandi*, 1576: "thou hast an excellent back to carry my lord's ape."

132. *Sharp-provided.* Keen and ready; or perhaps, as Clarke explains it, "shrewdly calculated, well devised to veil the personality of his scoff." Some have thought that *provided* was = "furnished him beforehand," as if his mother had instigated him to mock his uncle. Cf. 151 below.

141. *Needs.* The word is found only in the 1st quarto. The Coll. MS. has "e'en."

144. *Clarence'.* For the omission of the possessive inflection, cf. ii. 1. 137 above; and see Gr. 471.

152. *Incensed.* Instigated, incited. Cf. iii. 2. 29 below, and see *Much Ado*, p. 166.

153. *Scorn.* Mock. Cf. i. 3. 109 above.

154. *Parlous.* See on ii. 4. 35 above. Here the 7th and 8th quartos (not the 1st and 2d, as W. states) have "perlous," the other early eds. "perilous" or "perillous."

155. *Capable.* Of good capabilities.

173. *To sit about.* To sit in council concerning. This line and the preceding are not in the quartos.

176. *Icy-cold.* Ingleby's conjecture, adopted by the Camb. editors. The early eds. have "icie, cold."

179. *Divided councils.* "That is, a *private consultation, separate* from the known and public council" (Johnson). Cf. iii. 2. 20 below. See also the extract from Holinshed, p. 169 above.

182. *Ancient.* Old. See *W. T.* p. 189, and cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 166.

183. *Are let blood.* Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 152: "Who else must be let blood," etc.

185. *Mistress Shore.* After the death of Edward IV. Jane Shore became the mistress of Hastings.

190. *Crosby House.* The quartos have "Crosby Place." See on i. 2. 214 above.

192. *Complots.* Both the noun and the verb are accented by S. on either syllable. For the noun, cf. 200 below; and for the verb, see *Rich. II.* i. 1. 96 and i. 3. 189, the only instances in which he uses it.

193. *Chop off his head, man.* See p. 26 above.

Something we will determine. "So the folio; the quartos, 'some*what* we will *do*,' which reading is preferred by almost all editors. But, aside from the authority of the folio, *determine*, in its fine sense, bring to an end, is much preferable to the more vague and commonplace 'do' (Richard means to have done with vacillation and vacillators in the surest and quickest way), and the change avoids the bald repetition of Buckingham's query, 'what shall we do?' and also the cacophony, 'some*what we will*'" (W.). St., on the other hand, thinks that the folio reading "sadly mars Gloster's energy," and he therefore adopts "the spirited version of the quarto text."

195. *The movables*, etc. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 162:

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"The plate, coin, revenues, and movables
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd;"

M. of V. iv. 1. 389: "of all he dies possess'd" (see also v. 1. 293), etc.

198. *Kindness.* The quartos have "willingness."

SCENE II.—1. *My lord, my lord.* The quartos read "What, ho! my lord!" and in reply "Who knocks at the door?" and in the next line "A messenger from the Lord Stanley." These variations continue in the following lines.

11. *Rased.* The term *rase* or *rask* is always used of the violence inflicted by a boar (Steevens). Cf. Warner, *Albions England:* "Ha! cur, avant, the boar so rashe thy hide;" Percy, *Reliques:* "Like unto wild boares rashing," etc. It seems to have been an old hunting term. See p. 171 above.

For the allusion in *boar*, see on i. 3. 228 above.

25. *Instance.* Cause, ground. The quartos have "wanting instance." See *Ham.* p. 226.

26. *Simple.* The quartos have "fond," which means the same.

27. *To trust.* That is, *as* to trust. See on ii. 1. 120 above.

40. *Garland.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 202: "So thou the garland wear'st;" *Id.* v. 2. 84: "Be you contented, wearing now the garland," etc. See our ed. p. 198.

47. *Upon his party.* Upon his side; as in iv. 4. 524 below. See *Rich. II.* p. 195, or *K. John*, p. 133.

52. *Still.* Always. See on ii. 1. 138 above.

55. *To the death.* Though death were the consequence. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 146: "No, to the death, we will not move a foot," etc.

58, 59. *They . . . their.* For the redundant pronoun, see Gr. 243 (cf. 415). See also on iii. 1. 10 above.

70. *For they account,* etc. That is, they count upon having his head taken off and set *high* on London Bridge.

75. *The holy rood.* The holy cross. See *Ham.* p. 235.

76. *Several.* Separate. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 1. 42:

"for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil;"

and see our ed. p. 131.

77. *As yours.* The folio reading; equivalent to that of the quartos, "as *you do* yours." The ellipsis is not more peculiar than many others in S. See Gr. 382.

86. *Misdoubt.* Mistrust; as in *M. W.* ii. 1. 192, etc.

88. *The day is spent.* The folio reading; but it is obviously inconsistent with the opening of the scene, which makes the time four o'clock in the morning. The 1st quarto gives 91–93 thus:

"But come my Lo: shall we to the tower?
"*Hast.* I go: but stay, heare you not the newes,
This day those men you talkt of, are beheaded."

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The Camb. editors think that the folio reading "looks like an attempt of the editors to amend the defective metre of the quartos."

89. *Have with you.* Take me with you, I 'll go with you. See *A. Y. L.* p. 146.

Wot you what? Do you know? What do you think? Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 122: "and wot you what I found?" See on ii. 3. 18 above.

91. *Truth.* Honesty, integrity. See *K. John*, p. 135.

92. *Their hats.* J. H. explains this as="their dignities;" but it is probably used quibblingly for "their heads," as Schmidt gives it.

94. *Enter a Pursuivant.* A *pursuivant* was a state messenger or herald. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 5: "And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death" (that is, heralds or forerunners), etc. See also v. 3. 59 below.

96. *That your lordship please.* That it should please your lordship.

105. *Gramercy.* Great thanks (Fr. *grand merci*). Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 2. 128, etc.

108. *Sir John.* For *Sir* as a priestly title, see *T. N.* p. 157, note on *Sir Topas.*

109. *Exercise.* Performance of religious duties; as in iii. 7. 63 below.

110. *Content.* Pay. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 1. 1: "I will content your pains."

After this line the folio has "*Priest.* Ile wait vpon your Lordship;" but as it gives the same words just below (121) as a speech of Hastings, it is probable that a marginal correction in the MS. (neither speech is in the quartos) was accidentally inserted twice by the printer. After 110 the quartos have the stage-direction, "*He whispers in his eare.*"

113. *Shriving work.* Confession. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 47: "Not shriving time allowed," etc. So *shrift* in iii. 4. 94 below.

SCENE III.—1. In the quartos the scene begins with a speech by Ratcliff, "Come, bring forth the prisoners."

4. *God bless the prince*, etc. Walpole remarks: "Queen Elizabeth Grey is deservedly pitied for the loss of her two sons; but the royalty of their birth has so engrossed the attention of historians, that they never reckon into the number of her misfortunes the murder of this her second son, Sir Richard Grey. It is remarkable how slightly the death of Earl Rivers is always mentioned, though a man invested with such high offices of trust and dignity; and how much we dwell on the execution of the lord chamberlain Hastings, a man in every light his inferior. In truth, the generality draw their ideas of English story from the tragic rather than the historic authors."

6, 7. These lines are not in the quartos.

8. *O Pomfret, Pomfret!* See *Rich. II.* p. 208.

10. *Closure.* Enclosure. Cf. *V. and A.* 782: "Into the quiet closure of my breast;" and *Sonn.* 48. 11: "Within the gentle closure of my breast." It is=end in *T. A.* v. 3. 134: "And make a mutual closure of our house."

15. *When she exclaim'd*, etc. This line is found only in the folios. The Coll. MS. changes *I* to "me." Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 321: "between you and I," etc. Gr. 209. For *exclaim on* (=cry out against), cf. *V. and A.* 930: "And sighing it again, exclaims on Death;" *R. of L.* 741: "She

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stays, exclaiming on the direful night;" *M. of V.* iii. 2. 176: "to exclaim on you," etc.

23. *Expiate.* Brought to a close, finished. Cf. *Sonn.* 22. 4: "Then look I death my days should expiate." S. uses *expiate* only in these two passages. Schmidt compares the old play of *King Leir:* "And seek a means to expiate his wrath." Sr. and W. adopt Steevens's conjecture of "expirate." Clarke remarks: "As *expiate* is now used to express 'to annul by atonement, to cancel by reparation, to blot out by making redress,' so we think the word is here used for 'annulled, cancelled, ended.'" For the form, see Gr. 342.

SCENE IV.—1. *Now, noble peers,* etc. The quartos read: "My lords, at once," etc.

4. *Is all things ready,* etc. The folio reading. The quartos have "Are all things fitting," etc.; but in the reply "It is," like the folios. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 11: "Is all things well?" *Oth.* i. 1. 172: "Is there not charms?" etc. See also Gr. 335.

5. *Wants but nomination.* The only thing wanting is the appointment of the day.

8. *Inward with.* Intimate with, in the confidence of. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 102: "for what is inward between us, let it pass" (that is, what is confidential), etc.

10. *We know,* etc. Before this the quartos insert "Who I my Lo?"

26. *Cue.* A metaphor taken from the theatre. See *M. N. D.* p. 156.

31. *My Lord of Ely.* Dr. John Morton, of Baliol College, Oxford, Prebendary of Salisbury, Lincoln, St. Paul's, and York, who was elected to the see of Ely in 1478, on the death of William Grey. He became Master of the Rolls, Lord Chancellor, Archbishop of Canterbury, and a Cardinal. The marriage of the Earl of Richmond with Elizabeth of York, which put an end to the long contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, was, according to Sir Thomas More, of his contriving.

In Holborn. The palace of the Bishop of Ely was in Holborn, London, and Ely Chapel, recently restored, remains to mark the place. See *Rich. II.* p. 169, note on *Ely House.*

32. *I saw good strawberries,* etc. See pp. 27, 170 above. The circumstance is also used by Dr. Legge in his Latin tragedy (see p. 12 above):

"Eliensis antistes venis? senem quies,
Juvenem labor decet: ferunt hortum tuum
Decora fraga plurimum producere.

Episcopus Eliensis.

Nil tibi claudetur hortus quod meus
Producit; esset lautius vellem mihi
Quo sim tibi gratus."

45. *Prolong'd.* Postponed, put off; as in *Much Ado,* iv. 1. 256:

"this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd; have patience and endure."

48. *Cheerfully and smooth.* See on i. 1. 22 above.

49. *Likes.* Pleases. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 276: "This likes me well;" and see our ed. p. 274. See also p. 176 above. Gr. 297.

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55. *Livelihood.* Liveliness, vivacity, animation. Cf. *V. and A.* 26: "The precedent of pith and livelihood;" and *A. W.* i. 1. 58: "the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek." These are the only instances of the word in S. Here the quartos have "likelihood," which many editors retain, making it=semblance, appearance. Mr. W. N. Lettsom says that "*livelihood* scarcely accords with 'love or *hate*' above;" but it accords perfectly with *looks cheerfully and smooth* and *such spirit.* The main point in what Hastings says is that *something seems to please* Gloster; the added remark that no man can lesser hide his feelings, whether of love or hate, being secondary or incidental. It is true that S. elsewhere uses *likelihood* in the sense of sign or indication (as in *A. W.* i. 3. 128: "many likelihoods informed me of this before," etc.), but here *livelihood* seems to us the more expressive word. It is adopted by K., W., Halliwell, and others.

57. *For were he*, etc. After this line, the quartos insert the speech "*Dar.* I pray God he be not, I say." It is retained by some of the editors.

58. *I pray you all*, etc. See p. 170 above.

75. *Off with his head!* See p. 27 above.

77. *Lovel and Ratcliff.* The names are found only in the folio. As Ratcliff, according to the preceding scene, which is on the same day, was at Pomfret, he could not be present here. Theo. therefore changed *Ratcliff* to "Catesby;" but in the next scene, while he makes Lovel and Catesby bring in the head of Hastings, he allows Gloster, just before their entrance, to say "Catesby, o'erlook the walls." K. remarks: "This is one of those positions in which the poet has trusted to the imagination of his audience rather than to their topographical knowledge."

80. *Fond.* Foolish. See on iii. 2. 26 above.

83. *Foot-cloth horse.* A horse with a foot-cloth, or housings. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 51:

"*Cade.* Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?
"*Say.* What of that?
"*Cade.* Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets."

Steevens quotes *The Legend of Lord Hastings*, 1563:

"My palfrey in the playnest paved streete,
Thryse bow'd his boanes, thryse kneled on the flower,
Thryse shonnd (as Balams asse) the dreaded tower."

On stumbling as a bad omen, see *R. and J.* p. 216, note on *Stumbled at graves.*

88. *Triumphing.* Usually accented, as here, on the second syllable. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 200.

92. *Is lighted.* Has descended. See *J. C.* p. 182, note on *Now some light.* In *Per.* iv. 2. 77, the participle is *light.*

94. *Shrift.* Confession; as in *R. and J.* i. 1. 165: "To hear true shrift," etc. See also p. 171 above.

101–104. *Come, come*, etc. These lines are not in the quartos.

103. *Fearfull'st.* On contracted superlatives in S., see Gr. 473.

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SCENE V.—*Enter* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *in rotten armour*, etc. This is according to the stage-direction in the folio, which reads: "*Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour, maruellous ill-fauored.*" The modern eds. generally change *rotten* to "*rusty.*" See p. 173 above.

4. *Distraught.* Distracted; used by S. only here and in *R. and J.* iv. 3. 49 (see our ed. p. 206). Sly corrupts the word into *bestraught* in *T. of S.* ind. 2. 26.

5. *Tut, I can*, etc. The quartos read: "Tut feare not me. I can," etc. They omit line 7.

Clarke remarks: "This conceit of Buckingham's in his own powers of acting and feigning comes with almost a comic effect as displayed to Richard's very self, and played upon by him with a demure affectation of belief in its existence, while turning it to his own purposes." See on ii. 2. 152 above.

8. *Intending.* Pretending. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 2. 35: "intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and Claudio." See also iii. 7. 44 below.

9. *Enforced.* Forced, counterfeited; as in *J. C.* iv. 2. 21:

> "When love begins to sicken and decay,
> It useth an enforced ceremony."

10–20. In the first quarto the passage stands thus:

> "And both are ready in their offices
> To grace my stratagems. *Enter Maior.*
> "*Glo.* Here comes the Maior.
> "*Buc.* Let me alone to entertaine him. Lo: Maior,
> "*Glo.* Looke to the drawbridge there.
> "*Buc.* The reason we have sent for you.
> "*Glo.* Catesby ouerlooke the wals.
> "*Buck.* Harke, I heare a drumme.
> "*Glo.* Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.
> "*Buc.* God and our innocence defend vs. *Enter Catesby*
> "*Glo.* O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby. *with Hast. head.*"

24. *The plainest harmless.* Probably an instance of the omission of the superlative inflection with one of a pair of adjectives. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 6. 13: "The generous and gravest citizens;" *M. of V.* iii. 2. 295: "The best condition'd and unwearied spirit" (that is, most unwearied), etc. See Gr. 398. Abbott, however, is inclined to read "plainest-harmless" (Gr. 2). Cf. 32 below.

25. *Christian.* A trisyllable. Gr. 479.

26. *Book.* That is, "table-book" (*W. T.* iv. 4. 610 and *Ham.* ii. 2. 136) or note-book. Cf. *Cor.* v. 2. 15: "The book of his good acts;" and see *Id.* iii. 1. 293, etc.

29. *Apparent.* Evident, manifest. See on ii. 2. 130 above.

30. *Conversation.* Intercourse; as in *Ham.* iii. 2. 60, *Cymb.* i. 4. 113, etc.

31. *Attainder.* Taint, stain. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 24: "the attainder of his slanderous lips," etc. *Suspect*=suspicion; as in i. 3. 89 above.

34. *Almost.* Hardly, even. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 3. 43: "Or do you almost think, although you see," etc.

43. *Extreme.* The adjective is accented by S. on the first syllable, except in *Sonn.* 129. 4, 10 (Schmidt).

45. *Enforc'd.* Forced, constrained. Cf. 9 above.

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46. *Fair befall you.* Cf. i. 3. 282 above.

54. *Hath.* Pope's correction of the "have" of the early eds., which may be what S. wrote. Such "confusions of construction" (cf. Gr. 412) are not uncommon in the plays.

62. *As well as I.* That is, as well as *if* I, etc. Cf. *Macb.* i. 4. 11: "As 't were a careless trifle," etc. Gr. 107.

68. *But since.* The quarto reading; the folios misprint "Which since." *Too late of*=too late for. Gr. 173 or 174 (Abbott puts it under Gr. 166).

71. *Go, after, after.* Not "Go after, after;" as sometimes pointed. The *after* is itself an imperative=follow. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 2. 111: "After, Aumerle;" *Ham.* iv. 2. 33: "and all after," etc.

72. *In all post.* In all haste, or post-haste. See *R. and J.* p. 218, note on *In post.*

73. *Meet'st.* Most fitting or convenient. See on iii. 4. 103 above.

74. *Infer.* Bring in, allege; as in iii. 7. 12, 32, iv. 4. 345, v. 3. 315 below. See also *T. of A.* iii. 5. 73:

> "'t is inferr'd to us
> His days are foul and his drink dangerous."

75. *A citizen.* "This person was one *Walker*, a substantial citizen and grocer at the *Crown* in Cheapside" (Grey). These accusations against Edward were all contained in the petition presented to Richard before his accession, and were afterwards embodied in an act of Parliament (Blakeway.)

79. *Luxury.* Lasciviousness, lust; the only meaning in S. See *Hen. V.* p. 166 or *Ham.* p. 196.

80. *Change.* Changing humour, capriciousness. Cf. *Cymb.* ii. 5. 25: "change of prides," etc.

82. *Raging.* The quartos have "lustful," and "listed" for *lusted* in the next line.

86. *Insatiate.* The quartos have "unsatiate." In iii. 7. 7 below, the folios have "unsatiate" and the quartos "insatiate." Cf. *W. T.* p. 177 (note on *Incertainties*) or *K. John*, p. 143 (note on *Infortunate*). Gr. 442.

92. *Sparingly.* Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 239:

> "Or shall we sparingly show you far off
> The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?"

97. *Baynard's Castle.* This old feudal mansion, "so called of Baynard, a nobleman that came in with William the Conqueror," stood on the Thames, a little below the present Blackfriars Bridge and just above St. Paul's Pier, where Castle Baynard Dock now is. Maud Fitzwalter, to whom King John paid his unwelcome addresses, was a daughter of "the Lord of Castle Baynard." Humphrey Duke of Gloucester built a palace on the site of the original Castle Baynard, and this is the building referred to by S. Lady Jane Grey was here proclaimed queen in 1553; and Anne, "Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery," afterwards lived here while her husband was residing at the Cockpit in Whitehall. The mansion was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666.*

* H., Lawson, and others follow Steevens in saying that the mansion was "pulled down," and they seem to suppose that it was the original "castle" of the Conqueror's time which was occupied by Richard.

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BAYNARD'S CASTLE.

102–104. These lines are not in the quartos. *Doctor Shaw* was brother to the Lord Mayor, Edmund Shaw; and *Friar Penker* was a provincial of the Augustine Friars. Both were popular preachers and were employed by Richard to support his claim to the crown. *Penker* is "Peuker" in the 1st folio, "Reuker" in the 2d, and "Beuker" in the 3d and 4th; corrected by Capell.

105. *To take some privy order.* For *take order*=give orders, see 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 177 or *Oth.* p. 206. Cf. iv. 2. 52 below.

106. *The brats of Clarence.* These were Edward Earl of Warwick, who was beheaded by Henry VII. in 1499, and Margaret, afterwards the wife of Sir Richard Pole, the last princess of the House of Lancaster. She was put to death at the age of seventy by Henry VIII. in 1540 (Malone).

107. *Manner person.* The reading of the 3d and 4th quartos and the folios; the other quartos have "manner of person." *Manner person* was an idiom of the time, and S. may have used it here. Cf. *Rev.* xviii. 12.

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SCENE VI.—*Enter a Scrivener.* A *scrivener* was a professional *scribe*, or writer of legal documents. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 4. 59: "My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently" (that is, to write the marriage contract).

There is hardly a line of this speech in which the quarto and folio readings do not differ; but the variations are not worth recording, except perhaps "blind" for the folio *bold* in 12 (W.).

3. *In Paul's.* That is, in Old St. Paul's Cathedral. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 154, and cf. i. 2. 30 above. Lawson takes *Paul's* here to be "St. Paul's Cross, where a pulpit was erected from which the citizens of London were addressed on important occasions."

7. *Precedent.* The first draft, from which this copy was *engrossed.*

9. *Untainted.* Unaccused.

10. *A good world the while.* See on ii. 3. 8 above. *Gross*=dull, stupid; as in *W. T.* i. 2. 301, etc.

12. *In thought.* "That is, in silence, without notice or detection" (Johnson).

SCENE VII.—1. *How now, how now?* The quartos have "How now, my lord?"

5. *Contract.* The noun is accented by S. on either syllable, the verb only on the second.

Lady Lucy was Elizabeth Lucy, the daughter of one Wyat, and the wife of one Lucy, who had been a mistress of the king before his marriage. In order to prevent this marriage, his mother alleged that there was a contract between him and dame Lucy; but on being sworn to speak the truth she declared that the king had not been affianced to her, though she admitted his intimacy with her (Malone).

12. *Infer.* See on iii. 5. 74 above.

13. *Idea.* Image; as in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 226, and *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 69, the only other instances of the word in S.

24. *They spake not a word.* These words are not in the quartos.

25. *Statuas.* The word is "statues" in all the early eds.; but as the Latin form of the word was in use in the poet's time, the majority of the editors follow Reed and Steevens in adopting it here. See also *J. C.* p. 152, note on *She dream'd to-night she saw my statua.*

Breathing is the reading of the 1st and 2d quartos and the folios; the other quartos have "breathlesse." Rowe substituted "unbreathing;" but the meaning obviously is, they were silent as statues though they had breath and might have spoken (Malone).

30. *Recorder.* According to Walker the accent is on the first syllable, but this is doubtful. See Gr. 492.

37. *And thus*, etc. This line is not in the quartos. *Vantage*=advantage; as in i. 3. 310 above and v. 2. 22, v. 3. 15 below.

42, 43. *What tongueless blocks*, etc. Between these two lines the quartos insert "*Buck.* No, by my troth, my lord."

44. *Intend.* Pretend. See on iii. 5. 8 above.

48. *Ground . . . descant.* These are musical terms: the former signifying the "plain-song" or theme; the latter, the adding of other parts thereto. W., in a note on *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 94, quotes Morley, *Plaine and*

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Easie Introduction to Practical Musicke, 1597: "when a man talketh of a descanter it must be understood of one that can extempore sing a part upon a playne song;" and Phillips, *New World of Words:* "Descant (in Musick) signifies the Art of Composing in several parts," etc. Florio defines *Contrapunto* as "a counterpoint; also a descant in musicke or singing." The editors generally have followed Malone in explaining *descant* as the "variations" on an air; but, according to W., this kind of musical composition was unknown in the time of S.

50. *Answer nay, and take it.* Cf. the old ballad in Percy's *Reliques:*

> "As maids that know themselves beloved
> And yieldingly resist;"

and Byron, *Don Juan:* "And saying 'I will ne'er consent,'—consented."

51. *And if you plead*, etc. "If you speak for them as plausibly as I in my own person, or for my own purposes, shall seem to deny your suit, there is no doubt but we shall bring all to a happy issue" (Steevens). Clarke would refer *them* to "requests," but it seems quite as well to make it = the citizens, as Steevens does.

54. *The leads.* That is, the flat roof covered with lead. We take it to mean *upon* the roof, and not "up to the roof, or close under the eaves," as H. explains it. Cf. *Cor.* ii. 1. 227:

> "Stalls, bulks, windows
> Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
> With variable complexions, all agreeing
> In earnestness to see him."

56. *Withal.* "An emphatic form of *with*" (Gr. 196).

71. *Love-bed.* The quartos have "day-bed" (see *T. N.* p. 143), which is retained by some editors.

75. *Engross.* Make gross, pamper.

80. *Defend.* Forbid. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 98: "God defend the lute should be like the case." See also *Id.* iv. 2. 21, etc.

93. *Zealous.* Pious, religious. See *K. John*, p. 148.

98. *Ornament.* The folios have "ornaments;" corrected by D. This line and the preceding are not in the quartos.

To know a holy man. That is, to know him *by*. For similar ellipsis of the preposition, cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 91:

> "What conjuration and what mighty magic—
> For such proceeding I am charg'd withal—
> I won his daughter."

See also Gr. 202.

111. *Disgracious.* S. uses the word only here and in iv. 4. 178 below.

117. *Majestical.* Used by S. oftener than *majestic.* Cf. *Ham.* p. 176.

119. *Your state*, etc. The line is not in the quartos.

124. *Her proper.* The reading of the 1st and 2d quartos; "his" in all the other early eds. In the next line all the quartos have *Her*, the folios "His."

126. *Graft.* Not a contraction of *grafted*, but from the verb *graff*, for which see *A. Y. L.* p. 171 or *2 Hen. IV.* p. 200. On Shakespeare's knowledge of gardening, see *W. T.* p. 190.

127. *Shoulder'd in.* Pushed or thrust into. S. uses the verb only here

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and in 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 189: "This shouldering of each other in the court." For *in*=into, see on i. 2. 261 above. Some have taken *shoulder'd* to be=immersed to the shoulders.

129. *Recure.* Restore to health. Cf. *V. and A.* 465: "A smile recures the wounding of a frown;" and *Sonn.* 45. 9: "Until life's composition be recur'd." So *unrecuring*=past cure, incurable, in *T. A.* iii. 1. 90: "Some unrecuring wound."

135. *Empery.* Empire. See *Hen. V.* p. 150.

143–152. *If not . . . answer you.* These lines are not in the quartos.

146. *Fondly.* Unwisely. Cf. *fond* in iii. 4. 80 above.

154. *Unmeritable.* "Unmeriting" (*Cor.* ii. 1. 47), devoid of merit; as in *J. C.* iv. 1. 12: "a slight unmeritable man." Cf. Gr. 3.

156. *And that.* And if that, and if. Gr. 285.

157. *The ripe revenue*, etc. "That which comes to me in right of greater maturity in age and judgment; Gloster thus comparing his own claims to the crown with those of the young prince his nephew, to whom he afterwards alludes in the words 'royal *fruit*,' and so continuing the same figure of speech" (Clarke).

On the accent of *revenue* in S., see *M. N. D.* p. 125.

165. *And much I need*, etc. "And I *want much* of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were needed" (Johnson). Clarke believes it also includes the meaning, craftily implied, "And much I ought to help you, if you need help."

167. *Stealing.* That is, stealing on, moving imperceptibly.

172. *Defend.* See on 80 above.

174. *The respects thereof*, etc. The considerations or motives that influence you are over-scrupulous and of little weight. On *nice*, cf. *L. C.* 97:

> "And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
> If best were as it was, or best without."

178. *Contract.* Contracted, affianced. For the form, see Gr. 342. Cf. *acquit* in v. 4. 16 below.

180. *By substitute.* By proxy; according to the custom of the times. Cf. the reference in Longfellow's *Belfry of Bruges* to the proxy-wedding of the Archduke Maximilian and Marie de Valois in 1477; and see the author's note on the passage.

181. *Bona.* "Daughter to the Duke of Savoy, and sister to Charlotte, wife to Louis XI. King of France" (Malone).

183. *A many.* A form like *a few*, but now obsolete. See *Hen. V.* p. 170. Gr. 87. For *sons* the quartos have "children."

188. *Declension.* Decline, degradation. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 165.

"*Bigamy*, by a canon of the Council of Lyons, A.D. 1274 (adopted in England by a statute in 4 Edward I.), was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow" (Blackstone). S. uses the word nowhere else.

190. *Whom our manners call*, etc. Whom by courtesy we call, etc.

192. *To some alive.* Hinting at the Duchess of York, the mother of Edward and Richard. Cf. iii. 5. 92 above.

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201. *Refuse not*, etc. This line is not in the quartos.

210. *Effeminate remorse.* Feminine pity. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 2. 54:

> "If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
> As mine is to him;"

Id. v. 1. 100: "My sisterly remorse," etc. See also on i. 2. 157 above.

218. *Come, citizens*, etc. The quartos read:

> "Come citizens, zounds, Ile entreat no more.
> "*Glo.* O do not sweare my lord of Buckingham."

W. remarks: "It is quite probable that the passage was originally written thus, and that the change was made by Shakespeare because it made Gloster overdo his hypocrisy; for *zounds* was a common and venial expletive in Shakespeare's time. If, as Mr. Collier suggests, the *zounds* was struck out only in consequence of the statute 3 Jac. I., we should restore the reading of the quarto; for the removal of the quasi oath of course required the removal of the remonstrance." On the omission of *zounds* and similar oaths in the folio, see *Oth.* p. 11.

Exit Buckingham, etc. "The proper stage-directions for this passage were first supplied by Mr. Dyce. The quartos have no directions; the folio, in the careless manner common in old dramatic publications, has '*Exeunt*,' and afterwards, '*Enter Buckingham, and the rest.*' But clearly, from Catesby's entreaty and Richard's reply, there was an audience left for his hypocrisy" (W.).

220. *If you deny them*, etc. In the quartos this line is given to another speaker, and reads "*Ano.* Do, good my lord, lest all the land do rue it."

227. *Whether.* The folio has "where," and some follow Steevens in reading "whe'r." See Gr. 466.

231. *Mere enforcement.* Absolute compulsion. See *J. C.* p. 129 (note on *Merely upon myself*) or *Temp.* p. 111 (note on *We are merely cheated*). On *enforcement*, cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 166.

Acquittance. Acquit; the only instance of the verb in S.

237. *Royal.* The quartos have "kingly," and in the next line "royal" for *worthy*. There are many such petty variations above which we have not noted.

243. *And so*, etc. The quartos omit this line.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—1. *Niece.* Here=granddaughter. So *nephew*=grandchild (*Oth.* i. 1. 112) and cousin (1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 64 and *T. and C.* i. 2. 13). See also on *cousin*, ii. 2. 8 above.

2–6. *Led . . . day.* These lines are not in the quartos.

5. *God give*, etc. Malone remarks of this reappearance of Anne: "We have not seen this lady since the second scene of the first act, in which she promised to meet Richard at Crosby Place. She was married about the year 1472." The portrait of Anne is from the Warwick Roll in the Heralds' College. It "presents us with the peculiar head-dress characterizing this period, namely a cap or caul of gold embroidery, covered by a

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veil of some very transparent material, stiffened out in the form of wings" (K.).

QUEEN ANNE.

9. *Like . . . as.* Cf. *T. and C.* prol. 25: "In like conditions as our argument," etc.

10. *Gratulate.* Congratulate, greet. Cf. *T. A.* i. 1. 221: "And gratulate his safe return to Rome;" and *T. of A.* i. 2. 131: "To gratulate thy plenteous bosom."

14. *How doth*, etc. The line in the quartos is simply "How fares the Prince?"

15. *Patience.* A trisyllable; as in i. 3. 248 above. See also 1 *Hen. IV.* pp. 153, 175.

18. *The king*, etc. The quarto reading is:

> "*Q. Eliz.* The king! why, who's that?
> "*Brak.* I cry you mercy: I mean the lord protector."

20. *Between.* The quartos have "betwixt," and in the next line "should keep" for *shall bar.* There are many such trifling variations in the remainder of the scene.

24. *Sights.* For the plural cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 314: "Whither you will, so I were from your sights;" and see note in our ed. p. 206. The quartos have simply "Then feare not thou."

26. *Leave it.* "That is, resign my office" (Johnson).

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35. *Dead-killing.* Cf. *R. of L.* 540: "a cockatrice' dead-killing eye." We have "kill her dead" in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 269. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 194.

36. *Despiteful*, etc. The line is not in the quartos.

45. *Thrall.* Slave; as in *Sonn.* 154. 12: "I, my mistress' thrall," etc. See also *Macb.* p. 225.

49. *My son.* That is, son to Margaret, Countess of Richmond, whose third husband Stanley was.

55. *Whose unavoided eye*, etc. See on i. 2. 152 above, and cf. the quotation in note on 35 just above.

58. *Inclusive verge.* Enclosing circle. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 102: "incaged in so small a verge" (that is, the crown, as here).

60. *Red-hot steel.* Steevens sees here an allusion to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide by placing a red-hot iron crown on his head. Cf. Goldsmith, *Traveller*, 436: "Luke's iron crown;" and see our ed. p. 121.

65. *No! why?* The *why* is not in the quartos. W. prints "No why?" which he explains as="Why not?" For "No had?" and similar instances of *no* with a *verb*, see *K. John*, p. 167; but we are not aware of any examples of such use of the negative with *why*, etc.

74. *If any be so mad.* That is, so mad as to become thy wife.

75. *Life.* The quartos have "death."

79. *Honey.* Often used by S. as an adjective; as in *V. and A.* 16, *Sonn.* 65. 5, *Temp.* iv. 1. 79, etc. See also *R. and J.* p. 177, note on *Honey nurse. Honeyed* occurs only in *Hen. V.* i. 1. 50.

82. *Hour.* A dissyllable; as in v. 3. 31 below. Gr. 480.

83. *The golden dew of sleep.* Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 230: "the honey-heavy dew of slumber."

84. *His timorous dreams.* "Not only is this characteristic touch confirmed by historical accounts of Richard's disturbed nights, but the dramatist has given it consistency and forcible effect of climax by the impressive picture presented to our sight in the waking words uttered by this guilt-burdened soul in starting from sleep in v. 3" (Clarke).

91. *Go thou*, etc. The 2d folio reads: "*Duc. Yorke.* Go to Richmond, to Dorset, to Anne, to the Queene, and good fortune guide thee," etc. In the margin of the 1st folio, from which the 2d was printed, some one had evidently inserted the stage-directions "to Dorset," "to Anne," and "to the Queene," which the printer took to be additions to the text. The error is repeated in the 3d folio, but corrected in the 4th (Camb. ed.).

95. *Eighty odd years*, etc. Malone remarks: "Shakespeare has here, I believe, spoken at random. The present scene is in 1483. Richard, Duke of York, the husband of this lady, had he then been living, would have been but seventy-three years old, and we may reasonably suppose that his Duchess was younger than he was. Nor did she go speedily to her grave. She lived till 1495."

96. *Teen.* Sorrow. See *R. and J.* p. 150 or *Temp.* p. 113.

97–103. *Stay yet . . . farewell.* These lines are not in the quartos.

101. *Nurse . . . playfellow.* Johnson remarks: "To call the Tower *nurse* and *playfellow* is very harsh: perhaps part of the speech is addressed to the Tower and part to the Lieutenant." Malone replies that S. was only thinking of the children as "being constrained to carry on

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their daily pastime and to receive their daily nutriment within its walls, and hence, with his usual licentiousness of metaphor, calls the edifice itself their playfellow and nurse." Neither of the critics seems to have appreciated the maternal pathos and poetry of the passage. It is not Shakespeare who speaks, but the mother, whose heart bleeds at the thought of the rough exchange for cradle and nurse and playfellow that is given them in these ancient stones. How can any one read the lines, and not have all the mother come into his eyes (*Hen. V.* iv. 6. 31), as it did into the poet's heart and pen! And yet Monk Mason says that "the last line of the speech proves that the whole of it is address'd to the Tower, and *apologizes for the absurdity of that address* by attributing it to sorrow" (the italics are ours). When will three such critics meet again on one "Variorum" page?

SCENE II.—8. *Touch.* Touchstone. Cf. *Per.* ii. 2. 37: "gold that 's by the touchstone tried;" and see also 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 193, note on *Must bide the touch.*

15. *Consequence.* Sequel. Cf. iv. 4. 6 below.

24. *Some little breath, some pause, dear lord.* The quartos have "some breath, some little pause, my lord;" and in the following lines,

> "Before I positively speak herein:
> I will resolve your grace immediately."

26. *Resolve.* Satisfy, inform, or nearly = answer. Cf. 116 and iv. 5. 20 below. See also *J. C.* p. 158, note on *Be resolv'd.*

27. *He gnaws his lip.* The old historians say that this was Richard's habit when he was thoughtful or angry.

28. *Iron-witted.* "Unfeeling, insensible" (Schmidt). Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 5. 126: "I will dry-beat you with an iron wit," etc.

29. *Unrespective.* "Devoid of respect and consideration, regardless, unthinking" (Schmidt). S. uses the word only here and in *T. and C.* ii. 2. 71.

35. *Close.* Secret. See on i. 1. 158 above.

42. *Witty.* Cunning, artful; as in *Much Ado*, iv. 2. 27: "A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him." "Richard is sneering at Buckingham's pretensions to adroitness and skill in fraud" (Clarke).

45. *Well, be it so.* These words are not in the quartos.

47–52. *Know, my loving lord*, etc. The 1st quarto reads thus:

> "*Darby.* My Lord, I heare the Marques Dorset
> Is fled to Richmond, in those partes beyond the seas where he abides.
> "*King.* Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
> "*King.* Rumor it abroad
> That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die," etc.

The 1st folio has:

> "*Stanley.* Know my louing Lord, the Marquesse *Dorset*
> As I heare, is fled to *Richmond*,
> In the parts where he abides.
> "*Rich.* Come hither *Catesby*, rumor it abroad,
> That *Anne* my Wife is very grieuous sicke," etc.

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The arrangement of the lines in the text is due to Pope and Steevens. The former omitted *loving*, which the latter restored.

52. *Take order.* Give order, take measures. See on iii. 5. 105 above.

54. *Whom I will marry*, etc. See on iv. 3. 37 below.

55. *The boy is foolish.* Polydore Virgil (quoted by Malone) describes him as an idiot, "qui gallinam ab ansere non facile internosceret;" but this appears to have been because his education had been entirely neglected rather than from any natural defect.

58. *It stands me much upon.* It is important for me, it concerns me. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 63: "Does it not, thinks 't thee, stand me now upon . . . To quit him with this arm?" and see note in our ed. p. 269. Gr. 204.

63. *But I am in*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 136:

> "I am in blood
> Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er;"

and *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 47:

> "If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
> Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
> And kill me too."

For *pluck on*, cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 57: "And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France," etc. See also *T. N.* p. 168.

65. *Tear-falling.* Tear-dropping. For the transitive use of *fall*, see on i. 3. 353 above.

66. *Is thy name Tyrrel?* This Tyrrel was executed for high treason in the beginning of the reign of Henry VII.

Steevens calls attention to the fact that, according to More, the king at this interview with Tyrrel "was sitting on a draught." In Eastwood and Wright's *Bible Word-Book*, the passage is quoted in the note on *draught-house* (2 *Kings*, x. 27) and *draught* (*Matt.* xv. 17, *Mark*, vii. 19).

73. *Deal upon.* Deal with; used by S. only here. In *A. and C.* iii. 11. 39, "Dealt on lieutenantry"=acted by deputy.

80. *Prefer.* Advance, promote. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iv. 1. 102: "Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary," etc. The quartos read here:

> "And I will love thee, and prefere thee too.
> "*Tir.* 'T is done my gracious lord.
> "*King.* Shall we heare from the *Tirrel* ere we sleep?
>
> "*Enter Buckingham.*
>
> "*Tir.* Ye shall my Lord."

88. *Pawn'd.* Pledged. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 185.

96. *Peevish.* See on i. 3. 194 above.

98–115. *My lord . . . to-day.* These lines are in the quartos, but not in the folios. It is not easy to account for their omission in the latter, as they are clearly Shakespeare's, and it is hardly conceivable that he would strike them out in revising the play.

99. *How chance*, etc. How chances it, etc. See *M. N. D.* p. 128.

100. *I being by.* Malone notes that Richard was not by when Henry uttered the prophecy. See 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 6. 68 fol. Malone believes this to have been an oversight on the poet's part; but it is quite as likely, as

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Clarke suggests, that he means to "give effect to Richard's scoff by making him misstate the attendant circumstances of the prophecy."

104. *Rougemont.* Reed notes that Hooker, writing in Elizabeth's time, mentions this as "a very old and antient castle, named Rugemont; that is to say, the Red Hill, taking that name of the red soil or earth whereupon it is situated." He adds that it "was first built, as some think, by Julius Cæsar, but rather, and in truth, by the Romans after him." However that may have been, it was either rebuilt or much repaired by William the Conqueror, who gave it to Baldwin de Briono, husband of his niece Albrina, in the possession of whose descendants it remained until the time of Henry III., who seized it for himself. It was dismantled during the Civil War, and has not since been rebuilt. Its remains are still to be seen on a high hill to the north of the city.

113. *A Jack.* That is, a "Jack o' the clock" (see *Rich. II.* p. 218), a figure that struck the hours, like the two bronze statues on the Clock Tower at Venice.

116. *Resolve me.* See on 26 above.

121. *Brecknock.* That is, Brecknock Castle in South Wales. It was built in 1094 by Bernard Newmarch, a relative of the Conqueror, and enlarged by Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford. The keep, which is now the chief remnant of it, is called Ely Tower from having been the prison of the Bishop of Ely who figures in this play; and here the marriage between the Earl of Richmond and Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., was first planned. The castle and the walls of the town of Brecon (or Brecknock) were destroyed by the inhabitants during the Civil War, to avoid the expense of maintaining and defending them.

SCENE III.—1. *Act.* The quartos have "deed," and "act" for *deed* in the next line.

5. *This piece of ruthful butchery.* The 1st and 2d quartos have "ruthless piece of;" the later quartos "ruthfull piece of." For *ruthful*=piteous, cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 95: "these ruthful deeds;" and *T. and C.* v. 3. 48: "ruthful work." So *pitiful* is used in the double sense of compassionate and exciting compassion. In like manner, as W. remarks, "we now say, with the same force, either a shameful deed or a shameless deed; in one instance meaning that the act causes shame in the observer—in the other, that it shows a lack of shame in the performer. So the same act may be characterized as pitiful, sorrowful, ruthful, or pitiless, sorrowless, ruthless."

6. *Flesh'd.* Cruel, hardened. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 11: "the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart."

11. *Alabaster innocent.* The quartos have "innocent alabaster," and in 13 "Which" for *And.*

14. *Prayers.* A dissyllable; as in iii. 7. 97 above.

18. *Replenished.* Complete, consummate; as in *W. T.* ii. 1. 79: "The most replenish'd villain in the world."

19. *Prime.* First; as in *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 162: "The prime man of the state." In the same play we find the comparative *primer* (i. 2. 67) and the superlative *primest* (ii. 4. 229).

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20. *Hence both*, etc. The 1st and 2d quartos have "Thus both," etc.; the other quartos omit the line. Schmidt makes *gone with*=overcome with; as in *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 184: "York is too far gone with grief;" but, with the folio text, *gone* may as naturally be joined with *hence*. J. H. explains *hence* as=hereupon. On *remorse*, cf. i. 4. 107 and iii. 7. 210 above.

22. *This tidings*. S. makes *tidings* (like *news*) either singular or plural. See *R. and J.* p. 195.

30. *But where*, etc. The quartos read "But how or in what place I do not know." The "Bloody Tower" (see p. 164) is now pointed out as the scene of the murder of the princes; but there is no proof that it occurred there, and previous to the reign of Elizabeth the place was called the "Garden Tower," because it adjoined what was then the constable's garden. A very old tradition, however, marks the angle at the right of the gate seen in the cut as the place of the hasty burial of the princes by Dighton and Forrest. According to the old historians, they were subsequently interred elsewhere by a priest under the direction of Brakenbury. In 1674 some bones were found under a staircase in the White Tower (as an inscription now records) which were buried by Charles II. in Westminster Abbey as those of the murdered princes. They were found in a wooden chest some ten feet under ground.

31. *Soon, and after supper*. The quartos have "soon at after supper." Clarke gives "soon at after-supper." For *after-supper*, see 2 *Hen. IV.* pp. 166, 200.

37. *Match'd in marriage*. To Sir Richard Pole, by whom she had a son who afterwards became Cardinal Pole. See on iii. 5. 106 above.

40. *For*. Because, since. See on i. 1. 58 above.

The Breton Richmond. He calls Richmond so because after the battle of Tewksbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II., Duke of Bretagne (Malone).

46. *Morton*. The Bishop of Ely. See on iii. 4. 31 above.

47. *With*. By; as often. Gr. 193.

51. *Fearful commenting*, etc. "Timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dull attendants on delay" (Johnson). For *fearful*=full of fear, cf. iv. 2. 121 above, and iv. 4. 313, v. 1. 18, and v. 3. 182 below.

55. *Mercury*. Cf. ii. 1. 88 above.

56. *My counsel is my shield*. That is, action, and not deliberation, shall be my policy.

SCENE IV.—5. *Induction*. See on i. 1. 32 above.

8. *Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret*, etc. Verplanck remarks: "In this scene we take leave of Margaret of Anjou, that 'she-wolf of France,' who has been almost as much the presiding evil genius of the last two parts of *Henry VI.* as Richard is of this. Mrs. Jameson, who was led to a partial adoption of Malone's opinion on the three parts of *Henry VI.*, not so much from his argument as from their appearing to her to 'have less of poetry and passion, and more of unnecessary verbiage and inflated language, than the rest of Shakespeare's plays,' finds an additional and original argument in the character of Queen Margaret. Her criticism on the style is just, but she would hardly have drawn her inference from it

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if she had been aware that the evidence shows these to be the productions of the immature and unpractised Shakespeare, beginning to form for himself and his country the historic drama. Her other argument, which she considers 'the most conclusive of all to those who have studied Shakespeare in his own spirit,' is thus stated: 'Margaret, as exhibited in these tragedies, is a dramatic portrait of considerable truth and vigour and consistency; but she is not one of Shakespeare's women. He who knew so well in what true greatness of spirit consisted—who could excite our respect and sympathy, even for a Lady Macbeth, would never have given us a heroine without a touch of heroism; he would not have portrayed a high-hearted woman struggling unsubdued against the strangest vicissitudes of fortune; meeting reverses and disasters, such as would have broken the most masculine spirit, with unbroken constancy —yet left her without a single personal quality which would excite our interest in her bravely endured misfortunes; and this in the very face of history. He would not have given us, in lieu of the magnanimous queen, a mere "Amazonian trull," with every coarser feature of depravity and ferocity; he would have redeemed her from unmingled detestation; he would have breathed into her some of his own sweet spirit; he would have given the woman a soul.'

"Now, as we here find that, in *Richard III.*, all these characteristics of Margaret are adopted and recapitulated, it is clear that this argument against the character being Shakespeare's destroys itself by proving too much; for it would prove that this play too is by some other hand than his, which no one can assert, in the wildest mood of critical conjecture. Shakespeare might certainly have given a higher and more heroic cast to Margaret of Anjou; but the truth evidently is, that having, partly from the intimation of the chroniclers, very probably (as Courtenay suggests) from uncontradicted and universally believed tradition, adopted, in spite of his imputed Lancastrian prejudices, this view of Margaret's ferocity, cruelty, and conjugal infidelity, he must have seen that he could not breathe into such a personage 'his own sweet spirit,' any more than into Goneril, Regan, or the queen of *Cymbeline*, and therefore placed her in bold and unmitigated contrast to the mild virtues of the 'holy Henry.' The comparison of Margaret with Lady Macbeth suggests a deep moral truth, which must have been in the poet's mind, though he has not embodied it in formal moral declamation. Our interest in Lady Macbeth is kept up, in spite of her crimes, by her unflagging and devoted attachment to her husband, and their mutual and touching confidence and solace in each other, even in guilt as well as in sorrow. Margaret has no communion with Henry's heart; she scorns him, and her affections roam elsewhere. That last redeeming virtue of woman being lost, Margaret has nothing left but her talent and courage; and those qualities alone cannot impart the respect and sympathy which we continue to feel for the guilty but nobler wife of Macbeth."

10. *Unblown.* The 1st folio has "vnblowed," for which the compositor is doubtless responsible.

15. *Right for right.* Retributive justice. Cf. 141 below. V. remarks: "In i. 3. Margaret was reproached with the murder of young Rutland,

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and the death of her husband and son were imputed to divine vengeance roused by that wicked act. 'So just is God to right the innocent.' Margaret now means to say, 'The right of me, an injured mother, whose son was slain at Tewksbury, has now operated as powerfully as that right which the death of Rutland gave you to divine justice, and has destroyed your children in their turn.'"

20. *Quit.* "Here used to express comprehensively 'requite the death of' and 'acquit the crime of'" (Clarke). See *Rich. II.* p. 208 or *Ham.* p. 269.

23. *In.* See on i. 2. 261 above.

24. *When didst*, etc. When ere now didst, etc. The editor of the 2d folio, not seeing the meaning, changed *When* to "Why."

28. *Record.* For the accent, see on iii. 1. 72 above.

35. *Ancient.* Old, long-standing. See on iii. 1. 182 above.

Reverent. Reverend. The two words are used indiscriminately in the early eds.

36. *Seniory.* Seniority. In the early eds. it is spelt "signorie," "signiorie," "signeurie," "signeury," etc.

41. *Harry.* The quartos have "Richard" and the folios "husband." *Harry* is the reading of the Camb. editors, and seems preferable to Capell's conjecture of "Henry," which is generally adopted. W. retains "husband."

45. *Holp'st.* See on i. 2. 108 above.

47. *From forth the kennel*, etc. Apparently an allusion to the myth of Scylla.

49. *That had his teeth*, etc. See on ii. 4. 28 above.

52, 53. *That excellent*, etc. These two lines are not in the quartos, and are accidentally transposed in the folios. Capell corrected the arrangement. *Excellent*=pre-eminent. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 1. 40: "Excellent falsehood!"

53. *Galled eyes.* Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 155: "her galled eyes;" and *T. and C.* v. 3. 55: "Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears."

56. *Carnal.* Bloodthirsty. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 133:

> "the wild dog
> Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent."

58. *Pew-fellow.* Companion. Steevens cites, among other contemporaneous instances of the word, Dekker and Webster's *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "He would make him pue-fellow with a lord's steward at the least."

65. *Boot.* Something *given to boot* (cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 40), or into the bargain.

69. *Adulterate.* Used by S. oftener than *adulterous*. See *Ham.* p. 195.

71. *Intelligencer.* Agent. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 184.

72. *Their. Hell* is here personified as plural, as *heaven* is in several instances. See *Rich. II.* p. 157, note on *They see.*

76. *From hence.* The quartos have "away."

77. *Cancel his bond of life.* For the metaphor, cf. *Macb.* iii. 2. 49:

> "Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
> That keeps me pale;"

and *Cymb.* v. 4. 27:

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"take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds."

81. *Bottled spider.* See on i. 3. 242 above.

84. *Presentation.* Show, semblance; as in *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 112: "He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit."

85. *Index.* Prelude. See on ii. 2. 148 above. Here it means either the spoken prologue or, as Steevens makes it, the printed programme, of a *pageant* or dumb-show. Schmidt suggests that the pageants "were perhaps introduced and explained by painted emblems;" or, as others suppose, a painted cloth was hung up outside as an advertisement of the show. For *pageant* in this sense, cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 155, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 114, *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 138, iii. 4. 55, etc.

86. *A-high.* On high. Gr. 24.

88–90. *A dream . . . a bubble.* The quartos read:

"A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous shot."

For *garish*=gaudy, bright, see *R. and J.* p. 186, note on *The garish sun.* In the last line there is an allusion "to the dangerous situation of those to whose care the standards of armies were intrusted" (Steevens).

91. *Scene.* Used in the theatrical sense; as in 27 above. See also ii. 2. 38 above.

92. *Where be,* etc. This use of *be* is "especially frequent in questions of appeal" (Gr. 299).

97. *Decline all this.* That is, run through all this from first to last; as in *declining,* or giving the cases of a noun, in grammar (Malone). Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 55: "I 'll decline the whole question." The word is used in the literal sense in *M. W.* iv. 1. 42.

100. *For one being sued to,* etc. The quartos transpose this line and the next.

101. *Caitiff.* For the feminine use, cf. *A. W.* iii. 2. 117 and *Oth.* iv. 1. 109. See *Oth.* p. 197.

103. *For one being fear'd,* etc. This line is not in the quartos, which transpose 102 and 104. In 102, 103, and 104, the folios misprint "she" for *one.*

105. *Wheel'd.* The quarto reading; the folios have "whirl'd."

112. *Wearied head.* The quartos have "weary ("wearied" in 6th, 7th, and 8th) necke."

120. *Sweeter.* The quartos have "fairer," and in 87 above "sweet" for *fair.* W. remarks: "This double change in counterpart could not have been accidental; and, indeed, it is far more natural and touching to use *fair* in the mere descriptive allusion to the babes, and *sweet* in describing a mother's memory of them."

122. *Bettering.* Magnifying. Some eds. print "bad-causer."

127. *Windy attorneys,* etc. "Meaning that words are but breathing exponents of grief, are but successors to joy that is dead and that has died without a will, bequeathing nothing" (Clarke).

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128. *Intestate.* The folios misprint "intestine."

135. *The trumpet sounds.* The quartos read "I hear his drum." For *exclaims*, see on i. 2. 52 above.

141. *Branded.* The quartos have "graven."

142. *Owed.* Owned, was rightful possessor of. See *K. John*, pp. 141, 145.

149. *A flourish*, etc. See p. 26 above.

152. *Entreat.* Treat; as elsewhere with *fair* or *fairly*. See *Rich. II.* iii. 1. 37, 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 271, *T. and C.* iv. 4. 115, etc.

157. *Impatience.* A quadrisyllable. Cf. *patience* in i. 3. 248 and iv. 1. 15 above.

158. *Condition.* Disposition, temper. See *Hen. V.* pp. 183, 186.

160. *O, let*, etc. The two speeches in this line are not in the quartos.

166. *Rood.* Cross. See on iii. 2. 75 above.

169. *Tetchy.* Touchy, fretful. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 1. 99: "And he 's as tetchy to be wooed to woo;" and *R. and J.* i. 3. 32: "To see it tetchy," etc.

172. *Thy age confirm'd.* Thy riper age.

173. *More mild*, etc. The line is not in the quartos.

Kind in hatred. Cf. what More says (p. 168 above): "outwardly companiable where he inwardly hated," etc.

175. *Grac'd me.* Blessed me, made me happy (Johnson).

176. *Humphrey Hour.* The critics have been in doubt whether this is the name of some person not mentioned by the chroniclers, or a cant personification of the breakfast *hour;* but it is probably the latter. Cf. the use of "Tom Troth" for *troth* or *truth*. Steevens quotes *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: "Gentlemen, time makes us brief: our old mistress, Houre, is at hand." He thinks there may be also an allusion to the old proverbial phrase of "dining with Duke Humphrey;" which is said to have originated in the fact that one of the aisles in St. Paul's Cathedral, called Duke Humphrey's Walk, was a place where those who had no means of getting a dinner used to loiter during the usual hour of the meal, as if detained by some business. Cf. Gabriel Harvey's *Foure Letters*, etc., 1592: "to seeke his dinner in Poules with Duke Humphrey: to licke dishes, to be a beggar;" and Nash, *Wonderful Prognostication*, etc., 1591: "Sundry fellowes in their silkes shall be appointed to keepe duke Humfrye company in Poules, because they know not where to get their dinners abroad." Duke Humphrey was buried at St. Albans, but, according to Stowe, there was in St. Paul's "a fair monument" to Sir John Bewcampe [Beauchamp], who died in 1358, and who "is by ignorant people misnamed to be Humphrey Duke of Gloster."

177. *Forth of.* Out of, away from. See on i. 3. 337 above; and cf. Gr. 156, 165.

178. *Disgracious.* See on iii. 7. 111 above. For *eye* the quartos have "sight."

179. *And not offend*, etc. The quartos read:

"and not offend your grace.
"*Duch.* O heare me speake for I shal neuer see thee more.
"*King.* Come, come, you are too bitter."

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183. *So.* Often used to express acquiescence or approbation=well. Cf. ii. 1. 1 above.

185. *Turn.* Return. See *A. Y. L.* p. 169.

186. *Extreme.* For the accent, see on iii. 5. 43 above.

190. *Complete.* Accented on the first syllable when it immediately precedes the noun, but not in the predicate (Schmidt). See *Ham.* p. 194.

191. *Prayers.* A dissyllable. See on iv. 3. 14 above. For *party*=part, side, see on iii. 2. 47 above.

193. *Whisper.* For the transitive use, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 4, *W. T.* i. 2. 437, iv. 4. 827, etc.

196. *Serves.* Waits upon, attends.

203. *Level.* Aim; a technical use of the word. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 239: "But if all aim but this be levell'd false;" 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 286: "the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife," etc.

205. *Gracious.* A trisyllable. See on 157 above.

212. *A royal princess.* The quartos have "of royal blood."

218. *Unavoided.* Unavoidable; as in *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 268: "And unavoided is the danger now;" and 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 5. 8: "A terrible and unavoided danger." The only instance of the ordinary sense in S. is iv. 1. 55 above.

222–235. *You speak . . . bosom.* These lines are not in the quartos.

226. *All indirectly gave direction.* Cf. *Ham.* ii. 1. 66: "By indirections find directions out;" and *K. John*, iii. 1. 276:

> "though indirect,
> Yet indirection thereby grows direct."

228. *Till it was whetted*, etc. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 108:

> "Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
> Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart;"

and *M. of V.* iv. 1. 123:

> "Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
> Thou mak'st thy knife keen."

230. *Still.* Continual, constant. Cf. the use of the adverb in *still-lasting*, 346 below.

232. *My nails*, etc. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 298:

> "I am not yet so low
> But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes;"

and 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 144:

> "Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
> I 'd set my ten commandments in your face."

In the latter case it is a duchess, as here a queen, that speaks. "Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."

237. *Dangerous success.* Doubtful issue. The quartos have "dangerous attempt of hostile armes" (cf. 400 below). For *success*, cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 340:

> "for the success,
> Although particular, shall give a scantling
> Of good or bad unto the general;"

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Id. ii. 2. 117: "Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause," etc. Some make *success*=succession (see *W. T.* p. 161).

245. *Type.* Badge, sign; not "exhibition, show, display," as Johnson explained it. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 121: "Thy father bears the type of King of Naples" (that is, the crown).

248. *Demise.* Bequeath, grant; the only instance of the word in S. The 2d folio has "devise."

251. *Lethe.* For other allusions to the river of oblivion, see *Ham.* p. 195.

259. *From.* The queen plays upon the sense of "away from" (Gr. 158) which the preposition often had. See *T. N.* p. 130.

276. *Sometime.* Once. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 333: "that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd," etc.

On the passage, cf. i. 3. 174 fol. above. See also 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 79 fol.

278, 279. *Which, say to her . . . brothers' bodies.* This is not in the quartos. The folios have "brothers body;" corrected by Warb.

280. *Wipe . . . withal.* The quartos have "dry . . . therewith," and in 282 "story . . . acts" for *letter . . . deeds.* We give only occasional samples of these little variations in the two texts.

290–344. *Say . . . years?* This is the longest of the passages found in the folios, but not in the quartos. See p. 10 above.

299. *Quicken.* Give life to; as in *Temp.* iii. 1. 6: "quickens what 's dead," etc. Cf. the play on *quick* in 363 below, and see also on i. 2. 65 above.

304. *Mettle.* The 1st and 2d folios have "mettall," the 3d "mettle," the 4th "metal." The early eds. use *metal* and *mettle* without regard to the meaning. See *Rich. II.* p. 157.

306. *Bid.* Bore, endured; the past tense of *bide* (Johnson and Schmidt). Cf. *T. N.* ii. 4. 97:

> "There is no woman's sides
> Can bide the beating of so strong a passion," etc.

313. *Fearful.* Full of fear. See on i. 1. 11 above.

324. *Orient pearl.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 59, *A. and C.* i. 5. 41, *V. and A.* 981, and *P. P.* 133.

325. *Advantaging.* Increasing. For the verb, cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 34, *T. N.* iv. 2. 119, *J. C.* iii. 1. 242, etc. The folio misprints "Loue" for *loan.*

338. *Victress.* The spelling of the 4th folio; the earlier folios have "victoresse." It is the only instance of the word in S.

339. *Were I best?* Would it be best for me? See on i. 1. 100 above.

345. *Infer.* See on iii. 5. 74 above.

346. *Still-lasting.* Everlasting. See on 230 above. The hyphen is not in the early eds. and might perhaps be omitted.

348. *Which the king's King forbids.* Alluding to *Lev.* xviii. 14.

350. *Wail.* The quarto reading; the folios misprint "vaile" or "vail."

356. *Likes of it.* Likes it. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 4. 59: "I am your husband, if you like of me," etc. For the form of *likes* and *lengthens* in 355, see Gr. 336.

363. *Quick.* Hasty. In her reply the queen plays on the other sense of *quick*=living. Cf. the quibble in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 687.

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183. *Sa.* Often used to express acquiescence or approbation=well. Cf. ii. 1. 1 above.

185. *Turn.* Return. See *A. Y. L.* p. 169.

186. *Extreme.* For the accent, see on iii. 5. 43 above.

190. *Complete.* Accented on the first syllable when it immediately precedes the noun, but not in the predicate (Schmidt). See *Ham.* p. 194.

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and 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 144:

> "Could I come near your beauty with my nails
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In the latter case it is a duchess, as here a queen.

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i. 3. 340:

> Although particular, shall
> Of good or bad unto the

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Id. ii. 2. 117: "Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause," [illegible] some [illegible] *success*=succession (see *W. T.* p. 161).

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251. *Lethe.* For other allusions to the river [illegible] p. 195.

259. *From.* The queen plays upon the sense [illegible] which the preposition often had. See *T.* [illegible]

276. *Sometime.* Once. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 33 [illegible] sometime banish'd," etc.

On the passage, cf. i. 3. 174 fol. above [illegible]

278, 279. *Which, say to her . . . brother* [illegible] quartos. The folios have "brothers [illegible]

280. *Wipe . . . withal.* The quartos [illegible] 282 "story . . . acts" for *letter* . . . [illegible] ples of these little variations in the [illegible] *red,*

290–344. *Say . . . years?* This [illegible] ds to the folios, but not in the quartos [illegible]

299. *Quicken.* Give life to, a [illegible] dead," etc. Cf. the play on *qu*[illegible] a better above. [illegible] er daugh-

304. *Mettle.* The 1st and 2d [illegible] brother, the the 4th "metal." The [illegible] ward's issue the meaning. See *R*[illegible] nted of high

306. *Bid.* Bore [illegible] Richard himself" Cf. *T. N.* ii. 4. [illegible]

[illegible] stion, as W. does. If

313. [illegible] ny eds. and most of the

324. [illegible] be ironical. The *Welsh-*

[illegible] s Welsh descent. He was

[illegible] the king's mother, Queen

[illegible] nd husband, Owen Tudor, a

[illegible] mighty liege," and "are" for

[illegible] ave "Richard" for *me*, and in

[illegible] *Hen. IV.* p. 184. The quartos

[illegible] "nor ever." For the double

[illegible] in S. is regularly on the sec-

[illegible] Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 2. 212: "I was

[illegible] general dept," etc.

[illegible] used regularly only in the plural. See *A. Y. I.* [illegible] 17.

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368. *My George.* The medallion with the figure of St. George on horseback, which was part of the insignia of the Knights of the Garter. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 29: "Look on my George; I am a gentleman."

371. *His.* Its; as in the two following lines. Gr. 228.

376–378. *Then by myself,* etc. In the quartos the order of the oaths is: *Now by the world, My father's death, Then by myself.*

380–389. *If thou hadst fear'd,* etc. This passage is evidently corrupt in both the folio and the quarto texts, which we give below, indicating by italics (as W. does) the words in which they differ. The folio reads:

"If thou *didd'st feare* to breake an Oath *with* him,
The vnity the King my *husband* made,
Thou had'st not broken, nor my *Brothers died.*
If thou had'st fear'd to breake an oath by him,
Th' Imperiall mettall, circling now thy *head,*
Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,
Which now two tender *Bed*-fellowes for dust,
Thy broken Faith hath made *the* prey for Wormes.
What can'st thou sweare by now."

The quarto reads thus:

"If thou *hadst feard* to breake an oath *by* him,
The vnitie the king my *brother* made,
Had not beene broken, nor my *brother slaine.*
If thou hadst feard to breake an oath by him
The emperiall mettel circling now thy *brow,*
Had grast the tender temples of my childe,
And both the princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender *play*-fellowes *for* dust,
Thy broken faith hath made *a* praye for wormes."

392. *Hereafter.* Used adjectively; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 10: "hereafter ages."

394. *Ungovern'd.* That is, left with no one to *govern* or guide them.

398. *O'er-past.* The folio has "repast," the first letter of "ore-past" (its reading in 390 above) having been accidentally dropped.

404. *Opposite.* Opposed, adverse; as in 216 above. S. mentions *planets* nearly a score of times, but always with an astrological reference. Cf. *Much Ado,* v. 2. 41, *W. T.* i. 2. 201, ii. 1. 105, *Ham.* i. 1. 162, *Oth.* ii. 3. 182, etc.

407. *Tender.* Regard, hold dear. See on ii. 4. 72 above.

419. *Peevish found.* See on i. 3. 194 and iii. 1. 31 above. The 1st quarto has "pieuish, fond," the other quartos "peeuish, fond" or "peeuish fond." Some editors adopt Malone's conjecture of "peevish-fond."

426. *Shortly.* Perhaps a trisyllable, as Malone and Abbott (Gr. 477) make it. The next line is not in the quartos.

429. *Shallow, changing woman.* "Such was the real character of this queen dowager, who would have married her daughter to King Richard, and did all in her power to alienate the Marquis of Dorset, her son, from the Earl of Richmond" (Steevens).

432. *Puissant.* Always a dissyllable in S. On *puissance,* see *K. John,* p. 158.

436. *Hull.* Float, or, in nautical phrase, "lie to." See *T. N.* p. 131.

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441. *Convenient.* Suitable, befitting. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 5. 31:

"And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's," etc.

448. *Strength.* For *strength*=force, army, see 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 159; and for *power* in the same sense, *Id.* p. 150. Cf. also iv. 3. 50 above, and 531 and v. 3. 26 below.

454. *My mind is chang'd.* "Richard's precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders, and sudden variations of opinion" (Johnson). The quartos read here "My mind is chang'd, sir, my mind is chang'd;" followed, on the entrance of Stanley, by "How now, what news with you?"

457. *Heyday.* The early eds. have "Hoyday;" as in *T. and C.* v. 1. 73 (where, however, the quarto has "Heyday") and *T. of A.* i. 2. 137.

458. *What.* Why; as often before *need.* Cf. *R. of L.* 31: "What needeth then apologies be made?" *Cymb.* iii. 4. 34: "What shall I need to draw my sword?" etc.

Miles. The early quartos have "mile," for which cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 204.

459. *The nearest.* The quartos have "a nearer."

462. *White-liver'd runagate!* Cowardly vagabond! For *white-livered*, see *Hen. V.* p. 163, or 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 188. Some editors join the words to what follows instead of what precedes.

467. *Chair.* Throne; as in v. 3. 252 below.

469. *What heir of York*, etc. "There were other heirs who had a better title than Richard, as Malone remarked—Elizabeth and the other daughters of Edward IV., and Edward, son of Richard's elder brother, the Duke of Clarence; and although, as Ritson rejoined, Edward's issue had been pronounced illegitimate, and Clarence attainted of high treason, yet this was unjustly done by procurement of Richard himself" (W.).

471. *Makes.* Does. See on i. 3. 164 above.

474. *You cannot guess*, etc. We make this a question, as W. does. If a period be put at the end of the line, as in the early eds. and most of the modern ones, the sentence must be supposed to be ironical. The *Welshman* is a contemptuous reference to Richmond's Welsh descent. He was half-brother to Henry VI., being the son of the king's mother, Queen Katherine, widow of Henry V., by her second husband, Owen Tudor, a Welsh gentleman.

476. *My good lord.* The quartos have "mighty liege," and "are" for *be* (see on 92 above) in 478. In 482 they have "Richard" for *me*, and in 484 "sovereign" for *king*.

485. *Pleaseth.* If it pleaseth. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 184. The quartos have "Please it."

491. *Nor never.* "Corrected" by Pope to "nor ever." For the double negative, see Gr. 406.

497. *Advertised.* Informed. The accent in S. is regularly on the second syllable, and so with *advertisement.* Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 2. 212: "I was advertis'd their great general slept," etc.

500. *Moe.* More; used regularly only in the plural. See *A. Y. L.* p. 176. Cf. Gr. 17.

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502. *Competitors.* Confederates, associates. See *T. N.* p. 158.

503. *Flock*, etc. The quartos read: "Flock to their aid, and still their power increaseth."

507–511. *The news . . . whither.* The quartos read:

> "*Mes.* Your grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good
> My newes is that by sudden floud, and fall of water,
> The Duke of Buckinghams armie is disperst and scattered,
> And he himself fled, no man knowes whether.
> "*King.* O I crie you mercie, I did mistake.
> Ratcliffe reward him, for the blow I gaue him."

513. *Well-advised.* See on i. 3. 318 above.

524. *Upon his party.* See on iii. 2. 47 above.

525. *Hois'd.* The past tense of *hoise.* Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 169: "We 'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat;" and see *Ham.* p. 241, note on *Hoist.* The word here is spelt "hoist" in the quartos and "hoys'd" in the folios.

532. *Colder.* More unwelcome. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 237: "Cold news for me," etc.

News is spelt "newes" in the folios, but there is no reason for making it dissyllabic, as Schmidt does. He probably overlooked the fact that the folios have "news, but yet" in place of the "tidings, yet" of the quartos. *News* is plural here, as *they* shows; but it is singular just above, as often. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 198, note on *This news.* See also on iv. 3. 22 above.

533. *Reason.* Talk. See on i. 4. 154 above.

534. *Take order.* See on iv. 2. 52 above.

SCENE V.—1. *Sir Christopher.* This Urswick was a priest, and chaplain to the Countess of Richmond. He was afterwards almoner to Henry VII., and was offered the bishopric of Norwich, which he refused, and retired to Hackney, where he died in 1521. His monument is still to be seen in the church at Hackney. For *Sir* as a priestly title, see on iii. 2. 108 above.

3. *Frank'd up in hold.* Stied up in confinement. See on i. 3. 314 above.

5. *Holds off.* The quartos have "withholds."

7. *Withal, say*, etc. In the quartos this is put into Stanley's closing speech (19 below), which reads thus:

> "Return unto thy lord; commend me to him:
> Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
> He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
> These letters will resolve him of my mind.
> Farewell."

10. *Hertford West.* The folio reading; the 1st quarto has "Harford-west," and some of the other quartos "Herford-west."

14. *Redoubted.* Redoubtable, dread; as in *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 198, *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 14, etc.

15. *Rice ap Thomas.* The *ap* is Welsh = of, and in personal names = son of.

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17. *Bend their power.* Lead their forces. See on iv. 4. 448 above. The quartos have "bend their course."

20. *Resolve.* Inform. See on iv. 2. 26 above.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Salisbury.* The locality is not indicated in the early eds., but, according to Hall, the execution of Buckingham was at Salisbury.

1. *Will not King Richard,* etc. Steevens remarks: "The reason why Buckingham solicited an interview with the king is explained in *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 194:

> 'I would have play'd
> The part my father meant to act upon
> The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
> Made suit to come in 's presence; which, if granted,
> As he made semblance of his duty, would
> Have put his knife into him.'"

Hall and Holinshed also hint that this was his purpose.

2. *Patient.* A trisyllable. See on i. 3. 157 above.

19. *The determin'd respite of my wrongs.* The limit of the respite allowed me before being punished for the wrongs I have done. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 6. 9: "To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date;" that is, extended the time that had reached its limit.

20. *Which.* Whom; as in the Lord's Prayer. Gr. 265.

24. *In.* Into. See on i. 2. 261 above. The quartos have "on."

26. *When he,* etc. Cf. i. 3. 300 above.

28. *Lead me, officers.* The quartos have "sirs, convey me."

SCENE II.—*Oxford,* who enters with Richmond, was John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, a zealous Lancastrian, who after a long confinement in Hames Castle, Picardy, escaped thence in 1484, and joined the Earl of Richmond at Paris. He commanded the archers at the battle of Bosworth. *Sir James Blunt* had been captain of the castle of Hames, and assisted Oxford to escape (Malone).

3. *The bowels of the land.* Boswell remarks that this was once a common metaphor. He cites an instance of it from the Law Reports: "The plaintiff declared that he was possessed of a colliery . . . lying in the bowels of such a close."

7. *Wretched.* "Hateful, abominable" (Schmidt). The quartos have "reckless." Coll. says that *wretched* "could not have been Shakespeare's language;" but cf. *R. of L.* 999: "Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill" (where both *hands* and *blood* are Tarquin's).

13. *Tamworth.* "Tamworth tower and town" (*Marmion,* i. 11) are on the borders of Staffordshire and Warwickshire, about twenty miles due west of Leicester. The castle was founded by Robert de Marmion, a follower of the Conqueror, but was afterwards rebuilt on a higher site. It is still in good condition, and belongs to Marquis Townshend. See cut on p. 145 above.

17. *Men.* The quartos have "swords."

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21. *Dearest.* Most urgent. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 140, note on *This dear expedience.*

SCENE III.—9. *Traitors.* The quartos have "foe," and in the next line "greatest number" for *utmost power.*

11. *Battalia.* The quartos have "battalion." The only other instance of either form in S. is in *Ham.* iv. 5. 79: "But in battalions." *Battalia* is not the plural of *battalion*, but an old noun singular. See Wb. s. v.

"Richmond's forces are said to have been only five thousand; and Richard's army consisted of about twelve thousand men. But Lord Stanley lay at a small distance with three thousand men, and Richard may be supposed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwise" (Malone).

19. *Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond,* etc. W. remarks: "It should be remembered that the field was represented by a platform about as large as the floor of a drawing-room in a modern full-sized house. The representatives of Richard and Richmond were actually within easy conversational distance of each other, and could almost have shaken hands; and the tents, of course, occupied the same relative positions. Such were the arrangements of our primitive stage. We now, by the aid of scene-painters and carpenters, and at the sound of the prompter's whistle, separate the representatives of York and Lancaster by certain yards of coloured canvas, and our stage ghosts address themselves to Richard only; and there are those who, forgetting that the stage does not, never can, and should not if it could, represent the facts of real life, think that we have gained greatly by the change.

"*Sir William Brandon,* who bore Richmond's standard, was father to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married Mary, the sister of Henry VIII. and the widow of Louis XII. of France. The folio directs Dorset to enter here; but Dorset, at this time, was in pawn to a royal moneylender, Charles VIII. of France, for ready cash advanced to furnish Richmond forth. As Shakespeare quite surely knew this from the chronicles which he consulted in the preparation of the play, and as the mistake is one that might easily have crept into the prompter's book, being a mere stage-direction, it may be corrected without authority."

23–26. *Give me . . . power.* The quartos put this into the speech beginning with 44 below:

"*Rich.* Farewell, good Blunt.
Giue me some inke," etc.

They also omit 27 and 28.

24. *Model.* Outline, plan. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 158, or *Much Ado*, p. 127.

25. *Limit.* Appoint, assign. For *several*=separate, see on iii. 2. 76 above.

29. *Keeps.* Remains with. "*Regiment* was used in Shakespeare's time to mean any considerable body of men, under the regiment or command of one leader, and without reference to the number or organization of the troops that composed it" (W.).

40. *Sweet Blunt.* The quartos have "Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him;" which is a repetition of 30 above. W. remarks:

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"This passage affords a marked instance of the warm simplicity of phrase with which men addressed each other in Shakespeare's time. Lieutenant-General Scott, with all his courtesy, did not probably address General Worth as Sweet Worth, on the eve of the battle of Churubusco; and this difference in manners must be constantly borne in mind in reading Shakespeare's works—especially his *Sonnets*."

43. *And so*, etc. The line is not in the quartos.

46. *Dew*. The quartos have "air."

48. *Nine*. The quartos have "six," which many editors retain. V. observes: "This is on the authority of Steevens, who remarks that 'a supper at as late an hour as *nine* o'clock, in 1485, would have been a prodigy.' We know very well what the supper-hour of the higher classes at that period was. Harrison tells us (Preface to Holinshed), 'the nobilitie, gentrie, and students ordinarily go to dinner at *eleven* before noon, and to supper at *five*, or between five and six, at afternoone.' From this reason, I do not doubt that the poet wrote originally '*six* o'clock.' But, on revision, he saw that that hour would not agree with the context. The Earls of Pembroke and Surrey are said to have before gone through the army at 'cock-shut time,' or twilight, which in August, in that part of England (the battle of Bosworth Field was on August 22, 1485), when the sunset is after seven, would be much later than the time assigned for this scene. Besides, in the preceding scene, 'the weary sun' had already 'made a golden set;' and this scene, therefore, is long after six. It seems then that the poet, perceiving that the whole conduct of this scene required a later hour, and wishing to preserve the incident of Richard's refusing to sup, altered the time to what—though not the common supper hour of domestic life—might well be that of an army, which had just encamped, after a march. The insertion of *six* confuses the time of all this act."

49. *Beaver*. Here apparently=helmet. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 189.

58. *Catesby!* This is the reading of the quartos, though, by a misprint, they assign the reply to "*Rat.*" instead of "*Cat.*" Pope corrected the error. The folios have "Ratcliffe," and give the reply to him; but it is evident from what follows that it is Catesby who is dispatched to send the pursuivant to Stanley, and that Ratcliff remains behind.

63. *Watch*. A watch-light or watch-candle (Johnson and Schmidt). The king would not use the word *give*, if he meant a guard; and the order for the guard is given in 77 below.

64. *White Surrey*. According to Hall and Holinshed, the king was "mounted on a great white courser."

65. *Staves*. The *staff* was the shaft of the lance, here put for the lance itself, as in 341 below. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 318, *Macb.* v. 3. 48, etc.

On the passage, see p. 28 above.

68. *Melancholy*. "Richard calls him *melancholy* because he did not join heartily in his cause" (Malone). Cf. 2 above.

69. *Cock-shut time*. Twilight. A *cock-shut* was a kind of net used for catching woodcocks, and was generally set in the dusk of the evening. Steevens quotes *Arden of Feversham*, 1592: "In the twilight, cock-shut light;" and *The Widow*, 1652: "a fine cock-shut evening."

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72. *So.* See on iv. 4. 183 above.

73. *I have not*, etc. See p. 179 above.

75. *Is ink and paper ready?* For the question and reply, cf. iii. 4. 4, 5 above.

77. *Bid my guard watch.* If this is not the order for the guard (see on 63 above), it is a message to the guard that would be set at the royal tent as a matter of course, admonishing them to be vigilant.

83. *Loving.* The reading of the 1st and 2d quartos; the other early eds. have "noble," which is doubtless the compositor's accidental repetition of the same word just above.

87. *Flaky.* "Scattering like flakes" (Schmidt).

91. *Mortal-staring.* "Having a deadly stare, grim-looking" (Schmidt). Cf. "grim-visag'd" in i. 1. 9 above. Perhaps, as Clarke suggests, the word "includes the effect of War staring or glaring fatally upon its victims, and their deadly stare when killed." It is infinitely better than any of the "emendations" that have been proposed; like "mortal-fearing," "mortal-scaring," "mortal-staving," "mortal-stabbing," "mortal-daring," etc.

93. *With best advantage*, etc. "I will take the best opportunity to elude the dangers of this conjuncture" (Johnson).

98. *Leisure.* That is, want of leisure. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 5: "Which then our leisure would not let us hear." See also 239 below.

105. *With troubled thoughts.* The folios have "troubled with noise," which W. prefers on the ground that "if S. at first wrote *troubled thoughts*, which is possible, he seems to have remembered, on the revision of the play, that he had represented Richmond as entirely untroubled in mind, and sure of victory from the time when he first appears upon the scene." But *troubled thoughts* need not imply any thing more than being "careful and troubled about many things," as a general, however confident of victory, must be on the eve of a decisive battle.

106. *Peize.* Weigh. See *K. John*, p. 151.

111. *Bruising irons.* J. H. quotes *Ps.* ii. 9 (Prayer-Book version): "Thou shalt bruise them with a rod of iron." For *irons*=weapons, cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 18: "drawing their massy irons," etc.

117. *Windows.* That is, the eyelids. See *R. and J.* p. 172, note on *Grey eye.* Cf. also *R. and J.* iv. 1. 100: "thy eyes' windows Fall like death," etc.

125. *My anointed body.* Cf. *Lear*, iii. 7. 58: "his anointed flesh," etc. See also iv. 4. 151 above.

126. *Punched.* The word (which S. uses nowhere else) seems undignified now; but Steevens cites Chapman, *Iliad*, vi.: "with a goad he punch'd each furious dame." *Deadly* is found only in the 1st quarto.

133. *Fulsome.* "Rich, cloyingly sweet" (Clarke), as malmsey is. Steevens says that S. "seems to have forgot himself," as Clarence was killed before being thrown into the malmsey-butt. But see i. 4. 263 above, which implies that the murderers trusted to the drowning to complete their work.

136. *Fall.* Let fall. See on i. 3. 353 above, and cf. iv. 2. 65.

144. *Let fall thy lance.* To fill the measure, Capell gave "hurtless lance," and the Coll. MS. has "pointless lance."

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147. *The Ghost of Hastings appears.* In the 1st and 2d quartos the ghosts of the young princes come in before the ghost of Hastings. The order in the later eds. is chronological throughout.

153. *Lead.* The reading of the 1st quarto; "laid" in all the other early eds.

157. *Annoy.* Cf. *V. and A.* 497: "death's annoy;" *Id.* 599: "worse than Tantalus' is her annoy," etc.

174. *I died for hope*, etc. "I died for the hope of lending you aid ere I could lend you aid" (Clarke). The ellipsis is not unlike others in S. Cf. Gr. 382 fol. Hanmer gave "forsook," Steevens conjectured "forholpe" (=unhelped, deserted), and Tyrwhitt "foredone" (see *M. N. D.* p. 188). D. remarks: "However we are to understand it, the following passage, in Greene's *James the Fourth*, seems to determine that it is right:

> 'War will then cease when dead ones are reviv'd;
> Some then will yield when I am dead for hope.'"

W., after quoting D., says: "In my opinion, the passage has been misunderstood only because explanation has been sought too remotely. Does it not clearly mean, both here and in the passage from Greene, I died to hope?—*to* and *for*, as the sign of the dative, having been used almost interchangeably. (See, for instance, in Richard's next speech, 'no pity *to* myself.') Buckingham (as we learn from Hall's *Chronicle*), without pay or provisions for his soldiers, retarded by deluges of rain, which laid the country waste and made it impassable, was abandoned by his partisans, betrayed by an old servant, and put to death in an obscure country town before he could approach Richmond; and so he was dead to hope ere he could lend Richmond aid. An examination of the context in Greene's play and of the situation of the speaker—King James—justifies a similar interpretation of that passage. The king sees that when his case becomes hopeless, then war will cease."

181. *The lights burn blue.* According to ancient superstition, an indication of the presence of a ghost. Steevens quotes Lyly, *Galathea*, 1592: "My mother would often tell me when the candle burnt blue, there was some ill spirit in the house."

For *now* all the early eds. except the 1st quarto have "not."

194. *Several.* Separate. See on 25 above.

196. *High'st.* For the contraction, see on iii. 4. 103 above.

201. *There is no creature*, etc. See p. 32 above.

205–207. *Methought*, etc. Johnson suspected that these lines are misplaced, but was in doubt where they belong. Mason proposed to insert them after 213. W. would put them either after 179 or after 213. The former would be the best place, if any change were called for; but we agree with Clarke that they are probably where S. meant them to be, "giving emphasis to the vision just beheld, marking vividly its impression on the mind of the speaker, and giving reason for the previous words, 'I myself find in myself no pity to myself.'"

It is barely possible, however, that there has been an interpolation here. W. remarks: "Ritson suggested, with much reason, in my judgment—for I had reached the same conclusion before I knew that he had preceded me in it—that the twenty-two lines, from 'What do I fear myself?'

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etc., to 'Find in myself,' etc., inclusive, are not Shakespeare's; in which case the last three lines quite surely are not transposed, but should follow immediately after the first five. The situation is one which a 'star' actor could not patiently see wasted without an effective scene for him; and Burbadge might have had these twenty-two lines added to his part; though why not by Shakespeare himself it is difficult to conjecture. But the lines are quite surely very much inferior to the rest of the play, and —what is of more consequence—not in the style in which Shakespeare wrote at any period of his life."

211. *Done salutation.* Cf. *J. C.* iv. 2. 5: "To do you salutation from my master."

213–215. *O Ratcliff . . . my lord.* These lines are omitted in the folios.

216. *Shadows.* Mason cited this as evidence that lines 205–207 were addressed to Ratcliff; but *shadows* more naturally refers to Richard's fears lest his friends should not prove true; or, as Mason himself admits, we may "suppose that the idea of shadows is included in what Richard calls a *fearful dream.*"

220. *In proof.* That is, in armour that has been *proved*, or tested. Cf. *Mach.* i. 2. 54: "lapp'd in proof;" and see *Rich. II.* p. 162.

225. *Cry mercy.* "I cry you mercy." See on i. 3. 235 above.

229. *In.* Into. See on i. 2. 261 above.

232. *Cried on.* Cried out, gave the cry of. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 375: "cries on havoc;" *Oth.* v. 1. 48: "cries on murther," etc. See *Ham.* p. 276.

239. *Leisure.* See on 98 above.

244. *Richard except.* The *except* may be either the preposition transposed (Gr. 203), as Schmidt makes it, or the participle contracted (Gr. 342).

251. *Foil.* Alluding to the *foil* or leaf of metal placed behind a transparent gem to set it off. A poor or imperfect stone would of course gain most by such a background. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 266:

> "I 'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
> Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
> Stick fiery off indeed."

J. H. quotes Drayton, *Heroic. Epist.:*

> "With a deceitful foil to lay a ground,
> To make a glass to seem a diamond."

255. *Ward.* Guard, protect. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 2. 292: "if I cannot ward what I would not have hit;" and *T. A.* iii. 1. 195:

> "Tell him it was a hand that warded him
> From thousand dangers."

256. *Sweat.* The reading of the 1st and 2d quartos; "sweare" in the other early eds.

260. *In safeguard of.* In defence of; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 18: "And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood," etc.

263. *Quit.* Requite. See on iv. 4. 20 above.

266. *The ransom*, etc. "The *fine* paid by me in atonement for my rashness shall be my dead corse" (Johnson).

268. *The gain.* For the redundant use of the noun, see Gr. 417.

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270. *Boldly.* St. reads "bold." See on iii. 4. 48 above.

276. *Tell the clock.* "Count the clock" (*J. C.* ii. 1. 192). Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 289:

> "They 'll tell the clock to any business that
> We say befits the hour."

See also *Ham.* p. 238.

280. *Brav'd.* Made *brave* or bright. Cf. *Sonn.* 12. 2:

> "When I do count the clock that tells the time,
> And see the brave day sunk in hideous night," etc.

For the verb, cf. the quibble in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 125, where Grumio says to the tailor: "Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved."

282. *Will not be seen.* "Refuses to be seen" (J. H.).

289. *Vaunts.* Exults, makes a bold show. For the intransitive use, cf. *Sonn.* 15. 7 and 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 43.

290. *Bustle, bustle.* Cf. i. 1. 152 above.

293. *My battle shall be ordered.* My army shall be arranged. See on i. 3. 130 above.

294. *Foreward.* Vanguard; used by S. only here (cf. "the two forwards," p. 179 above). *Van* he has only in *A. and C.* iv. 6. 9, and *vanguard* not at all. For *vaward*, his word elsewhere, see *Hen. V.* p. 178.

The words *out all* are found only in the 1st quarto.

300. *Puissance.* Often used in this concrete sense; as in *K. John*, iii. 1. 339: "go, draw our puissance together," etc. For the varying pronunciation of the word, see *K. John*, p. 158.

301. *Chiefest.* A common superlative in S. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 8. 43, *K. John*, ii. 1. 39, *Cor.* ii. 2. 88, v. 6. 150, *Ham.* i. 2. 117, etc.

302. *This, and Saint George to boot!* "That is, this is the order of battle which promises success; and over and above this is the protection of our patron saint" (Johnson). But perhaps *to boot*=to help, as Hawkins and Malone explain it. Schmidt also thinks this may be the meaning; as in *W. T.* i. 2. 80: "Grace to boot!" which is evidently=God be gracious to us! God help us!

304. *This found I*, etc. See p. 180 above.

306. *Dickon.* Dick. It is the name of one of the characters in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1575. A spot on Bosworth Field is still known as "Dickon's Nook."

For *bought and sold*=betrayed, see *K. John*, p. 176.

313. *Let us to 't pell-mell*, etc. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 406:

> "Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
> Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell."

315. *Inferr'd.* See on iii. 5. 74 above.

317. *Sort.* Company. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 246: "a sort of traitors;" and see our ed. p. 205.

321. *You to.* The 1st quarto has "to you."

323. *Restrain.* "Withhold them from you and keep them to themselves" (Schmidt). Cf. *Cor.* v. 3. 167:

> "That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
> To a mother's part belongs;"

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and *T. of A.* v. 1. 151: "restraining aid to Timon." Warb. conjectured "distrain," which is also in the Coll. MS.

325. *Mother's.* S. here follows Holinshed, who gives by mistake "moothers" for "brothers." Hall, from whom Holinshed copied, gives it correctly (Farmer). Douce adds that in the *first* ed. of Holinshed the word is "brothers," showing that S. used the second ed., in which the error occurs. While Richmond was at the court of Bretagne, he was maintained by the Duke of Burgundy, brother-in-law to Richard.

326. *Milk-sop.* The *Mirrour for Magistrates* calls him "A weake Welch milksop" (Steevens).

329. *Overweening.* Presumptuous. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 182.

335. *Bobb'd.* Drubbed; as in *T. and C.* ii. 1. 76: "I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones."

336. *Record.* For the accent, see on iii. 1. 72 above.

338. *Fight.* The folios, and some of the later quartos, misprint "Right," and "boldly" for *bold.*

341. *Staves.* Lances. See on 65 above.

343. *Deny.* Refuse. See *R. and J.* p. 159.

345. *The marsh.* There was a large marsh in Bosworth plain between the two armies, which Richmond passed, and arranged his forces so that it protected his right wing. He thus also compelled the enemy to fight with the sun in their faces, a great disadvantage when bows and arrows were in use (Malone). See p. 179 above.

350. *Spleen.* Fire, ardour. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 68: "With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens," etc.

351. *Helms.* The reading of 1st, 2d, 4th, and 8th quartos; "helpes" or "helps" in the other early eds.

SCENE IV.—2. *Enacts.* Performs; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 122, iii. 1. 116, etc. *Than a man*=than a mere man could.

3. *Daring an opposite.* Daring to oppose himself. For *opposite*=opponent, see *T. N.* p. 145.

12. *Five have I slain*, etc. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 25 fol.

V. remarks: "The poet had here more than mere dramatic effect to excuse his making the tyrant fall by Richmond's hand. It is stated by the chroniclers that Richard was determined to engage with Richmond, if possible, in single combat. For this purpose he rode furiously to that quarter of the field where the Earl was; attacked his standard-bearer (Sir William Brandon), and killed him; then assaulted Sir John Cheny, whom he overthrew. Having thus cleared his way to his antagonist, he engaged in single combat with him, and probably would have been victorious; but at that instant Sir William Stanley joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was soon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell fighting bravely to the last moment."

14. *And exeunt, fighting.* "The quartos, as well as the folio, have the direction, '*they fight, Richard is slaine.*' But they, Richard and Richmond, must go out fighting, else Stanley could not afterwards enter with the latter (as he is directed to do in all the old editions), bearing the crown, and say, 'Lo, here this long-usurped royalty. . . *have* I *pluck'd* off.' The truth

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is, that the entrances and exits are very carelessly noted in our old dramatic literature. Mr. Dyce here marks a new scene—Scene V. But, although it seems improbable that Richmond, Stanley, and the others should return, after Richard was slain, to the very place where the latter cried, 'A horse! a horse!' yet, dramatically, nothing is gained by the change, and as far as reference to the text is concerned, much is lost" (W.). The Camb. editors, on the other hand, retain the old stage-direction, "because it is probable from Derby's speech, 'From the dead temples of *this* bloody wretch,' that Richard's body is lying where it fell, in view of the audience."

16. *Acquit.* Acquitted; as in *M. W.* i. 3. 27: "I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box." Gr. 342.

20. *Enjoy it.* These words are found only in the 1st and 2d quartos.

21. *Say amen to all.* Say *so be it* to all, grant that it may come to pass.

23. *Leicester.* Bosworth Field is fourteen miles from Leicester, where Richard spent the night before the battle. The old Blue Boar Inn at which he slept, and which K. says is still standing, was torn down in 1836.

THE BLUE BOAR INN, LEICESTER.

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31. *Ta'en the sacrament.* Taken an oath. See on i. 4. 197 above.

40. *All this divided*, etc. W. puts a period after *Lancaster;* but as Mr. Robson (quoted by D.) remarks, the preceding lines give the *consequence*, not the *cause*, of the division. It must be admitted, however, that the repetition in the next line is awkward. H. (school ed.) assumes that line 41 has been accidentally transposed, and puts it after 43—an extremely plausible emendation.

46. *Smooth-fac'd.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 838, and *K. John*, ii. 1. 573.

48. *Abate.* Blunt (Schmidt.). Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 150. Steevens made it=subdue; as in *Cor.* iii. 3. 132: "most Abated captives." D. quotes the novel of *Pericles*, 1608: "Absence abates that edge that Presence whets;" and St. cites Florio's definition of *spontare:* "to abate the edge or point of any thing or weapon, to blunt, to unpoint." Coll. adopts the "rebate" (cf. *M. for M.* i. 4. 60) of the Coll. MS.

49. *Reduce.* Bring back; its etymological sense (Latin *reduco*). Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 63: "Which to reduce into our former favour," etc.

ADDENDA.

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD THE THIRD (p. 12).—Collier gives the following interesting account of this old play:

"The piece, as a literary composition, deserves little remark; but as a drama it possesses several peculiar features. It is in some respects unlike any relic of the kind, and was evidently written several years before it came from Creede's press. It opens with a singular dialogue between Truth and Poetry:

> '*Poetrie.* Truth. well met.
> *Truth.* Thankes, Poetrie: what makes thou upon a stage?
> *Poet.* Shadowes.
> *Truth.* Then, will I adde bodies to the shadowes.
> Therefore depart, and give Truth leave
> To show her pageant.
> *Poet.* Why, will Truth be a Player?
> *Truth.* No; but Tragedia like for to present
> A Tragedie in England done but late,
> That will revive the hearts of drooping mindes.
> *Poet.* Whereof?
> *Truth.* Marry, thus.'

"Hence Truth proceeds with a sort of argument of the play; but before the Induction begins, the ghost of George, Duke of Clarence, had passed over the stage, delivering two lines as he went, which we give precisely as in the original copy now before us:

> '*Cresse cruor sanguinis, satietur sanguine cresse,*
> *Quod spero scitio. O scitio, scitio, vendicta!*'

"The drama itself opens with a scene representing the death of Edward IV., and the whole story is thenceforward most inartificially and clumsily conducted, with a total disregard of dates, facts, and places, by characters imperfectly drawn and ill sustained. Shore's wife plays a conspicuous part; and the tragedy does not finish with the battle of Bos-

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worth Field, but is carried on subsequently, although the plot is clearly at an end. The conclusion is as remarkable as the commencement. After the death of Richard, Report (a personification like some of those in the old Moralities) enters, and holds a dialogue with a Page, to inform the audience of certain matters not exhibited; and after a long scene between Richmond, the Queen-mother, Princess Elizabeth, etc., two Messengers enter, and, mixing with the personages of the play, detail the succession of events and of monarchs from the death of Richard until the accession of Elizabeth. The Queen-mother then comes forward, and pronounces a panegyric upon Elizabeth, ending thus:

'For which, if ere her life be tane away,
God grant her soule may live in heaven for aye;
For if her Graces dayes be brought to end,
Your hope is gone on whom did peace depend.'

"As in this epilogue no allusion is made to the Spanish Armada, though other public events of less prominence are touched upon, we may infer that the drama was written before 1588.

"The style in which it is composed deserves observation; it is partly in prose, partly in heavy blank-verse (such as was penned before Marlowe had introduced his improvements, and Shakespeare had adopted and advanced them), partly in ten-syllable rhyming couplets and stanzas, and partly in the long fourteen-syllable metre, which seems to have been popular even before prose was employed upon our stage. In every point of view it may be asserted that few more curious dramatic relics exist in our language. It is the most ancient printed specimen of composition for a public theatre of which the subject was derived from English history.

"Boswell asserts that the *True Tragedy of Richard the Third* had 'evidently been used and read by Shakespeare;' but we cannot trace any resemblances, but such as were probably purely accidental, and are merely trivial. Two persons could hardly take up the same period of our annals, as the groundwork of a drama, without some coincidences; but there is no point, either in the conduct of the plot or in the language in which it is clothed, where our great dramatist does not show his measureless superiority. The portion of the story in which the two plays make the nearest approach to each other is just before the murder of the princes, where Richard strangely takes a page into his confidence respecting the fittest agent for the purpose.

"In the *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn*, it is shown that Henslowe's company, subsequent to 1599, was either in possession of a play upon the story of Richard III., or that some of the poets he employed were engaged upon such a drama. From the sketch of five scenes, there inserted, we may judge that it was a distinct performance from the *True Tragedy of Richard the Third*. By an entry in Henslowe's Diary, dated 22d June, 1602, we learn that Ben Jonson received 10*l.* in earnest of a play called *Richard Crookback*, and for certain additions he was to make to Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*. Considering the success of Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, and the active contention, at certain periods, between the company to which Shakespeare belonged and that under the management of

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Henslowe, it may be looked upon as singular that the latter should have been without a drama on that portion of English history until after 1599; and it is certainly not less singular that as late as 1602 Ben Jonson should have been occupied in writing a new play upon the subject. Possibly about that date Shakespeare's *Richard III.* had been revived with the additions; and hence the employment of Jonson on a rival drama, and the publication of the third edition of Shakespeare's tragedy after an interval of four years."

Verplanck, after quoting the above, remarks: "It may be added that, as the unhorsing of Richard is contrary to the old historical account, his well-known cry on his last battle-field, so popular on the stage, and which has been re-echoed by succeeding dramatists—'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!'—is to be traced to this rude old play, where it is thus given:

'*The Battle enters, Richard wounded with his Page.*

King. A horse, a horse, a fresh horse!
Page. Ah! fly, my lord, and save your life.
King. Fly, villain! Look I as though I would fly?—No! first shall,' etc.

"Possibly, too, the substitution of the ghost-scene, in place of Richard's dream of devils, related by Hall, might have been suggested by one of the lines in Richard's last speech before the battle, in the old play; and as this is the most elaborated speech it contains, it is here extracted:

'*King.* The hell of life that hangs upon the crown,
The daily cares, the nightly dreams,
The wretched crews, the treason of the foe,
And horror of my bloody practice past,
Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,
That, sleep I, wake I, or whatsoever I do,
Methinks their ghosts come gaping for revenge,
Whom I have slain in reaching for a crown.
Clarence complains and crieth for revenge;
My nephews' bloods, Revenge! revenge! doth cry;
The headless peers come pressing for revenge;
And every one cries, Let the tyrant die.
The sun by day shines hotly for revenge;
The moon by night eclipseth for revenge;
The stars are turn'd to comets for revenge;
The planets change their courses for revenge;
The birds sing not, but sorrow for revenge;
The silly lambs sit bleating for revenge;
The screeching raven sits croaking for revenge;
Whole herds of beasts come bellowing for revenge;
And all, yea, all the world, I think,
Cries for revenge, and nothing but revenge:
But to conclude, I have deserv'd revenge.
In company I dare not trust my friend;
Being alone, I dread the secret foe;
I doubt my food, lest poison lurk therein,
My bed is uncoth, rest refrains my head.
Then such a life I count far worse to be
Than thousand deaths unto a damned death!
How! was't death, I said? who dare attempt my death?
Nay, who dare so much as once to think my death?
Though enemies there be that would my body kill,
Yet shall they leave a never-dying mind.
But you, villains, rebels, traitors as you are,

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How came the foe in, pressing so near?
Where, where slept the garrison that should 'a beat them back?
Where was our friends to intercept the foe?
All gone, quite fled, his loyalty quite laid a-bed.
Then vengeance, mischief, horror with mischance,
Wild-fire, with whirlwinds, light upon your heads,
That thus betray'd your prince by your untruth!'

"To such a performance it is evident Shakespeare's Richard could have owed little beyond such straggling hints. Knight justly remarks: 'There is not a trace in the elder play of the *character* of Shakespeare's Richard: in that play he is a coarse ruffian only—an unintellectual villain. The author has not even had the skill to copy the dramatic narrative of Sir Thomas More in the scene of the arrest of Hastings. It is sufficient for him to make Richard display the brute force of the tyrant. The affected complacency, the mock passion, the bitter sarcasm of the Richard of the historian were left for Shakespeare to imitate and improve.'"

THE POLITICS OF THE PLAY.—Mr. Richard Simpson, in his paper on "The Politics of Shakspere's Historical Plays," read before the New Shakspere Society, October 9, 1874 (published in the *Transactions* of the Society for 1874, pp. 396–441), has the following remarks on *Richard III.*:

"The drama of the fall of the house of Lancaster is completed by the play of *Richard III.* The references in this play to the three parts of *Henry VI.* are so many as to make it impossible to deny the serial character and unity of the whole tetralogy, whatever questions may be raised as to the authorship of parts of it. The whole exhibits the fate of virtuous weakness in the face of unscrupulous strength, and concludes with the fate of this strength in the face of Providence. Henry VI. perishes by natural causes. The forces which destroy Richard III. are wholly supernatural. Three women are introduced whose curses are inevitable, like those of the Eumenides. Ghosts prophesy the event of a battle. Men's imprecations on themselves are literally fulfilled. Their destiny is made more to depend on their words than their actions; it is removed out of their hands, and placed in those of some unearthly power which hears prayer and judges the earth. As if the lesson of the poet was that there is human remedy where there are ordinary human motives, but that for power joined with Machiavellian policy the only remedy is patience dependent on Providence.

"Richard III., like King John, commits his last and unpardonable offence when he slays the right heir. But the poet treats the offences differently: he calls the barons who opposed John rebels; his moral judgment seems to approve those who placed the first Tudor on the throne. The two cases were placed on equal footing by the opposition writers. 'What disgrace or shame was it,' asks Cardinal Allen, 'for all the chief lords of our country to revolt from King John and to deny him aid, until he returned to the See Apostolic? . . . or for the English nobility, and specially for the renowned Stanley [he is defending Sir William Stanley], to revolt from King Richard the tyrant, and to yield himself and

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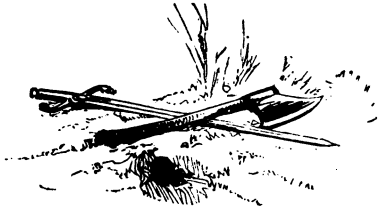
his charge to Henry VII.?' The difference seems to be, that John's barons would have sold England to the French King. Stanley, in spite of the Breton auxiliaries of the Tudor, preserved the crown to a native dynasty. It is to be noted, too, that as the poet places his loudest denunciations of Papal usurpations in the mouth of John, who was just about to become the Pope's 'man,' so does he put his most solemn warning against traitors in the mouth of the successful rebel. But treason in his mind is not against the crowned head, it is against the country:

> 'Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
> That would reduce these bloody times again, . . .
> That would with treason wound this fair land's peace.'

"In the composition of this play the dangers of a disputed succession were before Shakspere's eyes. The third scene of the second act exhibits the evils incident on the decease of a prince when the succession is doubtful or belongs to a child.

"In *Richard III.* also the poet gave what he long left as a final picture of the absolutism of the crown, as it had been developed by the civil wars. By the extinction of the old baronage it had lost the counterpoise which balanced it. Edward IV. surrounded himself with new peers, relations of his wife, through whom he governed. Richard III. cut all these off, destroyed what remained of the older nobles, and declared his intention of doing every thing for himself, and using nothing but unrespective boys for his ministers. He issues his commands without pretence of legality. His merits as a legislator are entirely put out of sight by the poet. He makes himself, to use Raleigh's words, 'not only an absolute monarch *like unto the sovereigns of England and France*, but a Turk to tread under his feet all natural and fundamental laws.' Absolutism was, to the eyes of politicians of those days, a legal state of things. Tyranny was only the vicious personal aberration of the rightful absolute prince. Raleigh similarly lamented the cessation of villenage: 'Since slaves were made free, which were of great use and service, there are grown up a rabble of rogues, cutpurses, and other like trades, *slaves in nature though not in law.*'"



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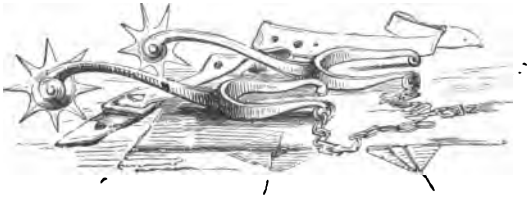

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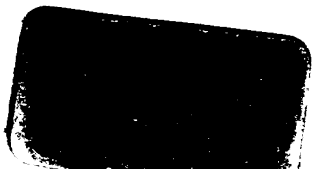

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